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THE ILIADE OF HÓMER

WITH A VERSE TRANSLATION.

BY

W. C. GREEN, M.A. (1832-1911)

RECTOR OF HEPWORTH, SUFFOLK; LATE FELLOW OF KING'S
COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE, AND ASSISTANT MASTER IN
RUGBY SCHOOL.

VOL. I.

BOOKS I-XII.

London:

LONGMANS AND CO.

1884

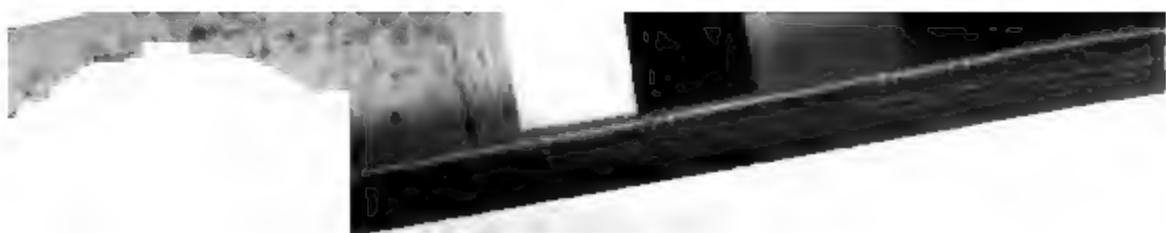


ΙΛΙΑΔΟΣ Θ.

Θεῶν ἀγρός, Τράπεζα πράγμα.

Ἡδὲ μὲν κροκόπεπλος ἐκδύνατο πᾶσαν ἐπ' αἷαν,
Ζεὺς δὲ θεῶν ἀγροτὴν ποιήσατο τερπικέραυνος.
ἀκροτάτη πορυφῆ πολυδειράδος Οὐλύμποιο.
αὐτὸς δέ σφ' ἀγέρνε, θεοί δὲ πάντες ἄκουον·
“κέκλυτέ μεν, πάντες τε θεοί πᾶσαι τε θέαται,
δόφρ' εἴπε τά με θυμὸς ἐνὶ στήθεσσι κελεύει.
μήτε τις οὖν θῆλεια θεὸς τό γε μήτε τις ἄρσην
πειράτω διακέρσαι ἐμὸν ὅπος, ἀλλ' ἀμα πάντες
αἰνεῖτ', δόφρα τάχιστα τελευτήσω τάδε ἔργα.
οὐ δὲ ἀν ἐγένεν ἀπάνευθε θεῶν ἐθέλοντα νοήσω
εἰθόντ' ή Τράπεζοιν ἀρτγέμεν ή Δαναοῖσιν,
πληγεῖς οὐ κατὰ κόσμον ἐλεύσεται Οὐλυμπόνδε,
η μιν ἐλαύν ρίψω ἢς Τάρταρον ἡερόεντα,
τῆλε μάλ', ηχι βάθιστον ὑπὸ χθονός ἐστι βέρεθρον,
ἔνθα σιδήρειαί τε πύλαι καὶ χάλκεος οὐδός,
τόσσον ἐπερθ' Ἀΐδεω δσον οὐρανός ἐστ' ἀπὸ γαῖης·
γράσσετ' ἐπειθ' δσον εἰμὶ θεῶν κάρτιστος ἀπάντων.
εἰ δὲ ἀγε πειρήσασθε, θεοί, ἵνα εἴδετε πάντες,
σειρήν χρυσείην ἐξ οὐρανόθεν κρεμάσαντες,
πάντες δὲ ἐξάπτεσθε θεοί πᾶσαι τε θέαται.
ἀλλ' οὐκ ἀν ἐρύσαιτ' ἐξ οὐρανόθεν πεδίονδε
Ζῆρ' ὑπετον μήστωρ', οὐδὲ εἰ μάλα πολλὰ κάμοιτε.



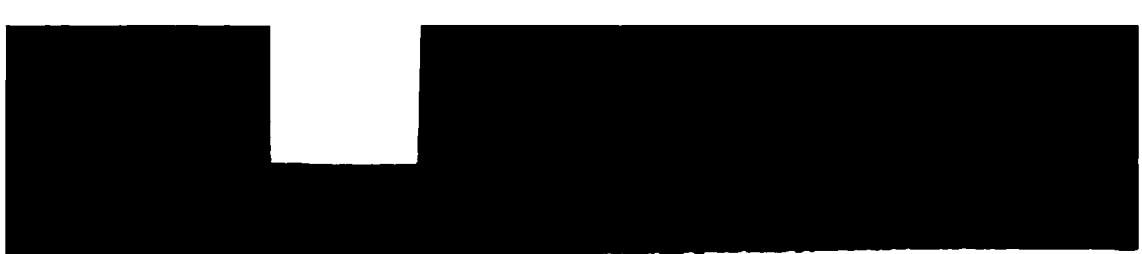


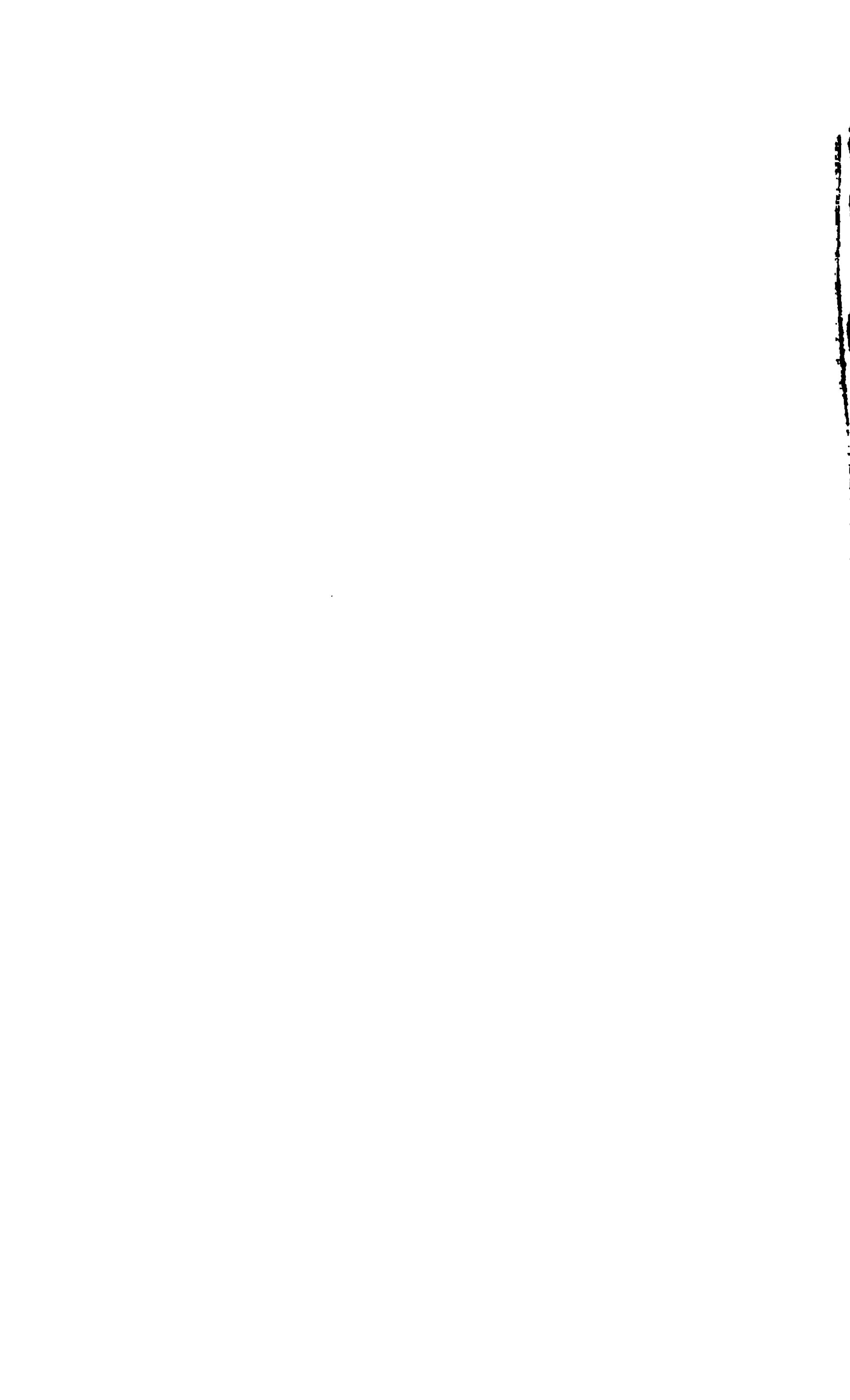
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W. C. GREEN, M.A. (1831-174)

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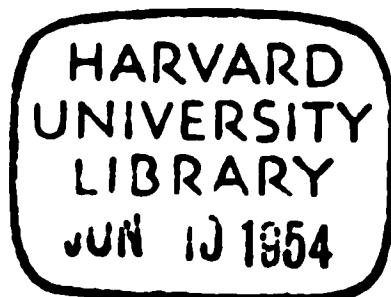
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ΙΛΙΑΔΟΣ Θ.

Θεῶν ἀγορή, Τρίαν κράτος.

Ἔνδε μὲν κροκόπεπλος ἐκίδνατο πᾶσαν ὅπ' αἰαν,
Ζεὺς δὲ θεῶν ἀγορήν ποιήσατο τερπικέραυνος.
ἀκροτάτη κορυφῇ πολυδειράδος Οὐλύμποιο.
αὐτὸς δέ σφ' ἀγέρενε, θεοὶ δὲ ὑπὸ πάντες ἄκουον·
“κέκλυτέ μου, πάντες τε θεοὶ πᾶσαι τε θέανται,
ὅφρ' εἴπω τά με θυμὸς ἐνὶ στήθεσσος κελεύει
μήτε τις οὐν θήλαια θεός τό γε μήτε τις ἄρσην
πειράτω διακέρσαι ἐμὸν ἔπος, ἀλλ' ἀμα πάντες
αἰνεῖτ", ὅφρα τάχιστα τελευτήσω τάδε ἔργα.
ὅτι δὲ ἀν ἀγὸν ἀπάνευθε θεῶν ἐθέλοντα νοῆσαι
ἐλθόντ' ή Τράσσοιν ἀριγγέμεν ή Δαναοῖσιν,
πληγγεὶς οὐ κατὰ κόσμον ἐλεύσεται Οὐλυμπόνδε,
ἢ μην ἀλευτρὸν ἔστι Τάρταρον ηερόεντα,
τῆλε μάλ", ἦχι βάθιστον ὑπὸ χθονός ἐστι βέρεθρον,
ἔνθα σιδήρειαν τε πύλαι καὶ χάλκεος οὐδός,
τόσσον ἐνερθ' Ἀΐδην δοσον οὐρανός ἐστ' ἀπὸ γαῖης·
γράσσετ' ἔπειθ δοσον εἰμὶ θεῶν κάρτιστος ἀπάντων.
εἰ δὲ ὅγε πειρήσασθε, θεοί, ἵνα εἰδετε πάντες,
σειρήν χρυσείην ἐξ οὐρανόθεν κρεμάσαντες,
πάντες δὲ ἐξάπτεσθε θεοὶ πᾶσαι τε θέανται·
ἀλλ' οὐκ ἀτ ἀρύσσαιτ' ἐξ οὐρανόθεν πεδίονδε
Ζῆρ' ὑπατος μήστωρ", οὐδὲ εἰ μάλα πολλὰ κάμοιτε.

ILIAS VIII.

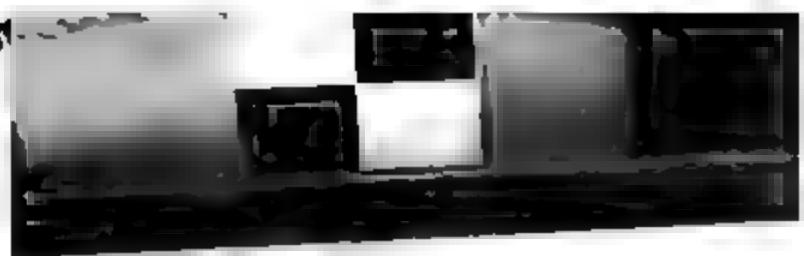
Victory of the Trojans by the help of Zeus.

Now saffron-kirtled morn o'er every land
Was spreading wide, when lightning-loving Zeus
A council of the gods together called
On many-ridged Olympus' topmost peak;
And spake himself, while all attentive heard:
"Hear every god, and every goddess hear!
That what my heart within my bosom bids
My voice may speak. Let now no power divine,
Nor goddess, no nor god, essay to thwart
This word of mine; but all in one accord
Approve, that quickly I may work mine end.
And whomso separate from the gods I see
Taking his way with purpose to bear aid
To Trojans or to Danaans, he by blows
Unseemly to Olympus shall be driven.
Or I myself will take and cast him down
To murky Tartarus, far far away,
That lowest yawning pit beneath the ground,
Whose gates are iron, whose threshold brass, as deep
From Hades down as heaven from earth is high.
Then will he learn how far of all the gods
I strongest am. Or come, ye gods, and try,
That all may know. Hang down a golden cord
From heaven, and cling ye to it every god
And every goddess; yet ye would not pull
From heaven to earth the counsellor supreme
Great Zeus, no not though ye should toil a main.

ἀλλ' ὅτε δῆ καὶ ἐγὼ πρόφρων ἐθέλοιμι ἐρύσσαν,
αὐτῇ καὶ γαίῃ ἐρύσσαιμ' αὐτῇ δὲ θαλάσσῃ.
σειρὴν μέν καὶ ἐπειτα περὶ ῥίον Οὐλύμποιο 25
δησαίμην, τὰ δέ καὶ αὐτεις μετήρα πάντα γένοιτο.
τόσσον ἐγὼ περὶ τὸν εἰμὶ θεῶν περὶ τὸν εἴμ' ἀνθρώπων." 30
ὡς ἔφαθ', οἵ δέ ἄρα πάντες ἀκήντη ἐγένοντο σιωπῆ
μῦθον ἀγαστάμενοι· μάλα γὰρ κρατερῶς ἀγόρευσαν.
οὐκέ δέ δῆ μετέσπει θεὰ γλαυκῶπις Ἀθήνη· 35
"ὦ πάτερ ἡμέτερε Κρονίδη, ὑπατε κρειδόντων,
εὐ νυ καὶ ἡμεῖς ἴδμεν δ τοι σθένος οὐκ ἐπιμεικτόν·
ἀλλ' ἔμπηκ Δαναῶν ὀλοφυρόμεθ' αἰχμητάων,
οἵ κεν δῆ κακὸν οἴτον ἀναπλήσαντες ὀλωνταί.
ἀλλ' οὐ τοι πολέμου μὲν ἀφεξόμεθ' ὡς σὺ κελεύεις, 40
βουλὴν δὲ Ἀργείοις ὑποθησόμεθ', οὐ τις ὀνήσει,
ὡς μὴ πάντες ὀλωνται ὁδυσσαμένοιο τεοῖο."

τὴν δὲ ἐπιμειδήσας προσέφη νεφεληγερέτα Ζεύς·
"Θάρσει, Τριτογένεια, φίλον τέκος· οὐ νύ τι θυμῷ
πρόφρονι μυθέομαι, ἐθέλω δέ τοι ἡπιος εἶναι." 45

ὡς εἰπὼν ὑπὸ διχεσφι τιτύσκετο χαλκόποδ' ἵππο
ἀκυπέτα, χρυσέργειαν ἐθείρησεν κομβώντε,
χρυσὸν δὲ αὐτὸς ἔδυνε περὶ χροῖ, γέντο δὲ ίμάσθλην
χρυσείην ἔθτυκτον, ἐοῦ δὲ ἐπεβήσετο δίφρου,
μάστιξεν δὲ ἐλάσιν· τῷ δὲ οὐκ ἀέκοντε πετέσθην· 50
μεσσηγὸς γαίης τε καὶ οὐρανοῦ ἀστερόεντος.
"Ιδην δὲ ἵκανεν πολυπίδακα, μητέρα θηρῶν,
Γάργαρον, ἐνθα τέ οἱ τέμενος βωμὸς τε θυήεις.
ἔνθ' ἵππους ἔστησε πατήρ ἀνδρῶν τε θεῶν τε
λύσας ἐξ ὄχέων, κατὰ δὲ ἡέρα πουλὺν ἔχενεν,
αὐτὸς δὲ κορυφῆσι καθέζετο κύδει γαίων,



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εἰσορόων Τρώων τε πόλιν καὶ νῆας Ἀχαιῶν.

οἱ δὲ ἄρα δεῖπνον ἔλοντα κάρη κομόωντες Ἀχαιοὶ⁵⁵
ρίμφα κατὰ κλισίας, ἀπὸ δὲ αὐτοῦ θωρήσσοντο.
Τρῶες δὲ αὐθὶ ἐτέρωθεν ἀνὰ πτόλιν ὥπλίζοντο,
παυρότεροι μέμασαν δὲ καὶ ὡς ὑσμῖνι μάχεσθαι,
χρεοῖ ἀναγκαῖη, πρὸ τε παῖδων καὶ πρὸ γυναικῶν.
πᾶσαι δὲ ὀλύγουντο πύλαι, ἐκ δὲ ἕσσυτο λαός,
πεζοὶ θὲ ἵππηές τε πολὺς δὲ ὄρυμαγδὸς ὄρώρει.

οἱ δὲ δῆ δὴ β' ἐς χῶρον ἔνα ξυνιόντες ἵκοντο,⁶⁰
σὺν β' ἔβαλον ρίνούτι, σὺν δὲ ἔγχεα καὶ μένε ἀνδρῶν
χαλκεοθωρήκων· ἀτὰρ ἀσπίδες ὄμφαλόεσσαι
ἔπληντ' ἀλλήληρσι, πολὺς δὲ ὄρυμαγδὸς ὄρώρει.
ἔνθα δὲ μὲν οἰμαγή τε καὶ εὐχωλή πέλεν ἀνδρῶν
δλλύντων τε καὶ δλλυμένων, βέε δὲ αἴματι γαῖα.⁶⁵

δόφρα μὲν ηὐς ηὐς καὶ ἀέξετο ἵερὸν ημαρ,
τόφρα μᾶλ' ἀμφοτέρων βέλος ηπτετο, πίπτε δὲ λαός.
ημος δὲ ηέλιος μέσον οὐρανὸν ἀμφιβεβήκει,
καὶ τότε δὴ χρύσεια πατήρ ἐτίτανε τάλαντα,
ἐν δὲ ἐτίθη δύο κῆρε ταπηλεγέος θανάτοιο,⁷⁰
Τρώων θὲ ἵπποδάμων καὶ Ἀχαιῶν χαλκοχιτώνων,
δλλε δὲ μέσσα λαβών· βέπτε δὲ αἴσιμον ημαρ Ἀχαιῶν.
αἱ μὲν Ἀχαιῶν κῆρες ἐπὶ χθονὶ πουλυβοτείρη
ἔζεσθησαν, Τρώων δὲ πρὸς οὐρανὸν εύρυν δέρθεν.
αὐτὸς δὲ ἐξ Ἰδης μηγάλα κτύπε, δαιόμενον δὲ
ηκε σέλας μετὰ λαὸν Ἀχαιῶν. οἱ δὲ ἴδόντες
θάμβησαν, καὶ πάντας ὑπὸ χλωρὸν δέος εἶλεν.⁷⁵

ἔνθ' οὖτ' Ἰδομενεὺς τλῆ μιμεόμεν οὖτ' Ἀγαμέμνων,
οὖτε δὲ Λιαντες μετέτηρ, θεράποντες Ἀρηος.

Glorying in majesty, and gazed adown
On Troy's fair city and Achaia's ships.

Achaia's long-haired sons their meal had ta'en
Throughout their tents in haste; and, when 'twas done,
They harnessed them. And on the other side
The Trojans through the town were arming them;
Fewer in number these, but even thus
Right sternly bent to fight in conflict close,
By hard constraint, for children and for wives.
All gates were opened: out the people poured,
Both foot and horse: and loud arose the din.

And when upon one plain the armies closed,
They met with shields and spears and strength of men
In brazen corslet clad; and bossy targe
Touched bossy targe, and loud arose the din.
There wailing cry and glorying shout was heard—
Slayers and dying—streamed with blood the ground.

While yet 'twas morning-tide and day divine
Still grew, so long the spears of either host
Found mark, and warriors fell. But when the sun,
His round half run, stood in the middle heaven,
Then did the Sire hang forth the golden scales,
Wherein of death that stretcheth stark and stiff
Two fates he laid—of Troy's steed-tamers one
The other of Achaia's mail-clad men—
Then grasped midway and drew the balance. Swift
Sank heavy down Achaia's day of doom:
Till on the fruitful earth Achaia's fate
Sate low, the Trojans' to wide heaven rose high.
Then Zeus himself from Ida thundered loud,
And on the Achaian host a flaming bolt
Hurled forth: who trembling with amazement saw,
And pallid fear thrilled through the heart of all.

There neither dared Idomeneus to stay,
Nor Agamemnon, nor the Ajaces twain,
Henchmen of Ares, stayed. Stayed only one

Νέστωρ οἰος ἔμιμνε Γερῆνιος, οὐρος Ἀχαιῶν, 80
 οὐ τι ἔκών, ἀλλ' ἵππος ἐτείρετο, τὸν βάλεν ἵψ
 διος Ἀλέξανδρος, Ἐλένης πόσις ἡγκόμοιο,
 ἀκρην κὰκ κορυφήν, ζθε τε πρῶται τρίχες ἵππων
 κραυγὴ ἐμπεφύασι, μάλιστα δὲ καλριον ἔστιν.
 ἀλγήσας δ' ἀνέπαλτο, βέλος δ' εἰς ἐγκέφαλον δῦ, 85
 σὺν δ' ἵππους ἐτάραξε κυλινδόμενος περὶ χαλκῷ
 ὅφρ' ὁ γέρων ἵπποιο παρηρίας ἀπέταμνεν
 φασγάνῳ ἀτσσῶν, τόφρ' Ἐκτορος ὥκεες ἵπποι
 ἡλθον ἀν' ἰωχμόν, θρασὺν ἡνίοχον φορέοντες
 Ἐκτορα. καὶ νῦ κεν ἐνθ' ὁ γέρων ἀπὸ θυμὸν ὀλεσσει, 90
 εἴ μὴ ἄρ' ὁξὺ νόησε βοήν ἀγαθὸς Διομήδης.
 σμερδαλέον δ' ἐβίησεν ἐποτρύνων Ὁδυσῆα
 Ὅδιογενὲς Λαερτιάδη, πολυμῆχαν' Ὁδυσσεῦ,
 τῇ φεύγειτι μετὰ νῶτα βαλών, κακὸς ὡς ἐν ὅμιλῳ;
 μή τίς τοι φεύγοντι μεταφρένῳ ἐν δόρυ πήξῃ. 95
 ἀλλὰ μέν, δφρα γέροντος ἀπώσομεν ἄγριον ἄνδρα."
 ὡς ἔφατ', οὐδὲ εσάκουσε πολύτλας διος Ὁδυσσεύς,
 ἀλλὰ παρήιξεν κοίλας ἐπὶ νῆας Ἀχαιῶν.
 Τυδεῖδης δ' αὐτός περ ἐῶν προμάχοισι ἐμιχθη,
 στῇ δὲ πρόσθι ἵππων Νηληιάδαο γέροντος, 100
 καὶ μιν φωνήσας ἐπεια πτερόεντα προσηύδα.
 Ὅς γέρον, ἡ μάλα δή σε νέοι τείρουσι μαχηταί,
 σῇ δὲ βίη λέλυται, χαλεπὸν δέ σε γῆρας ὀπάξει,
 ἡπεδανὸς δέ νύ τοι θεράπων, βραδέες δέ τοι ἵπποι.
 ἀλλ' ἀγ' ἐμῶν ὅχέων ἐπιβήσεο, δφρα ἰδηται 105
 οῖος Τρώιοι ἵπποι, ἐπιστάμενοι πεδίοιο

Gerenian Nestor, watchman of the host ;
Nor of free will, but by his steed's mischance :
Which Alexander, long-haired Helen's lord,
Struck with an arrow on the very crown,
Just where the forelock grows, above the skull,
Most fatal spot. In pain the stricken horse
Reared high, then, as the shaft sank in the brain,
With brazen point infixed, rolled o'er in death,
And hampered both his fellows of the yoke. .
While yet the greybeard strove with hasty blade
To cut the trace that linked the outer steed,
Came Hector's flying coursers through the rout
Bearing a dauntless driver, Hector's self.
And there and then the greybeard king his life
Had lost, but Diomedes good in fray
Was quick to mark, and with terrific shout
Odysseus to the rescue he recalled :
" Laertes' son, thou man of many wiles,
Zeus-born Odysseus, whither fliest thou
Turning thy back, a coward in the throng ?
Beware lest, flying thus, pursuer's lance
Pierce thee behind. Nay stand, that I and thou
May from the greybeard drive his savage foe."

So spake he : but the man of many toils,
Godlike Odysseus, heard him not, but passed
On rushing to Achaia's hollow ships.
Then Tydeus' son, unaided though he was,
Mixed in the van of fight, and stood before
The horses of the aged Neleus' son,
And thus to him in wingèd words he spake :
" Father, I ween the younger fighters now
Distress thee sore : thy force is all unstrung,
And grievous age is on thee. And withal
Weak is thy squire, thy horses slow of foot.
Come, mount my car, and see what steeds be these,
The steeds of Tros, well-knowing to and fro

κραυπνά μάλ' ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα διωκέμεν ηδὲ φέβεσθαι,
οὐς ποτ' ἀπ' Λίνειαν ἐλόμην, μήστωρε φόβοιο.

τούτῳ μὲν θεράποντε κομείτων, τόδε δὲ νῷι
Τρωσὸν ἐφ' ἵπποδάμοις ιθύνομεν, δόφρα καὶ Ἔκτωρ 110
εἶσται η καὶ ἐμὸν δόρυ μαίνεται ἐν παλάμησι.

ὡς ἔφατ', οὐδὲ ἀπίθησε Γερήνιος ἵππότα Νέστωρ.

Νεστορέας μὲν ἔπειθ' ἵππους θεράποντε κομείτην
ἴφθιμοι, Σθένελός τε καὶ Εύρυμέδων ἀγαπήνωρ.

τὸ δὲ εἰς ἀμφοτέρω Διομήδεος ἄρματ' ἐβήτην. 115

Νέστωρ δὲ ἐν χείρεσσι λάβ' ήνία συγαλόεντα,
μάστιξεν δὲ ἵππους· τάχα δὲ Ἔκτορος ἄγχι γένοντο.
τοῦ δὲ ιθὺς μεμαῶτος ἀκόντισε· Τυδέος νίός.

καὶ τοῦ μὲν ῥὸς ἀφάμαρτεν, δὲ δὲ ήνιοχον θεράποντα,
νίὸν ὑπερθύμου Θηβαίου Ἡνιοπῆα, 120

ἵππων ήντος ἔχοντα βάλε στήθος παρὰ μαζόν.

ῆριπε δὲ ἐξ ὄχέων, ὑπερώησαν δέ οἱ ἵπποι
ἀκύποδες· τοῦ δὲ αὐθὶ λύθη ψυχὴ τε μένος τε.

Ἐκτορα δὲ αἰνὸν ἄχος πύκασεν φρένας ήνιοχοιο.

τὸν μὲν ἔπειτ' εἴασε, καὶ ἀχνύμενός περ ἐταίρου; 125

κεῖσθαι, δὲ δὲ ήνιοχον μέθεπεν θρασύν. οὐδὲ ἄρ' ἔτι δήν
ἵππω δενέσθην σημάντορος· αἰψα γὰρ εὑρεν

Ίφιτλῶν Ἀρχεπτόλεμον θρασύν, ὃν ῥὰ τόθ' ἵππων
ἀκυπόδων ἐπέβησε, δίδουν δέ οἱ ήντα χερσίν.

ἔνθα καὶ λοιγὸς ἦν καὶ ἀμήχανα ἔργα γένοντο, 130

καὶ νύ κε ἐσήκασθεν κατὰ Ἰλιον ηύτε ἄρνες,

εἰ μὴ ἄρ' ὀξὺν νόησε πατήρ ἀνδρῶν τε θεῶν τε.

Βροντήσας δὲ ἄρα δεινὸν ἀφῆκ' ἀρχῆτα κεραυνόν,





Swift o'er the plain to follow or to fly :
These counsellors of fear some while ago
I from Æneas took. Let then our squires
Look to thy horses twain : mine I and thou
On Troy's steed-taming sons will urge direct ;
That Hector's self may learn whether or no
My hand, as his, can wield a raging spear."

He spake : nor disobeyed Gerene's knight.
Then Nestor's steeds the squires received in charge,
Two valiant wights, Eurymedon to wit,
Lover of manly deeds, and Sthenelus.
But both the chiefs upon the chariot stept
Of Diomedes. Nestor in his hands
Then grasped the shining reins and lashed the steeds.
And soon to Hector they drew near. At whom,
As onward straight he pressed, Tydides hurled,
And missed the chieftain, but his charioteer
And squire, of mighty-souled Thebæus son,
Eniopæus, who reined the steeds, he smote
Full in the front beside the breast ; who fell
From out the car : his coursers stayed their speed,
And there the warrior's strength and life were loosed.
Darkened was Hector's soul with anguish keen
For loss of charioteer : yet left he him
To lie awhile, though for his comrade grieved,
And sought another driver bold. Nor long
His horses lacked a ruler : soon he found
Bold Archeptolemus of Iphitus
The son, whom then behind his fleet-foot steeds
He set, and gave his hands the reins to wield.

And there had havoc been, and deeds been wrought
Irreparable ; and now in Ilion
Had all been shut, as lambs within a pen,
Had not the sire of gods and men been quick
To mark it, who with awful thunder-clap
Launched the white-flashing bolt, that close before

εάδ δὲ πρόσθ ίππων Διομήδεος ἡκε χαράξε.
 δεινή δὲ φλόξε φρτο θεοίου καιομένου,
 τὰ δὲ ίππων δείσαντε καταπτήτην ὑπ' ὅχεσφιν.
 Νέστορα δὲ χειρῶν φύγον ἡνία συγαλόσαντα.
 δεῖσε δὲ οὐδὲν θυμῷ, Διομήδεα δὲ προσέβαιπεν.
 "Τυδεῖδη, ἀγε δὲν εὔτε φόβονδέ ἔχε μάνυχας ίππους.
 η οὐ γνωσάσκειν δ τοι διδει οὐχ ἔπειτ' ἀλεή;
 τὸν μὲν ἡδρ τούτῳ Κρονίδης Ζεὺς κύδος ὄπαζεν,
 σήμερον ὑστερον ἀντε καὶ ήμιν, αἱ κέ θέλησιν,
 δάσει. ἀντήρ δὲ κεν οὐ τι Διδει οὐδον εἰρύσσαιτο,
 οὐδὲ μάλισθιμος, ἐπεὶ οὐ πολὺ φέρτερος δεστίν."
 τὸν δὲ ημετέρον διειπετα βοήν ἀγαθὸς Διομήδης.
 "ταὶ. δὴ ταῦτα γε πάντα, γέρον, κατὰ μοῖραν ἔσιπεν.
 ἀλλὰ τόδι εἰδον δόχος κραδίην καὶ θυμὸν ίκάνει.
 "Εκτωρ γάρ ποτε φήσει ἐν Τρώεσσιν ἀγορεύων.
 "Τυδεῖδης ὑπ' ἐμεῖο φοβεύμενος ίκετο νῆσοι.
 ὡς ποτε ἀπειλήσει πότε μοι χάνοι εύρεια χθών."
 τὸν δὲ ημετέρον διειπετα Γερήνιος ίππότα Νέστωρ.
 "ὦ μοι, Τυδέος οὐδὲ δαίφρονος, οίον ἔσιπεν.
 εἰ περ γέρον σ' "Εκτωρ γε κακὸν καὶ ἀνάλκιδα φήσει,
 ἀλλ' οὐ πείσονται Τρώες καὶ Δαρδανίωνες
 καὶ Τρώων ἀλοχοὶ μεγαθύμων ἀσπιστάων,
 τάων ἐν κονίησι βάλει θαλεροὺς παρακοῖτας."
 ὡς ἀρα φωνήσας φύγαδε τράπε μάνυχας ίππους
 αὐτιν ἀντί ιωχυμόν. ἐπὶ δὲ Τρώεις τε καὶ "Εκτωρ
 ιχθύ θεοπεσίη βέλεα στονόσαντα χέοντο.
 τῷ δὲ ἐπὶ μακρὸν ἀντε μέγας κορυθαίλος "Εκτωρ"
 "Τυδεῖδη, περὶ μὲν σε τίος Δαναοὶ ταχύπτωλοι
 έδρη τε κρέασίν τε ίδε πλείοις δεπδεσσιν.
 τὸν δέ σ' ἀτιμήσουσι γυναικὸς ἀρόν ἀντὶ τέτυξο.

The steeds of Diomedes fell to ground.
 Affrighted both the coursers starting back
 Crouched 'neath the car; from Nestor's hands down slipped
 The shining reins; and sore afraid at heart
 To Diomedes thus the greybeard spake:
 "O son of Tydeus, haste thee, turn again
 Thy firm-hoofed steeds to fly. Dost thou not know
 That strength of war from Zeus attends thee not?
 For now the son of Cronos glory grants
 To this our foe to-day; to us again
 Hereafter, if he please, will grant the same:
 And man may nowise thwart the mind of Zeus,
 How strong soe'er, for Zeus is mightier far."

Then answered Diomedes good in fray:
 "Yea, father, all thy words are fitly said.
 Yet feel I sorrow deep in heart and soul:
 For Hector mid the Trojans thus will say:
 'Tydides fled before me to the ships.'
 Thus will he boast anon. Then were I fain
 Wide earth should gape and hide me evermore."

And answer made to him Gerene's knight:
 "O me, thou son of Tydeus wise in heart,
 What words are thine! If Hector call thee weak
 And coward, yet he will not win belief
 From sons of Troy or Dardans, or from wives
 Of high-souled Trojan shieldmen—wives who mourn
 Their manly husbands laid in dust by thee."

With that he turned the firm-hoofed steeds to fly
 Back through the battle: but the Trojans all
 With Hector showered their baleful shafts amain
 Behind them with a wondrous din: and loud
 Great plumed Hector at his foeman cried:
 "Tydides, thee the swift-horsed Danaans once
 Honoured preeminent: high seat was thine,
 Choice meat, full cups: but now they'll surely stint
 Such meed; for weak as woman thou art found.

έρρε, κακή γλώσση, διτελ οὐκ εἴξατος ἐμεῖο
πύργων ἡμετέρων ἐπιβήσεας, οὐδὲ γυναικας
δέξαι ἐν τήσσεσσι πάρος τοι δαίμονα δώσω."

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Ἄς φάτο, Τυδεῖδης δὲ διάνδιχα μερμήριξεν,
ἴππους τε στρέψαι καὶ ἐναντίβιον μαχίσασθαι
τρὶς μὲν μερμήριξε κατὰ φρένα καὶ κατὰ θυμόν,
τρὶς δ' ἀρ' ἀπ' Ἰδαίων δρέων κτύπε μητιέτα Ζεύς 170
σῆμα τιθείτι Τρώεσσι, μάχης ἐπεραλκέα νίκην.
"Εκτερ ίδε Τρώεσσιν ἐκέλετο μακρὸν ἀθσας."

"Τρῶες καὶ Λύκιοι καὶ Δάρδανοι ἀγχιμαχηταί,
ἀνέρετ ἔστε, φίλοι, μητσασθε δὲ θουρίδος ἀλεής.
γυγνώσκω δὲ δι τοι πρόφρων κατένευσε Κρονίων 175
νίκην καὶ μέγα κῦδος, ἀτάρ Δαραοῖσι γε πῆμα.
τίκτου, οὐ ἄρα δὴ τάδε τείχεα μηχανώντο
ἀβλαήχρ' οὐδενόστερα· τὰ δὲ οὐ μένος ἀμδυ ἐρύξει,
ἴπποι δὲ βέλα τάφρον ὑπερθορέονται ὀρυκτήν.
ἀλλ' ὅτε κεν δὴ τησίν ἐπι γλαφυρῆσι γένωμα,
μηημοσύνη τι τέκειτα πυρὸς δηίοιο γενέσθω,
οὐ πυρὶ τῆς ἐνιπρήσω, κτείνω δὲ καὶ αὐτούς
"Αργείους παρὰ τησίν, ἀτυζομένους ὑπὸ καπνοῦ."

Ἄς εἰπών ίπποισιν ἐκέλετο, φώνησέν τε·
"Ξάνθε τε καὶ σὺ Πόδαργε καὶ Αἴθων Λάμπε τε δίε, 185
νῦν μοι τὴν κομιδὴν ἀποτίνετον, ἦν μάλα πολλήν
"Ανδρομάχη, θυγάτηρ μεγαλύτορος Ἡετίωνος,
οὐμῶ πάρ προτέροισι μελίφρονα πυρὸν ἔθηκεν
οἰνόν τ' ἀγκεράσασα πιεῖν, δτε θυμὸς ἀνάγοι,
ἢ ἐμοί, δς πέρ οἱ θαλερὸς πόσις εὔχομαι εἶναι.
ἀλλ' ἀφομαρτεῖτον καὶ σπεύδετον, ὑφρα λάβωμεν
ἀσπίδα Νεστορέην, τῆς νῦν κλέος οὐρανὸν ἔκει,
πᾶσαν χρυσείην ἔμεναι, κανόνας τε καὶ αὐτήν,
αὐτάρ ἀπ' ἄμοιν Διομήδεος ίπποδάμοιο

Go, puny doll! Thou wilt not by my flight,
Or mount our towers, or bear away in ships
Our wives: myself ere that will work thy doom."

He spake: Tydides pondered much in doubt,
To turn his coursers and to face the fight.
Thrice doubtful pondered he in heart and soul;
Thrice from the crags of Ida thundered Zeus
The counsellor, presaging thus to Troy
Balance of strength and victory in fight.
Then Hector to the Trojans shouted loud:
"Ye Trojans, Lycians, and ye Dardans good
In closest fight, quit you like men, my friends,
And of impetuous valour be your thought.
Now know I that Cronion's ready will
To me grants victory and great renown,
But to the Danaans loss. Poor fools! who planned,
It seems, these ramparts, feeble, nothing worth,
That will not check my onset; for my steeds
The spade-dug trench shall lightly overleap.
But soon as to the carvèd ships I come,
Forget not then destructive fire, that I
May set the fleet afame, and by their ships
Slay, scared before the smoke, the Argive throng."

With that he shouted to his steeds, and spake: .
"Xanthus, and thou Podargus, and withal
Æthon, and Lampus, steed divine, now pay
That careful tendance which Andromaché,
High-souled Eetion's daughter, gave; who served
You first with sweetest grain of wheat, and mixed
Wine for your drinking whenso ye might thirst;
You before me who am her manly lord.
So follow on, and haste, that we may win
The shield of Nestor, whose renown doth reach
High heaven, that all of gold it is, both targe
Itself and rods that cross the under side:
And from steed-taming Diomèdes' arms

δαιδάλεον θώρηκα, τὸν "Ηφαιστος κάμε τεύχων.
εἰ τούτῳ γε λάβοιμεν, δελπούμην καν 'Αχαιούς
αὐτονχλη τηῶν δικιβησέμεν ὥκειάνων."

Ἄς δέπατ' εὐχόμενος, νεμάσησε δὲ πότνια "Ηρη,
σείσατο δ' εἰνὶ θρόνῳ, διέλυξε δὲ μακρὸν "Ολυμπον,
καὶ ρα Ποσειδάνια μέγαν θεὸν ἀντίον ηῦδα·
· "Ω πάποι, ἐννοσθεῖτε εὐρυσθενές, οὐδέ τοι σοι περ
οὐλυμπέων Δαναῶν ὀλοφύρεται ἐν φρεσὶ θυμός;
οἱ δέ τοι εἰτε 'Ελίσην τε καὶ Αἴγας δῶρ' ἀνάγουσιν
πολλά τε καὶ χαρίεστα. σὺ δέ σφισι βούλεο νίκην.
εἴ περ γάρ κ' ἐθέλοιμεν, δσοι Δαναοῖσιν ἀρωγοί,
Τρῶας ἀπέσσασθαι καὶ ἐρυκέμεν εὐρύσπα Ζῆν,
αὐτοῦ κ' ἵνθ' ἀκάχοιτο καθήμενος οἰος ἐν "Ιδῃ."

τὴν δὲ μέγ' ὁχθήσας προσέφη κρείων ἐνοσίχθων·
· "Ηρη ἀπτοεπές, ποῖον τὸν μῆθον δειπτεῖς;
οὐκ ἀν δύο γ' ἐθέλοιμι Διὶ Κρονίωνι μάχεσθαι
ἡμέας τοὺς δόλους, ἀπεὶ δὲ πολὺ φέρτερος ἔστιν."

Ἄς οἱ μὲν τοιαῦτα πρὸς ἀλλήλους ἀγόρευον·
τῶν δέ, δσοι ἐκ τηῶν ἀπὸ πύργου τάφρος ἔεργει,
πλῆθεν ὁμῶς ἵππων τε καὶ ἀνδρῶν ἀσπιστάων
εἰλομάτων· εἶλει δὲ θοῷ ἀτάλαντος "Αρηι
· "Εκτωρ Πριαμίδης, δτε οἱ Ζεὺς κῦδος ἔδωκεν.
καὶ νύ κ' ἐνέκρησεν πυρὶ κηλέφη τῆας ἔστας,
εἰ μὴ ἀπὲ φρεσὶ θῆκε 'Αγαμέμνονι πότνια "Ηρη
αὐτῷ ποιηνόσαντι θοῶς ὀτρῦναι 'Αχαιούς.
Βῆ δέ ίέναι παρά τε κλισίας καὶ τῆας 'Αχαιῶν,
περφύρεον μέγα φάρος ἔχων ἐν χειρὶ παχείῃ,
στῇ δέ διπλῇ 'Οδυσσῆος μεγακήτει τηῇ μελαινῃ,
ἢ δέ μεσσάτῳ ἔσκε, γεγωνόμεν ἀμφοτέρωσε·

That we may strip his corslet rich and rare,
Wrought by Hephaestos. If these prizes twain
We win, then may I hope this night to force
Achaia's sons aboard their flying ships."

Boastful he spake. Whereat indignant chased
Queen Heré, and upon her throne she shook,
That tall Olympus quivered. Turning then
Thus to Poseidon, mighty god, she spake :
"O wondrous shame ! Earth-shaker stout and strong,
Dost even thou no pity feel at heart
For Danaans dying thus ? They bring to thee
At Helicé and Ægæ gifts full fair
And frequent : wherefore wish them victory.
For should we will it, we the Danaans' friends,
To drive the Trojans back, and to restrain
Loud thundering Zeus, then might he fret and fume
Here sitting all alone on Ida's peak."

To whom in anger hot the earth-shaking king :
"O Heré dauntless-tongued, what words be these ?
I ne'er can will that we the rest should fight
With Cronos' son, for he is mightier far."

Such converse they of heaven together held.
Meanwhile the space between Achaia's ships
And rampart flanked by sheltering trench was filled
With steeds alike and shielded men, close penned ;
Whom Hector Priam's son, swift Ares' peer,
Close penned, when Zeus gave glory to his arms.
And with consuming fire the balanced ships
He now had burned : but Heré goddess queen
Moved Agamemnon's soul to stir himself
Amain, and swiftly rouse Achaia's host.
So through the tents and ships he took his way
Bearing a purple robe of ample fold
In his broad hand : and by Odysseus' ship
He stood, that midmost lay, black-hulled and huge,
Whence either way his voice might well be heard,



Or to the tent of Ajax Telamon,
Or to Achilleus' tent, those twain who ranged
Last of the line their balanced ships, secure
In their bold manhood and their mighty hands.
Thence to the Danaans his shrill shout he sent :
"Shame, Argives ! cravens base ! for comely limbs
Alone admired. Where now are gone our boasts,
Who whilom claimed to be of all the best ?
Those empty vaunts that ye in Lemnos spake—
While of the flesh of upright-horned kine
Ye ate your fill, and drank the bowls of wine
Crowned to the brim—bragging that each would stand
Against fivescore or tenscore sons of Troy
In field of war ? But now not even worth
One champion we are found, Hector to wit,
Who soon will burn our ships with wasting fire.
O Father Zeus, didst ever heretofore
Cross with such curse as mine a mighty king,
And rob him of great glory ? Yet I say
That never passed I by thy altar fair,
As hitherward I took my luckless way
In many-benchèd ship, but burned on all
The fat and thighs of kine, in eager hope
To waste and sack the well-walled town of Troy.
But this my prayer, O Zeus, at least fulfil ;
Grant that ourselves may flee and scape, nor thus
Achaians fall before the Trojan host."

He spake : the father pitied much his tears,
And willed to save his host and not to slay.
And straightway sent an eagle, surest bird,
Bearing a fawn, the child of fleet-foot doe,
Trussed in his talons. By the altar fair
Of Zeus he dropped it, where Achaia's sons
Gave worship to the god of oracles.

οἱ δὲ ὡς οὐν τείδονθ' οὐ τ' ἄρ' ἐκ Διὸς ἡλυθεν δρυις,
μᾶλλον ἐπὶ Τράσσοι θόρον, μνήσαντο δὲ χάρμητε.

ἄνθ' οὐ τις πρότερος Δαναῶν, πολλάν τερ ἀόντων,
εἴξατο Τυδεῖδας πάρος σχέμεν ὥκεις ἵππους
τάφρου τ' ἐξελάσαι καὶ ἐναντίβιον μαχέσασθαι, 255
αλλὰ πολὺ πρώτος Τράσσου δλεν ἄνδρα κορυστήν,
Φραδμονίδην Ἀγέλαον. οὐ μὲν φύγαδ' ἐτραπεν ἵππους
τῷ δὲ μεταστρεφθέντι μεταφρένῳ ἐν δόρυ πῆξεν
ἄμνην μεσσηγγύνη, διὰ δὲ στήθεσφιν ἐλασσεν.

ἡριπέ δὲ ἐξ ὄχέων, ἀράβησε δὲ τεύχε' ἐπ' αὐτῷ. 260

τὸν δὲ μετ' Ἀτρεῖδαις Ἀγαμέμνων καὶ Μενέλαος,
τοῖσι δὲ ἐπ' Αἴαντες θοῦριν ἀπιειμένοις ἀλκήν,
τοῖσι δὲ ἐπ' Ἰδομενεῦς καὶ ὄπάσιν Ἰδομενῆος
Μηριόπην, ἀτάλαντος Ἐνυαλίῳ ἀνδρεῖφόντην,
τοῖσι δὲ ἐπ' Εὐρύπιλος Εὐαίμονος ἀγλαὸς νίός. 265
Τεῦκρος δὲ εἴνατος ἦλθε, παλίντονα τόξα τιταίων,
στῆ δὲ ἄρ' ὑπὲρ Αἴαντος σάκει Τελαμωνιάδαο.

ἄνθ' Αἴας μὲν ὑπεξέφερεν σάκος αὐτὰρ δὲ γ' ἥρος
παπτήνας, ἐπεὶ ἄρ τιν' ὀιστεύσας ἐν ὁμίλῳ
βεβλήκοις, οὐ μὲν αὐθὶ πεσὼν ἀπὸ θυμὸν ὀλεσκεν, 270
αὐτὰρ δὲ αὐτὶς ίών, πάις ὡς ὑπὸ μητέρα, δύσκεν
εἰς Αἴανθον. δέ δέ μισ σάκει κρύπτασκε φαεινῷ.

ἄνθα τίνα πρῶτον Τράσσου ἐλε Τεῦκρος ἀμύμων;
Ορσίδοχον μὲν πρῶτα καὶ Ὀρμενον ηδὲ Ὀφελέστην
Δαιτορά τε Χρομίον τε καὶ ἀντίθεον Λυκοφόντην 275
καὶ Πολυαμονίδην Ἀμοπάσοντα καὶ Μελάνιππον
πάντας ἐπασσυντέρουν πέλασε χθονὶ πουλυβοτερρ.

And they, when now they saw that sent of Zeus
The bird had come, leapt on their Trojan foes
More fierce, and turned their spirit to the fight.

There of the Danaans, many though they were,
Before the son of Tydeus none could claim
That his fleet steeds he drove and from the trench
Urged forth in open fight to meet the foe.
He, far the first, a helmed Trojan slew,
The son of Phradmon, Agelaüs named :
Who now had turned his steeds in act to fly,
When in his back exposed the foeman fixed
The spear between the shoulders, and right on
He drove it through the breast. From out his car
He fell, and loud his armour on him rang.

Next after him the sons of Atreus came,
With Agamemnon Menelaus : these
Ajaces twain, clothed with impetuous might,
Fast followed : these Idomeneus and his squire
Meriones, peer of Enyalios
Man-slaughtering power : and these Eurypylus
Evæmon's glorious son. Ninth Teucer came
Bending the springing bow, and took his stand
Beneath the targe of Ajax Telamon.

And there, as Ajax ever and anon
Lift up his targe, the hero peered thereout
And shot an arrow. Whomso in the throng
He smote, there fell he slain and left his life :
But back, as to a mother doth a child,
Shrank Teucer, and with Ajax shelter found,
Who hid him safe beneath his shining shield.

There whom of Troy slew noble Teucer first ?
First fell Orsilochus, and Ormenus,
And Ophelestes, Daitor, Chromius,
And godlike Lycophontes, and the son
Of Polyæmon, Amopaon named,
And Melanippus ; in succession swift

τὸν δὲ ἕδεν γῆθησε δναξ ἄνδρων Ἀγαμέμνων,
τόξου ἀπὸ κρατεροῦ Τρωῶν ὀλέκοντα φάλαργυας.
στῇ δὲ παρ' αὐτὸν ἵσν, καὶ μν πρὸς μῦθον ἔιπεν 280
"Τεῦκρε, φίλη κεφαλή, Τελαμῶνε, κούραν λαῶν,
βάλλ' οὐτως, αἴ κέν τι φός Δαναοῖσι γένηαι
πατρί τε σῷ Τελαμῶνι, ὃ σε τρέφε τιτθὸν ἔόντα
καὶ σε νόθον περ ἔόντα κομίσσατο φέντε οἰκεῖ·
τὸν καὶ τηλόθ' ἔόντα δύκλειης ἐπείβησον. 285
σοὶ δὲ ἔγειρες ἀτε καὶ τετελεσμένους δοταί.
αἴ κέν μοι δάχη Ζεύς τ' αἰγιοχος καὶ Ἀθήνη
Ἴλιος ἔξαλαπάξαι, δύκτιμενον πτολίεθρον,
πρώτῳ τοι μετ' ἐμὲ πρεσβήτιον. ἐν χερὶ θήσω,
ἢ τρίτοδ' ηὲ δύω ἵππους αὐτοῖσιν δχεσφιν 290
ηὲ γυναιχ', ἢ κέν τοι ὁμδν λέχος εἰσαναβαίνοι." 295

τὸν δὲ ἀπαμιεύμενος προσεφώνεε Τεῦκρος ἀμύμων
"Ἄτρεδη κύδιστε, τί με σκεύδοντα καὶ αὐτὸν
ἐτρύνεις; οὐ μήν τοι, δση δύναμις γε πάρεστι,
παύομαι, ἀλλ' ἐξ οὐ προτὶ Ἰλιον ὠσάμεθ' αὐτοῖς, 305
ἐκ τοῦ δὴ τόξοις δεδεγμένος ἄνδρας ἐναρω.
ἀστὲ δὴ προέκα ταυγυλώχινας ὁῖστοις,
πάντες δὲ ἐν χροὶ πῆχθεν ἀρηιθόων αἰξηῶν.
τοῦτον δὲ οὐ δύναμαι βαλέειν κύνα λισσητῆρα."

ἢ δα, καὶ ἄλλον ὁῖστον ἀπὸ νευρῆφιν ἵαλλεν 310
"Εἰπορος ἀντικρίν, βαλέειν δέ ἐτο θυμός.
καὶ τοῦ μέν δὲ ἀφάμαρθ', ὃ δὲ ἀμύμονα Γοργυθίωνα,
τίδες ἐνν Πριάμοιο, κατὰ στῆθος βάλεν ἵψ,
τόν δὲ Λισύμηθεν ὀπυιομένη τέκε μήτηρ;
καλὴ Καστιάνειρα, δέμας εἰκυῖα θεῦσιν. 315

All these he made to touch the fruitful earth.
And glad was Agamemnon king of men
To see him dealing from his mighty bow
Death to the ranks of Troy. Toward him he went,
And stood beside the chief, and thus he spake :
"Teucer, dear head, thou son of Telamon,
Prince of a people, shoot thou ever thus,
And, if thou mayst, to Danaans be a light,
And to thy father Telamon, who reared
Thy infancy, and bastard though thou wert
Fostered thee in his home. Him, though he now
Bide far away, exalt thou to renown.
And out I tell thee what shall e'en be done :
If with Athene ægis-wielding Zeus
Grant me the spoil of Ilion's well-built hold,
To thee the first next to myself will I
A special guerdon in thy hand bestow,
Or tripod, or two steeds with car complete,
Or woman captive who shall share thy bed."

And answer thus the noble Teucer made :
"Glorious Atrides, wherefore urge me thus
Who am myself right eager? Never yet,
Far as my strength doth serve me, do I cease ;
But since we drove the host to Ilion
I with my bow lie still in wait, and slay
Our foemen. Long-barbed arrows I have sped
Already eight, and all firm lodgment found
In lusty warriors' flesh. Yet one is here
A raging hound whom still I cannot strike."

He spake, and from the string another shaft
Launched full at Hector, whom he yearned to strike.
And him he missed, but hit upon the breast
Noble Gorgythion, Priam's gallant son,
Whose mother from Æsymé came to wed
Her lord, a woman goddess-like in form,
Castianira fair, and bare a son.

μήκων δ' οὐς ἐτέρωσε κάρη βάλεν, ή τ' ἐνὶ κῆπῳ
καρπῷ βριθομένη νοτίγοι τε εἰαρινῆσιν·
οὐς ἐτέρωσ' ήμυσσε κάρη πήληκε βαρυνθέν.

Τεῦκρος δ' ἄλλον ὁῖστὸν ἀπὸ νευρῆφιν ἴαλλεν· 310
"Εκτορος ἀντικρύς, βαλέειν δέ ἐ τέτο θυμός.
ἄλλ' δ' γε καὶ τόθ' ἀμαρτεῖ παρέσφηλεν γάρ 'Απόλλων·
ἄλλ' 'Αρχεπτόλεμον, θρασὺν "Εκτορος ήμιοχῆα,
ἴέμενον πόλεμονδε βάλε στῆθος παρὰ μαζόν.
ἡριπε δ' ἐξ ὄχέων, ὑπερώησαν δέ οἱ ἵπποι
ἀκύποδες τοῦ δ' αὐθὶ λύθη ψυχὴ τε μένος τε. 315
"Εκτορα δ' αἰνὸν δῖχος πύκασσεν φρένας ήμιόχοιο.
τὸν μὲν ἔπειτ' εἶασε καὶ ἀχνύμενός περ ἑταῖρου,
Κεβριόνην δ' ἐκέλευσεν ἀδελφεδν ἄγγὺς δόντα
ἵππων ήντο ἐλεῶν· δ' ἄρ' οὐκ ἀπίθησεν ἀκούσας.
αὐτὸς δ' ἐκ δίφροιο χαμαὶ θόρε παμφανάωντος 320.
σμερδαλέα ίάχων· οὐ δὲ χερμάδιον λάβε χειρὶ,
βῆ δὲ ίθὺς Τεῦκρου, βαλέειν δέ ἐ θυμὸς ἀνώγει.
ἡ τοι δὲ μὲν φαρέτρης ἔξειλετο πικρὸν ὁῖστόν,
θῆκε δὲ πὶ νευρῆ· τὸν δὲ αὐ κορυθαίολος "Εκτωρ
αὐερύοντα παρ' οὖμον, δθὶ κληῆς ἀποέργει 325
αὐχένα τε στῆθός τε, μάλιστα δὲ καριον δοτὸν,
τῇ δὲ ἐπὶ οἱ μεμαῶτα βάλεν λίθῳ ὀκριόεντι,
ρῆξε δέ οἱ νευρήν· νάρκησε δὲ χειρὶ ἐπὶ καρπῷ,
στῇ δὲ γυνὴ ἐριτών, τόξον δέ οἱ ἐκπεσε χειρός.
Αἴας δὲ οὐκ ἀμέλησε καστυνήτοιο πεσόντος,
ἄλλα θέων περίβη καὶ οἱ σάκος ἀμφεκάλυψεν.
τὸν μὲν ἔπειτ' ὑποδύντε δύων ἐρίηρες ἑταῖροι,
Μηκιστεὺς 'Εχεστο πάις καὶ δῶς 'Αλάστωρ,

And as a poppy sideways hangs the head,
That in some garden grows, weighted with fruit
And springtide showers, so burdened by the helm
Drooped to one side the warrior's failing head.

Then Teucer from the string another shaft
Launched full at Hector, whom he yearned to strike,
And missed him yet again, for the erring bolt
Apollo turned : but Archeptolemus,
Bold charioteer of Hector, on the breast
Beside the nipple, as he sought the fray,
He smote : who headlong fell from out the car,
And from their way his fleet-foot horses swerved,
While there the hero's life and strength were loosed.
But sorrow deep enshrouded Hector's soul
For loss of charioteer : whom yet he left,
Though for a comrade grieved ; and now he bade
Cebriones his brother, who was near,
To take the reins : who heard, nor disobeyed.
Then from his glittering chariot to the ground
Out leapt himself, with shout most terrible,
And seized a boulder in his hand, and made
At Teucer, whom his spirit bade him strike.
He from the quiver even now had plucked
A bitter shaft and placed it on the string :
But plumèd Hector, as he drew it back,
Close by the shoulder, where the collar-bone
Parts neck and breast—the surest spot to smite—
There struck his foe, as at himself he aimed,
With jagged stone ; and breaking bowstring through
Numbèd hand and wrist. Down sank he to his knees
And stood, and from his fingers fell the bow.
Then Ajax of his brother fallen thus
Was not regardless : swift he ran to him
And paced him round and covered with his shield :
Till trusty comrades twain, Mecisteus son
Of Echius, and Alastor godlike wight,

υῆας ἐπει γλαφυρὰς φερέτην βαρέα στενάχοντα
 ἀψ δὲ αὐτις Τράσσοις Ὀλύμπιος ἐν μένος ὥρσε. 335
 οἱ δὲ θύντας τάφροις βαθεῖης ἀσταν Ἀχαιούς,
 Ἐκτερ δὲ πράττοισι κλεισθέντες βλεμμαίνουν.
 οὐ δέ ὅτε τίς τε κύων συδες ἀγρίου ηὲ λέοντος
 ἀπτυγται κατόπινθε, ποσὶν ταχέσσοις διώκειν,
 ισχὺα τε γλυκούς τε, ἀλισσόμενόν τε δοκεῖν, 340
 οὐδὲ Ἐκτερ ἀπαζε κάρη κομβωντας Ἀχαιούς,
 εἰδὲ ἀποκτείνων τὸν ὀπίστατον· οἱ δὲ φέροντο.
 εὐτάρης δὲ τε σκόλοπας καὶ τάφρον ἀβησσαν
 φεύγοντες, πολλοὶ δὲ δάμεν Τράσσον ὑπὸ χερσίν,
 οἱ μὲν δὴ παρὰ ηηνοῖς ἀργτίοντο μένοντες, 345
 ἀλλήλοισι τε κεκλόμενοι, καὶ πᾶσι θεοῖσιν
 χεῖρας ἀντσχοντες μηγάλ' εὐχετόωντο ἔκαστος.
 Ἐκτερ δὲ ἀμφιπεριστράφα καλλίτριχας ἵππους,
 Γοργεῦν διμιατ' ἔχων ηὲ βροτολογιγοῦ Ἀρηος. 350
 τούτῃ δὲ ἰδοῦσ' ἀλέργεια θεὰ λευκάλενος Ἡρη,
 ἀψία δὲ Ἀθηναίην ἐπει πτερόεντα προσηύδα·
 ὡς πότοι, αἰγιόχοιο Διός τέκος, οὐκέτι νῷ
 διλυμένων Δαναῶν κεκαδησόμενος ὑστάτιόν περ;
 οἱ κεν δὴ κακὸν οἴτον ἀναπλήσαντες ὄλωνται
 ἀδρὸς ἐνδειρήσης· δὲ δὲ μαίνεται οὐκέτ' ἀνεκτώς 355
 Ἐκτερ Πριαμίδης, καὶ δὴ κακὰ πολλὰ ἔοργεν.
 τὴν δὲ αὐτει προσέειπε θεὰ γλαυκῶπις Ἀθήνη·
 καὶ λίην οὐτός γε μένος θυμόν τ' ὀλέσειεν,
 χερσὸν ὑπὸ Ἀργείων φθίμενος ἐν πατρίδι γαίῃ·
 ἀλλὰ πατήρ οὐμός φρεσὶ μαίνεται οὐκ ἀγαθῆσιν, 360
 σχέτλιος, αἰδος ἀλετρός, ἐμῶν μενέων ἀπεριωνύς.

Could lift his form and to the hollow ships
Bear him away as heavily he groaned.
Now in the sons of Troy the Olympian king
New spirit roused again. To the deep trench
Right backward did they force Achaia's lines :
Hector the foremost, terrible in strength.
And as a hound on lion or on boar
With nimble foot close presses from behind,
In act to seize the haunches of his game,
And marks and foils each turn, so Hector pressed
Achaia's long-haired sons, and ever slew
His hindmost foe, as they before him fled.
But when the stakes and trench they now had passed
In flight, though many fell by Trojan hands,
Beside the ships they rallied them and stayed,
Each calling on his fellow, and raised their hands
To all the gods, as each man loudly prayed.
But Hector to and fro was turning oft
His fair-maned steeds, and in his eyes the glance
Of Gorgon or of slaughtering Ares shone.

These Heré, white-armed goddess, pitying saw,
And to Athéné cried in wingèd words :
"O shame! Thou child of aegis-bearing Zeus
Shall we no more the Danaans dying thus
Regard, though idle at the last our aid?
For soon the measure of their evil doom
Fulfilling they will perish by the blast
Of one man's fury—Hector Priam's son—
Who with mad force no longer to be borne
Doth rage, and now hath wrought unnumbered woes."

To whom Athéné, stern-eyed power, replied :
"Nay surely he his strength and life would lose
And in his fatherland by Argive hands
Be slain, did not my sire with mind perverse
Rage madly—cruel is he, framing still
Some mischief, and a thwarter of my zeal."

οὐδέ τι τῶν μέμνηται, δοιά μάλα πολλάκις νέος
τειρόμενος σώσκουν ὑπ' Εύρυσθήος ἀέθλων.

ἢ τοι δοιά μὲν κλαιόσκε πρὸς οὐρανόν, αὐτάρ δὲ Ζεὺς

τῷ ἀπαλεξήσουσαν ἀπὸ οὐρανόθεν προταλλεν.

εἰ γὰρ δύο τάδε γέδε ἐνὶ φρεσὶ πεικαλίμυσιν,

αὐτέ μιν εἰς Ἀΐδαο πυλάρταο προύπεμψεν

δέξαρθεντος ἄξοντα κύνα στυγεροῦ Ἀΐδαο,

οὐκ ἀν ὑπεξέφυγε Στυγὸς ὑδατος αἴπα δέεθρα.

τὸν δὲ δὲ μὲν στυγέας, Θέτιδος δὲξήνυσσε βουλάς,

ἢ εἰ γούνατ' ἐκνοσσε καὶ δλαβε χειρὶ γενελον

λισσομένη τιμῆσαι Ἀχιλλῆα πτολέπορθον.

δοται μὴν δτ' ἀν αὐτε φίλην γλαυκόπιδα εἴπη.

ἄλλα σο μὲν τὸν νῶιν ἐπέντυν μώνυχας ἵππους,

δφρ' ἀν δγὸ καταδῦσα Διὸς δόμον αἰγιόχοιο

τεύχεσιν δε πόλεμον θωρήξομαι, δφρα ἴδωμαι

ἢ νῦν Πριάμοιο πάις κορυθαίολος Ἐκτωρ

γηθήσει προφανέντε ἀνδ πτολέμοιο γεφύρας.

ἢ τις καὶ Τροφων κορέει κύνας ἡδ' οἰωνούς

δημῷ καὶ σάρκεσσι, πεσὼν ἐπὶ πηνοῖν Ἀχαιῶν.

Ἄντιον δέπατ', οὐδὲ ἀπίθησε θεὸς λευκόλενος Ἡρη.

ἢ μὲν ἀποσχομένη χρυσάμπυκας ἐντυνει ἵππους

Ἡρη πρέσβα θεά, θυγάτηρ μεγάλοιο Κρόνοιο.

αὐτάρ Ἀθηναίη, κούρη Διὸς αἰγιόχοιο,

πέπλον μὲν κατέχενεν δανὸν πατρὸς ἐπ' οῦδει,

ποιείλον, δορ δ' αὐτῇ ποιήσατο καὶ κάμε χερσίν,

ἢ δὲ χιτῶν' ἐνδῦσα Διὸς νεφεληγερέταο

τεύχεσιν δε πόλεμον θωρήσσετο δακρύσετα.

ετ δέ δχεα φλέγεα ποσὶ βήσετο, λάξετο δέ τχεα

βριθὲν μέγε στιβαρόν, τῷ δάμνησι στίχεας ἀνδρῶν

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Nor bears he this in mind, how many a time
His son I rescued, when in sore distress
By labours that Eurystheus on him laid.
He raised his cry to heaven, from heaven I came
Sent down by Zeus to bear him powerful aid.
O had I in my wisdom surely known
How this would be—what time that son of Zeus
Was sent to Hades jailor of Hell-gate
To bring from nether-gloom hell Hades' hound—
He had not 'scaped the headlong flood of Styx.
But me my sire now hates, and works the will
Of Thetis, who his knees did kiss, and touched
With fondling hand his chin, entreating much
For honour to her city-storming son.
Yet time shall be when he again shall call
His stern-eyed daughter dear. But go thou now,
Harness our firm-hoofed steeds; and I the while,
Entering the house of aegis-bearing Zeus,
Will arm me for the fight; that I may see
If plumed Hector, Priam's son, will joy
When we do show us on the battle bridge.
Surely some Trojan then will richly feed
With fat and flesh the dogs and carrion birds,
Beside the vessels of Achaea slain."

She spake. Nor white-armed Hera disobeyed,
Daughter of mighty Cronos, goddess queen:
But went her way to harness for the car
Her steeds with golden frontlet shining bright.
Meanwhile the maid of aegis-bearing Zeus,
Athena, loosed and on the Father's floor
Cast down her flowing mantle, broidered web
By her own hands and labour deftly wrought,
And donned the tunic of cloud-gathering Zeus,
And braced her armour for the tearful war.
Then on the fiery car she set her foot
And grasped her lance, long, heavy, stout, wherewith

ηράων τοῖσιν τε κοτέσσεται διμήριμοπάτρη.
"Ηρη δὲ μάστηγι θοῶς διπεμαλεῖτ' ἀρ' Ἰππους"
αὐτόμαται δὲ πύλαι μύκον οὐρανοῦ, μηδὲ δχον Ὀρα,
τῆς ἐπιτέτραπται μέγας οὐρανὸς Οὐλυμπός τε,
ημὲς ἀνακλίναι πυκινὸν νέφος ηδὲ ἐπιθεῖναι.
τῇ δὲ δι' αὐτάσιν καντρηνεκέας δχον Ἰππους. 395

Ζεὺς δὲ πατήρ Ἰδηθεν ἐπεὶ ίδε, χθεσατ' ἀρ' αἰνῶς,
"Ιρις δὲ ἀτρινει χρυσόπτερον ἀγγελέουσαν."

"βάσκ' ίθι, "Ιρις ταχεῖα, πάλιν τρέπε μηδὲ ἐα διητην
δρχεσθεῖσθαι· οὐ γὰρ καλὰ συνοισόμεθα πτόλεμόνδε. 400
αὖτε γάρ δέξειν, τὸ δὲ καὶ τετελεσμένον δέσται·
γνιώσω μὲν σφῶν ὑφ' ἀρμασιν ὥκεας Ἰππους,
αὐτὰς δὲ ἐκ διφρου βαλέω, κατά θ' ἀρματα δέξω,
οὐδὲ καν δεκάτους περιτελλομένους ἐνιαυτούς
δέλαι· ἀπαλθήσεσθον δέ καν μάρπτυρι κεραυνός,
ὅφρ' εἰδῆ γλαυκῶπις δτ' ἀν φ' πατρὶ μάχηται.
"Ηρη δὲ οὐ τι τόσον νεμεσίζομαι οὐδὲ χολοῦμαι·
αἰεὶ γάρ μοι ἔσθεν ἐνικλᾶν δττι κε εἴπω."

Ἄντι ἔφατ', φρτο δὲ "Ιρις ἀελλόπτος ἀγγελέουσα,
βῆ δὲ εἰς Ἰδαιῶν ὄρέων δε μακρὸν Ὀλυμπον. 410
πρότυρσι δὲ πύλησι πολυπτύχου Οὐλύμποιο
ἀντομένη κατέρυκε, Διὸς δέ σφ' ἔννεκτε μῆθον·
"πῆ μέματον; τέ σφῶν ἐν φρεσὶ μαίνεται θτορ;
οὐκ ἔάδε Κρονίδης ἐπαμυνέμεν Ἀργείοισιν.
αὖτε γάρ ἡπειλησε Κρόνου πάτη, γε τελέει περ,
γνιώσω μὲν σφῶν ὑφ' ἀρμασιν ὥκεας Ἰππους,
αὐτὰς δὲ ἐκ διφρου βαλέω, κατά θ' ἀρματα δέξω,
οὐδὲ καν δεκάτους περιτελλομένους ἐνιαυτούς

She quells the ranks of men who move to wrath
That maiden daughter of a mighty sire.
Then Heré swiftly touched with lash the steeds.
Self-moved before them groaned the gates of heaven
Kept by the Hours; for to their charge is given
Olympus and wide heaven, and now to ope
The massy cloud rolled back, and now to close.
There through these gates the goaded steeds they urged.

But Father Zeus, from Ida when he saw,
Was much in wrath, and Iris golden-winged
Straight bade he forth to be his messenger:
"Hie thee, fleet Iris, turn them back again,
Nor let them meet me; for 'twill not be well
That we in combat close. For thus I say—
And this my word shall surely be fulfilled—
The swift steeds in their chariot I will lame,
And hurl themselves from out the seat, and break
The shattered car: nor ten revolving years
Shall serve to heal their wounds, where once my bolts
Has stricken home. So shall the stern-eyed maid
Know what it is to battle with her sire.
But Heré not so much my vengeance moves
Or wrath; for it is ever thus her wont
To thwart my purpose, whatsoe'er I say."

He spake: and storm-foot Iris rose to bear
The message. Down from Ida's peaks she sped
To tall Olympus, where the goddess pair
At valley-rent Olympus' outmost gate
She met, and stayed, and told the word of Zeus:
"O whither bent, ye twain? What madness moves
Your hearts within your bosoms? Cronos' son
Forbids you aid the Argives: for he threatens
Thus—and his threat he surely will fulfil—
The swift steeds in your chariot he will lame,
And hurl yourselves from out the seat, and break
The shattered car: nor ten revolving years:

ὅλαις ἀναλθήσεσθοις ἀ κεν μάρπιτης κεραυνός.
δῆρ' εἰδῆς, Γλαυκῶπις, δτ' ἀν σφε πατρὶ μάχησαι" 420
"Ηρη δ' οὐ τι τόσον νεμεσίζεται οὐδὲ χολοῦται·
αἰὲν γάρ εἰ δικλάνειται κε εἴπη.
ἄλλα σύ γ' αἰνοτάτη, κύον ἀδεές, εἰ ἐτεῖν γε
τελμήσεις Διὸς ἄντα πελάριον ἔγχος ἀείραι."
ἢ μὲν δέρ' οὐ εἰποῦσ' ἀπέβη πόδας ὥκεα "Ιρις, 425
αὐτάρ "Αθηναίην "Ηρη πρὸς μῆθον ἔειπεν·
"Ἄ πότοι, αἰγιόχοιο Διὸς τέκος, οὐκέτ' ἔγώ γε
νῦν δέ Διὸς ἄντα βροτῶν δικαία πτολεμίζειν.
τῶν ἀλλοις μὲν ἀποφθίσθαι ἀλλοις δὲ βιώτω,
δέ κε τύχη· κεῖνος δὲ τὰ ἀ φρονέων ἐνὶ θυμῷ 430
Τρωστὶ τε καὶ Δαναοῖσι δικαζέτω, ὡς ἀπιεικές."
ὡς ἀρά φωνήσασα πάλιν τρέπε μάνυχας Ἰππονος.
τῆσιν δ' "Οραι μὲν λύσαν καλλίτριχας Ἰππονος,
καὶ τοὺς μὲν κατέδησαν ἐπ' ἀμβροσίησι κάπυσιν,
ἄρματα δὲ κλῖναν πρὸς ἐνώπια παμφανῶντα" 435
αὐταῖ δὲ χρυσέοισιν ἐπὶ κλισμοῖσι καθίζουν
μέγδ' ἀλλοιοις θεοῖσι, φίλον τετημέναι θτορ.
Ζεὺς δὲ πατήρ "Ιδηθεν ἐντροχον ἄρμα καὶ Ἰππονος
Ολυμπόνδ' ἐδίκαε, θεῶν δ' ἐξίκετο θάκους.
τῷ δὲ καὶ Ἰππονος μὲν λύσεν κλυτὸς ἐνοσίγαιος, 440
ἄρματα δὲ ἀμ βωμοῖσι τίθη, κατὰ λῖτα πετάσσας
αὐτὸς δὲ χρύσειον ἐπὶ θρόνον εὐρύοπα Ζεύς
ἔζετο, τῷ δὲ ὑπὸ ποσσὸν μέγας πτολεμίζεται "Ολυμπος.
αὶ δὲ εἰλι Διὸς ἀμφὶς "Αθηναίη τε καὶ "Ηρη
ἥσθην, οὐδὲ τί μιν προσεφάνεον οὐδὲ ἀρέοντο. 445
αὐτάρ δὲ δημιούργοις ἐνὶ φρεσὶ, φεύγοσιν τε·
"τίφθ' οὕτω τετίησθον, "Αθηναίη τε καὶ "Ηρη;

Shall serve to heal the wounds, where once his bolt
Has stricken home. So shall the stern-eyed maid
Know what it is to battle with her sire.
But Heré not so much his vengeance moves
Or wrath; for it is ever thus her wont
To thwart his purpose, whatsoe'er he say.
But, most presumptuous queen, thou fearless hound,
Think well if thus in very deed thou'l dare.
To list on Zeus thy mighty rebel spear."

Thus fleet-foot Iris spake, and went her way.
Then to Athené thus did Heré speak:
"O me! thou child of aegis-bearing Zeus,
I now no more allow that we with Zeus
Wage battle for the sake of mortal men.
Of whom let this one perish, that one live,
Whoso may chance: and let the sire alone
Think his own thoughts and doom alone his dooms
For Trojans and for Danaans, as is meet."

She spake, and backward turned the firm-hoofed steeds.
And soon the fair-maned steeds the Hours unloosed,
And at the ambrosial mangers tethered them,
But 'gainst the shining inner wall aslope
They laid the car. The goddesses themselves
Sate them on golden seats amid the throng
Of other gods, chafing with sullen heart.

Meanwhile toward Olympus Father Zeus
From Ida drove his wheeled car and steeds,
And to the gods enthronèd came. His steeds
The famed Earth-shaker loosed, and set the car
On a raised base, and with a cloth o'erspread.
But Thunderer Zeus took seat on golden throne,
Beneath whose feet the great Olympus shook.
Alone Athené there and Heré sat
Apart from Zeus, nor spake him word, nor asked.
Yet knew he all in heart and thus he spake:
"Why, Heré and Athené, chafe ye thus

οὐ μήν θην κάμετόν γε μάχη γνι κυδιανείρη
ἀλλάνται Τρῶας, τοῖσιν κότον αἰνὸν ἔθεσθε.
πάντως, οἷον ἐμόν γε μένος καὶ χεῖρες ἀπτοῖ, 450
οὐκ ἀν με τρέψειαν ὅσσι θεοί εἰσ' ἐν Ὀλύμπῳ.
σφῶν δὲ πρὸς περ τρόμος ἄλλαβε φαῖδιμα γνία
πρὸς πολέμου ιδέειν πολέμοιό τε μέρμερα ἔργα.
ἄδε γάρ ἔξερέω, τὸ δέ κεν τετελεσμένον τῆν·
οὐκ ἀν ἐφ' ὑμετέρων ὄχέων, πληγάντε κεραυνῷ, 455
ἄγε ἐν Ὀλυμπίον ἵκεσθον, οὐδὲ ἀθανάτων ἔδος δοτίν."

Ἄτε ξφαθ', αὐτὸν δέ πεμψεῖν Ἀθηναίη τε καὶ Ἡρῆ
πλησίαι αἴ γ' ἥσθην, κακὸν δὲ Τρώεσσι μεδέσθην.
ἢ τοι Ἀθηναίη ἀκέων τὴν οὐδέ τι εἴπειν,
σκυζομένη Διὶ πατρὶ, χόλος δέ μιν ἄγριος ἔρει· 460
"Ἡρρ δέ οὐκ ἔχαδε στήθος χόλον, ἀλλὰ προσηγόρευε:
"εἰσάτε Κρονίδη, ποῖον τὸν μῦθον ἔειπες
εὐ νο καὶ ἡμεῖς ίδμεν δ τοι σθένος οὐκ ἀλαπαδνόν·
ἀλλ' ἔμπητε Δαναῶν ὀλοφυρόμεθ' αἰχμητάων,
οἵ κεν δὴ πακὸν οἴτοι ἀναπλήσαντες ὅλωντας, 465
ἀλλ' εἴ τοι πολέμου μὲν ἀφεξόμεθ', εἰ σὺ κελεύεις·
βούλην δέ Ἀργείοις ὑποθησόμεθ', ή τις ὀγήσει,
ώς μη πάντες ὅλωνται ὁδυσσαμένοιο τεεῖο."

Τὴν δέ ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη νεφεληγερέτα Ζεύς·
"ἡοὺς δὴ καὶ μᾶλλον ὑπερμενέα Κρονίωνα, 470
δῆκας, εἴ κ' ἐθέλησθα, βοῶπις πότνια Ἡρῆ,
ἀλλάντ' Ἀργείων πουλῶν στρατὸν αἰχμητάων
εὐ γάρ πρὸς πολέμου ἀποπαύσεται ὅβριμος Ἐκτῷρ,
πρὸς ὄρθαι παρὰ καῦφι ποδάρκεα Πηλείωνα,
ἔμετι τῷ δέ τ' ἀν εἴ μὲν ἐπὶ πρύμνησι μάχωνται, .. 475

In sullen mood? Ye are not weary sure
With slaying in the fight, man's field of fame,
Troy's sons, 'gainst whom your anger was so hot.
Truly my might and my restless hands
Are such that none could turn me back, not all
The gods that hold Olympus. But ye twain
Were seized with trembling in your glorious limbs
Before the battle and the toilsome works
Of battle yet ye saw. And well 'twas so.
For thus I say, and it had been fulfilled:
Not on your cars, smit by my bolt, had ye
Resought Olympus, where immortals dwell."

He spake. Low murmured then those twain, who near
Together sat and planned the Trojans' bane,
Ev'n Heré and Athené. Silent sat
Athené, nor spake aught, at Father Zeus
Sullenly scowling, tho' wild wrath within
Was stirring her; but Heré in her breast
Pent not the swelling ire, and thus she spake:
"Dread Cronides, what word of thine is here?
We surely know too well what strength is thine,
A strength unyielding. Yet we pity sore
The Danaan spearmen, who of evil fate
Their measure filling up are doomed to die.
But truly we from war will hold our hands,
If thou dost bid: but to the Argive host
Lend counsel only that may help; and so
Not all beneath thy anger fierce shall die."

To whom in answer thus cloud-gathering Zeus:
"When dawns to-morrow, Heré, large-eyed queen,
Thou shalt, if so thou wilt, yet further see
Strong Cronides destroying wide the host
Of Argive spearmen. For from work of war
Hector the terrible shall never cease
Till from his ship the fleet-foot Peleus' son
Uprouse him, in that day when they shall fight

στείνει ἐν αὐνοτάτῳ, περὶ Πατρόελοιο πεσόντος.
Ἄς γαρ θέσφατον ἔστι. σέθεις δ' ἔγειρις οὐκ ἀλεγύζει
χωμάνης, οὐδὲ εἰ κε τὰ νελατα πείραθ' Ἰητας
γείτη καὶ πόντοιο, ἵν' Ἰαπετός τε Κρόνος τε
δημονος οὐτ' αἰνγῆς "Τπερίονος Ἡελίοιο" 480
τέρποντ' οὐτ' ἀνέμοισι, βαθὺς δέ τε Τάρταρος ἀμφίει.
οὐδὲ τὴν ἐνθ' ἀφίκηται ἀλωμάνη, οὐ σει ἔγειρις
εκνζομένης ἀλέγω, ἀπει οὐ σέο κύντερον ἀλλο." 485

Ἄς φάτο, τὰν δ' οὐ τι προσέφη λευκώλενος "Ηρη.
ἐν δ' ἀπεις' Ὀκεανῷ λαμπρὸν φάσις ἡελίοιο, 490
δίκον τύκτα μέλαιναν ἐπὶ ζελδωρον δρουραν.
Τρωσὶν μέν δ' ἀλέκουσιν ἔδυ φάσι, αὐτάρ Αχαιοῖς
ἀσπαστῇ τρίλλιστος ἐπήλυνθε νὺξ ἔρεβεννή.

Τρώων αὐτὸν ἀγορῆις ποιήσατο φαιδιμος "Εκτωρ,
νόσφι τοῦν ἀγαγάν, ποταμῷ ἐπὶ δινήεντι, 495
ἐν καθαρῷ, οὐδὲ δὴ τεκύων διεφαίνετο χῶρος.
ἔξι πτειν δ' ἀποβάντες ἐπὶ χθόνα μῦθον ἀκούον
τὸν δὲ "Εκτωρ ἀγόρευε διφίδος" ἐν δὲ ἀρα χειρὶ
ἔγχος δέχ' ἀνδεκάπηχυ πάροιθε δὲ λάμπετο δουρός
αίχμη χαλκείη, περὶ δὲ χρύσεος θέε πόρκης. 500
τῷ δὲ γέρεισθανος ἀπει Τρώεσσι μετηύδα.
"κίκλωτέ μεν, Τρώες καὶ Δάρδανοι ηδὲ ἀπίκουροι
νῦν ἀφάμην τῆς τ' ὀλέσσας καὶ πάντας Αχαιούς
ἀψι ἀπονοστήσει προτὶ Ίλιον ἡνεμέσσσεν:
ἄλλα πρὸν κνέφας ηλθε, τὸ νῦν ἐσάωσε μάλιστα
Αργείους καὶ τῆς ἐπὶ βρυγμῶνι θαλάσσης. 505
ἄλλον δὲ τοις νῦν μὲν πειθώμεθα τυκτὶ μελαινῃ
δόρπα τ' ἀφοπλισθεσθας ἀτάρ καλλίτριχας Ιππους
λέσσεις ὑπὲξ ὁχέων, παρὰ δὲ σφιςι βάλλεταις ἀδιαδήν.

Hard by the vessels' sterns in fellest strait
Thick-thronged around Patroclus' fallen corse.
For so 'tis fate. And of thy wrath I reck
No whit, no not if to the depth and end
Of earth and sea thou go, where sit the twain
Iapetus and Cronos, never cheered
By rays of upper sun or breath of winds,
But girt around by deep Tartarean gloom.
No, not shouldst thither in thy roaming come,
Heed I thy sullen mood: for other power
Than thee more houndlike surely there is none."

So spake he: white-armed Hera answered naught.
And now in ocean flood the shining sun
Dropt down, and o'er the grain-abounding lands
Drew in his wake black night. To men of Troy
Unwished the sunset: to Achaia's host
Welcome, thrice-prayed for, came the murky night.

But glorious Hector now a council called
Leading his Trojans from the ships apart,
Beside the eddying river, where a place
Shone void and clear amid the frequent dead.
There from their steeds dismounting to the ground
They heard while Hector spake, beloved of Zeus.
A spear in hand he held, cubits eleven
Its length, whose shaft was tipped with flashing brass
Bound on by ring of gold: on this he leant,
And mid the Trojan armies thus he spake:
"Hear me, ye Trojans, Dardans, and allies!
I surely said that now I should destroy
The ships, and all Achaia's host withal,
Ere back I turned to wind-swept Ilion.
But darkness came too soon: nought else but this
Saved men and ships upon the sea-smit strand.
But truly now let us obey black night
And ready make our meal: your fair-maned steeds
Unloose ye from the cars, and give them food.

δε πόλιος δ' ἄξεσθε βόας καὶ ἴφια μῆλα 503
καρπαλίμως, οῶν δὲ μελίφρονα οἰνίζεσθε,
στέρνο τ' δε μεγάρων, ἐπὶ δὲ ἔνδα πολλὰ λέγεσθε,
ὅς κεν παντάχιοι μέσφ' ησῦται ηρυγενεῖται
καλωμεν πυρὰ πολλά, σέλας δὲ εἰς οὐρανὸν ἵκη,
μή πως καὶ διὰ νύκτα κάρη κομβωντες Ἀχαιοί 510
φεύγειν δρυμήσωσιν ἐπ' εὐρέα νῶτα θαλάσσης.
μὴ μὴν ἀσπουδί γε νεῶν ἐπιβαῖνεν ἐκηλού,
αλλ' ἡς τις τούτων γε βέλος καὶ οἰκοθε πέσσογ,
βλάψμενος ή οἴφη η ἔγχει ὀξυόεντι 515
ιηδες ἐπιθρόσκων, ἵνα τις στυγέεστι καὶ ἄλλος
Τρωσὶν ἐφ' ἵπποδάμοισι φέρειν πολύδακρυν Ἀρηα.
πήρυκες δὲ ἀνὰ ἀστυ διφίλοι ἀγγελλόντων
παιδας πρωθήβας πολιοκροτάφους τε γέροντας
λέξασθαι περὶ ἀστυ θεοδμήτων ἐπὶ πύργων
θηλύτεραι δὲ γυναικες ἐνὶ μεγάροισι ἐκάστη 520
πῦρ μέγα καιόντων φυλακῇ δέ τις ἐμπεδος ἔστω,
μή λόχος εἰσέλθησι πόλιν λαῶν ἀπεόντων.
Ἄδ' ἔστω, Τρῶες μεγαλήτορες, ὡς ἀγορεύω
μῦθος δὲ μὲν νῦν ὑγιής, εἰρημένος ἔστω
τὸν δὲ ησῦται Τρώεσσι μεθ' ἵπποδάμοις ἀγορεύσω. 525
ἄλπομαι εὐχόμενος Διό τ' ἄλλοισίν τε θεοῖσιν
ἔξελάντις οὐθένδε κύνας κηρεσσιφορήτους,
οὐδὲ αῆρες φορέουσι μελαινάσιν ἐπὶ νηῶν.
αλλ' η τοις ἀπὸ τυκτὶ φυλάξομεν ημέας αὐτούς,
πρῶι δὲ ὑπηροῖσι σὺν τεύχεσι θωρηχθάντες 530
ηηνσίλα ἐπει γλαφυρῆσιν ἐγείρομεν ὀξὺν Ἀρηα.
εἰσομαι η κέ μ' δ Τυδειδης κρατερὸς Διομήδης
πάρ τηῶν πρὸς τεῦχος ἀπάστεται, η κεν ἔγα τόσ

And from the city drive ye kine with speed
And lusty sheep, and buy ye honeyed wine,
And bread from out your homes : gather withal
Great store of wood, that through the livelong night
Till morning early-born our fires may burn
Innumerable, whose blaze may mount to heaven :
Lest in the night Achaia's long-haired sons
Haply may stir themselves to flee away
O'er the broad ridges of the billowy sea.
Nay, let them not untroubled and at ease
Get them aboard ; but so that ev'n at home
Each may have wounds to nurse, by arrow struck
Or beechen spear, as on his ship he leaps.
So shall all others shuddering fear to bring
On Troy's steed-taming sons a woful war.
And let the holy heralds loved of Zeus
Proclaim throughout the town that stripling boys
And gray-haired grandsires man the god-built towers
Around the wall, but let the women folk,
Each in her halls, burn ample store of fire.
And let sure watch be kept : lest, while the host
Is absent here, an ambush win the town.
Thus be it, high-souled Trojans, as I say.
Let this my word, wholesome for present need,
Suffice. Yet further, when the morrow dawns,
Mid the steed-taming Trojans I will speak.
I hope indeed—and so to Zeus I pray
And all the gods—that we shall drive forth hence
These doom-led hounds, whom sure an evil doom
Leads to their end upon their black-hulled ships.
But for the night look we to guard ourselves ;
And with the early dawn don we our arms,
And at the hollow ships awake keen war.
Then will I know if Diomedes stout,
The son of Tydeus, from Achaia's ships
Will force me to our wall, or I slay him

χαλκῷ δημάσας ἔναρα βροτοντα φέρωμαι.
αὔριον δὲ ἀρετὴν διατίσταται, αἵ τε ἔμδν δηχος
μεντρη ἀπερχόμενον. ἀλλ' ἐν πρεστοισιν, δέος,
κινεστασι οὐτηθεὶς, πολέες δὲ ἀμφ' αὐτὸν ἀταῖροι,
ἥδιλον ἀπιόντος ἐς αὔριον. εἰ γάρ δηδιν ὡς
εἶην ἀθάνατος καὶ ἀγήραος ὥματα πάντα,
τιούμην δὲ ὡς τίετ' Ἀθηναῖη καὶ Ἀπόλλων,
ὡς τὸν ἡμέρη ηδε κακὸν φέρει Ἀργείοισιν." 535.

ὡς "Εκτωρ ἀγύρευ", ἐπὶ δὲ Τρῶες κελάδησαν.
οἵ δὲ ἔπιποντες μὲν δίλυσαν ὑπὸ ζυγοῦ ἴδρασαν,
δῆσαν δὲ ἴμάντεσσι παρ' ἀρμασι οίσι ἔκαστος
ἐκ πόλιος δὲ ἀξαντο βόας καὶ ἵφια μῆλα 540
καρπαλίκιας, οίνον δὲ μελίφρονα οἰνίζοντο
σῖτόν τ' ἐκ μεγάρων, ἐπὶ δὲ ξύλα πολλὰ λέγοντο.
κυλισην δὲ πεδίου ἄνεμοι φέρον οὐρανὸν εἶσαν.
οἵ δὲ μέγα φρονέοντες ἀνὰ πτολέμοιο γεφύρας
εἴσατο παντύχιοι, πυρὰ δέ σφισι καίστο πολλά. 545
ὡς δὲ διτ' ἐν οὐρανῷ ἀστρα φαεινὴν ἀμφὶ σελήνην
φαίνεται ἀρικρεπέα, διτε τ' ἐπλετο νήνεμος αἰθήρ
ἐκ τ' ἐφαντει πᾶσαι σκοπιαὶ καὶ πρώσονες ἄκροι
καὶ νάπαις οὐρανόθεν δὲ ἄρ' ὑπερράγη ἀσπετος αἰθήρ,
πάντα δὲ εἰδεταις δοτρα, γέγηθε δέ τε φρένα ποιμήν. 550
τόσσα μεστηγὸν νεῶν ηδε Εάνθοιο ροάσιν
Τρύσσον καιόντων πυρὰ φαίνετο Ἰλιόθι πρό.
χίλια' δρ' ἐν πεδίῳ πυρὰ καίστο, πάρ δὲ ἀκάστῳ
εἴσατο πεντήκοντα σέλαι πυρὸς αἰθομένοιο.
ἴπποι δὲ κρῆ λευκὸν ἀρεπτόμενοι καὶ ὀλύρας, 555
δεταότες παρ' διχεσφιν, ἐνθρονον Ἡέ μίμον.

With brazen lance, and bear his bloody spoils,
To-morrow shall he prove his valour well,
If he abide the coming of my spear.
But, as I think, amid the foremost he
Will stricken lie, with many comrades round,
When mounts the morrow's sun. For O were I
As sure to live immortal, ever young
Through all my days, and honoured as the gods
Athené and Apollo, as I am
Sure that this day doth bring the Argives bane."

Thus Hector spake. The Trojans roared acclaim.
They loosed their sweating horses from the yoke,
And tethered them with reins, each by his car.
And from the city kine and lusty sheep
They drove with speed, and bought them honeyed wine,
And bread from out their homes: and gathered too
Great store of wood. And of their feast the winds
Bore the sweet savour heavenwards from the plain.
Thus with high hopes upon the battle bridge
All night they camped, and countless blazed their fires.
And as in heaven around the shining moon
The stars gleam sharp and clear in windless calm—
And all the peaks stand out, and jutting bluffs,
And glens: and boundless ether parted wide
Uncurtains all high heaven: and in full tale
Are seen the stars, to shepherd's heart a joy—
So countless 'twixt the ships and Xanthus' stream
The watchfires blazed in front of Ilion.
Burned on the plain a thousand fires: by each
Sat fifty men within the flame's bright glow:
While champing barley white and rye their steeds
Stood by the cars and waited fair-throned morn.

ΙΛΙΑΔΟΣ Ι.

Διπλ.

“Ως οἱ μὲν Τρῶες φυλακὰς ἔχον· αὐτὸρ 'Αχαιούς
θεοπεσὶ ἔχει φύξα, φόβου κρυόεντος ἀταρη,
πάνθει δ' ἀτλήτῳ βεβολήσατο πάντες ἀριστοί·
άς δ' ἀνεμοί δύο πόντον ὄρινετον ἰχθυόεντα,
Βορέης καὶ Ζέφυρος, τῷ τε Θρύκηθεν ἀητον,
ἐλθόντ' ἐξαπώησεν ἀμυδις δέ τε κύμα κελαινόν
κορδύεται, πολλὸν δέ παρέξει ἀλλα φύκος ἔχενεν·
Ἄς ἔδαιζετο θυμὸς ἐνὶ στήθεσσιν 'Αχαιῶν.

‘Ατρεῖδης δ' ἄχει μογάλῳ βεβολημένος ἦτορ
φοίτα κηρύκεσσι λαγυφθόγγοισι κελεύων
κλήδην εἰς ἀγορὴν κικλησκέμεν ἄνδρα ἔκαστον,
μηδὲ βοῶν· αὐτὸς δὲ μετὰ πρώτοισι πονεῖτο.
Ἄκον δ' εἰν ἀγορῇ τετιηότες· ἀν δ' 'Αγαμέμνων
ἴστατο δάκρυ χέων ὡς τε κρήνη μελάνυδρος,
ἢ τε κατ' αὐγῆιπος πέτρης δυοφερὸν χέει ὕδωρ.
Ἄς δ βαρὺ στενάχων ἐπε 'Αργείοισι μετηύδα·
“Ἄς φίλοις 'Αργείων ἥγήτορες ἥδε μέδοντες,
Ζεύς με μέγα Κρονίδης δτη ἐνέδησε βαρεῖη,
σχέτλιος, δις τότε μέν μοι ὑπέσχετο καὶ κατένευσεν
“Ἴλιον ἐπέρσαντ' ἐντείχεον ἀπονέεσθαι,
τῦν δὲ κακὴν ἀπάτην βουλεύσατο, καὶ με κελεύει
δυσκλέα 'Αργεῖος ἵκεσθαι, ἐπεὶ πολὺν ἀλεῖσα λαὸν.

ILIAS IX.

Embassy to entreat Achilleus..

SUCH watch the Trojans kept. Achaia's host
Dread Panic, comrade she of shuddering Flight,
Fast bound : and all the bravest and the best
Were stricken sore with grief intolerable.
And vexed and tossed as is the fishful main
When north and west wind meet, two Thrace-born blasts,
With sudden squall—the black waves tumbling crowd
High heaped ; the beach with tangle thick is strewn—
So tossed, so vexed, their souls within them swayed.

And stricken to the heart with mighty woe
The son of Atreus ranged the camp, and bade
The clear-voiced heralds to the council call
Each man with several summons, not with shout ;
And in the toil himself bore foremost part.
They came and sate in council sorrowing :
But Agamemnon rose and stood, whose tears
Fell as the dropping of a deep black spring,
That down the steep cliff pours its waters dark.
So he sore groaning 'mid the Argives spake :
" Friends, kings and captains of our Argive host,
Zeus Cronides fast to a heavy fate
Hath bound me—cruel god ! whose nod once pledged
The sack of well-walled Troy and safe return ;
Yet meant he but to lure me to my bane :
And now—the strength of all my people lost—
Inglorious bids to Argos take my way.

οὗτο που Διὸς μέλλει ὑπερμενέει φίλον εἶναι,
ὅς δὴ πολλάων πολίων κατέλυσε κάρην.

ἡδὲ ἔτι καὶ λύσει· τοῦ γὰρ κράτος ἐστὶ μέγιστον. 25
ἄλλ' ἔφεθ', ὡς ἀν ἐγὼ εἶπα, πειθώμεθα πάντες.
φεύγωμεν ξὺν νησὶ φίλην ἐς πατρίδα γαῖαν·
οὐ γὰρ ἔτι Τροίην αἴρήσομεν εύρυάγυιαν."

ἄς ἔφαθ', οἱ δ' ἄρα πάντες ἀκῆν ἐγένοντο σιωπῆ. 30
δὴ δ' ἄνεῳ ἡσαν τετιηότες υἱες Ἀχαιῶν.
ἀλλέ δὲ δὴ μετέειπε βοὴν ἀγαθὸς Διομήδης·
“Ἄτρετῷ, σοὶ πρῶτα μαχήσομαι ἀφραδέοντι,
ἥ θέμις ἐστί, ἄναξ, ἀγορῆ· σὺ δὲ μή τι χολωθῆς.
ἀλκῆν μέν μοι πρῶτον διείδισας ἐν Δαναοῖσιν,
φὰς ἔμεν ἀπτόλεμον καὶ ἀνάλκιδα· ταῦτα δὲ πάντα 35
ἴσασ' Ἀργείων ημέν νέοι ηδὲ γέροντες.
σοὶ δὲ διάνδιχ' ἔδωκε Κρόνου πάις ἀγκυλομήτεω·
σκῆπτρῷ μέν τοι ἔδωκε τετιμῆσθαι περὶ πάντων,
ἀλκῆν δ' οὐ τοι ἔδωκεν, ὃ τε κράτος ἐστὶ μέγιστον,
δαιμόνι·, οὗτο που μάλα ἔλπεις υἱας Ἀχαιῶν 40
ἀπτολέμους τ' ἔμεναι καὶ ἀνάλκιδας ὡς ἀγορεύεις;
εἰ δὲ σοὶ αὐτῷ θυμὸς ἐπέσσυται ὡς τε νέεσθαι,
ἔρχεο· πάρ τοι ὁδός, νῆες δέ τοι ἄγχι θαλάσσης
ἐστᾶσ', αἴ τοι ἔποντο Μυκήνηθεν μάλα πολλαί.
ἄλλ' ἄλλοι μενέοντες κάρη κομόωντες Ἀχαιοί 45
εἰς ὃ κέ περ Τροίην διαπέρσομεν. εἰ δὲ καὶ αὐτοί,
φευγόντων ξὺν νησὶ φίλην ἐς πατρίδα γαῖαν·
νῦν δ', ἐγὼ Σθένελός τε, μαχησόμεθ' εἰς ὃ κε τέκμωρ
Ἰλίου εῦρωμεν· ξὺν γὰρ θεῷ εἰλήλουθμεν.”

ἄς ἔφαθ', οἱ δ' ἄρα πάντες ἐπίλαχον υἱες Ἀχαιῶν, γο
μῦθον ἀγαστάμενοι Διομήδεος ἵπποδάμοιο.
τοῖσι δ' ἀνιστάμενος μετεφάνεεν ἥππότα Νέστωρ·

So Zeus, methinks, will have it, Zeus the strong,
 Who many cities' heads ere now hath bowed,
 And yet will bow, for matchless is his might.
 Then come, obey we all, e'en as I say,
 Take ship, and fly to our dear father-land ;
 For now we ne'er shall win wide-streeted Troy."

He spake : but they were hushed and silent all.
 Long were Achaia's sons in sorrow mute :
 At last spake Diomedes good in fray :
 "Atrides, first with thee, who art unwise,
 I will contend, as is our right, my king,
 In council ; wherefore be not moved to wrath.
 My courage thou didst heretofore impugn
 Before the Danaans, and didst call me there
 Unwarlike coward ; and these words of thine
 Are known to every Argive, young and old.
 Now surely 'tis thyself to whom the son
 Of crooked-counselled Cronos halved his boon,
 And gave thee sceptred honour chief of all,
 But courage not—which is the mightiest power.
 What, sire ! dost really deem Achaia's sons
 Unwarlike cowards, as thy words would say ?
 Nay if thine own heart hasteth to return,
 Go thou : the way is near, and by the sea
 The ships that from Mycenæ followed thee
 Stand not a few. But others here will stay,
 Long-haired Achaians, till at last we sack
 Troy's city. Or let them too, if they will,
 Take ship and fly to their own father-land ;
 Yet will we twain, myself and Sthenelus,
 Fight till we work the end of Ilion :
 For not without a god we hither came."

So spake he : and Achaia's sons all roared
 A loud acclaim, in wonder at the words
 Of the steed-taming prince. Then straight uprose
 Nestor, Gerene's knight, and 'mid them spake :

"Τιδεῦνη, περὶ μὲν πολέμῳ ἔνι παρτερός ἔσσι,
 καὶ βουλῇ μετὰ πάντας ὄμήλικας ἔπλευ ἀριστος.
 οὐ τές τοι τὸν μῆθον ὀνόσσεται, δοσσοις Ἀχαιοῖ,
 οὐδὲ πάλιν ἔριες· ἀτάρ οὐ τέλος ἵκεο μύθων.
 η μῆν καὶ νέος ἔσσι, ἐμὸς δὲ καὶ πάντας εἶται
 ὄπλότατος γενεῆφιν· ἀτάρ πεπνυμένα βάζεις
 Ἀργείων βασιλῆας, διτεῖ κατὰ μοῖραν ἔειπες.
 ἀλλ' ἀγ' ἄγρων, διε σεῖο γεραίτερος εὐχομας εἶναι,
 ἔξείπει καὶ πάντα διέξομαι· οὐδέ κέ τές μοι
 μῆθον ἀτιμήσει, οὐδὲ κρεεων Ἀγαμέμνων.
 ἀφρήτωρ ἀθέμιστος ἀνέστιος ἔστιν ἐκεῖνος
 δις πολέμου δραται ἐπιδημίου ὄκρυθεντος.
 ἀλλ' η τοι τὸν μὲν πειθώμεθα νυκτὶ μελανῃ
 δόρπα τ' ἀφοπλισόμεσθα, φυλακτῆρες δὲ ἔκαστοι
 λεξάσθων παρὰ τάφρον δρυκτὴν τείχεος ἐκτός.
 πούροισι μὲν ταῦτ' ἐπετέλλομαι· αὐτάρ ἐπειτα,
 Ἀτρεῖδη, σὺ μὲν ἄρχε· σὺ γάρ βασιλεύτατος ἔσσι·
 δαίνι δαῖτα γέρουσι· ἔουκέ τοι, οὐ τοι ἀεικές.
 πλεῖα τοι οἴνου κλισίαι, τὸν υῆς Ἀχαιῶν
 ἡμάτιαι Θρήκηθεν ὅπ' εὐρέα πόντον ἄγουσιν·
 πᾶσά τοι ἔσθ' ὑποδεξίη, πολέεσσι ἀνάσσεις,
 πολλῶν δὲ ἀγρομένων τῷ πεισεαι δος κεν ἀρίστην
 βουλὴν βουλεύσῃ. μάλα δὲ χρεω πάντας Ἀχαιούς
 ἐσθλῆς καὶ πυκινῆς, δτε δήιοις ἀγρύθι νηῶν
 καιίουσιν πυρὸν πολλά· τίς ἀν τάδε γηθήσειεν;
 πῦξ δὲ ηδὲ διαρράισει στρατὸν ηδὲ σαώσει·"

ὡς ἔφαθ', οὐ δέ ἄρα τοῦ μάλα μὲν κλύον ηδὲ πίθοντο,
 εκ δὲ φυλακτῆρες σὺν τεύχεσιν δοσεύοντο
 ἀμφὶ τε Νεστορίδην Θρασυμήδεα, ποιμένα λαῶν,
 ηδὲ ἀμφὶ Ἀσκάλαφον καὶ Ἰάλμενον υἱας Ἀρηος,
 ἀμφὶ τε Μηριόνην Ἀφαρῆά τε Δηίπυρόν τε,

“ Tydides, thou in war art passing strong,
And best in counsel too among thy peers.
Of all Achaians none will blame thy words,
Nor gainsay: yet thou reachedst not the end.
Truly thou’rt young, and mightest be my son,
My youngest born; yet utterest words full wise
To Argive kings, for all was fitly said.
But come, and I, who claim more years than thou,
Will speak and set forth all in full: and none—
Not Agamemnon’s self—will scorn my words.
Surely a tribeless, lawless, homeless man
Is he who loves to stir the strife of war
In his own people, that abhorred plague.
But let us now indeed obey black night,
And spread our meals: and let the several guards
Be ranged along the trench without the wall.
To our young men this charge I give: but then
Take thou the lead, Atrides, for thou art
The chiefest king, and to our elders make
A feast, as fits thee well nor misbeseems.
Thy tents are full of wine, which day by day
O’er the wide waters from the shore of Thrace
Achaia’s ships convey: all stores thou hast
For hospitality, and thou art a king
O’er many. But when many thus have met,
Him shalt thou follow who shall counsel best.
And all Achaia’s sons have now sore need
Of counsel good and shrewd: for near our ships
Burn many foemen’s watch-fires; and this night
Will work our army’s ruin or will save.”

He spake: they heard attentive and obeyed.
Out hasted then the guards, in armour clad,
Gathering round Thrasymedes Nestor’s son,
A people’s shepherd, and the war-god’s sons
Ascalaphus and Ialmenus; and around
Meriones, Aphareus, Delpyrus,

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And godlike Lycomedes Creion's son:
Seven captains were there of the guards; with each
Went young men full fivescore, bearing in hand
Their lances long. The space between the wall
And trench they sought, and took their ground; and there
Kindled their fires and spread their several meals.

Meanwhile Atrides gathered to his tent
Achaia's greybeards all; and by them set
A full and pleasant feast: who laid their hands
Upon the meats before them ready spread.
But when desire of meat and drink was stayed,
To them did Nestor first of all begin
To weave his prudent words, the greybeard sage
Whose counsel still of old the best was seen.
He now right wisely 'mid their council spake:
"Most honoured son of Atreus, king of men,
Great Agamemnon, I with thee will end,
From thee begin; because thou art a king
Of many peoples, and dost hold from Zeus
Sceptre and laws, to be their counsellor.
Wherefore above all other 'tis thy right
To say thy word, and yet withal to hear
And ratify what other man may say
Moved by his spirit for the public weal:
And what he prompts must still on thee depend.
But I will speak as seemeth me the best:
For better judgment none will form than this—
My judgment both of old, and yet to-day,
Ay ever since that time when, Zeus-born prince,
Braving the chieftan's wrath thou ledst away
The maid Briseis from Achilleus' tent,
We in no wise approving. I for one
Spake strong against it: but thou gavest way
To thy proud heart, and on the bravest man
(Whom ev'n immortals honoured) castest scorn,
For thou didst take and holdest yet his prize.

φραζόμεσθ' ὡς εὖ μη ἀρεσσάμενοι πεπίθωμεν
δώροισι τ' ἀγανοῖσι ἐπεσσί τε μειλιχοῖσιν."

τὸν δ' αὐτε προσέκεπτε ἀναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγαμέμνων·
“Ἄγρεν, οὐ τι ψεῦδος ἐμὸς ἀτας κατέλεξας. . . . 115
ἀσσάμην, οὐδὲ αὐτὸς ἀνανυμαί. ἀντὶ νυ πολλῶν
λαῶν ἔστιν ἀνήρ ὃν τε Ζεὺς κῆρι φιλέσσει,
οὐ τὸν τοῦτον ἔτισε, δάμασσε δὲ λαὸν Ἀχαιῶν.
ἄλλ' ἔπει ἀσσάμην φρεσὶ λευγαλέησι πιθήσατ,
ἄψι θέδει ἀρίσται, δόμεναι τ' ἀπερεσι' ἄποινα” 120
ὑμῶν δὲ πάντεσσι περικλυτὰ δῷρ' ὀνομήνω,
ἔπιτ' ἀπύρους τρίποδας, δέκα δὲ χρυσοῖο τάλατα,
εἴδυντες δὲ λέβητας δέκοσι, δώδεκα δὲ ἵππους
πηγαντες ἀθλοφόρους, οὐδὲ ἀέθλα ποσσὶν ἀρούτο. 125
οὐ καν ἀλήιος εἴη ἀνήρ φέτοσσα γένοιτο,
οὐδὲ καν ἀκτήμων ἀριγάμοιο χρυσοῖο,
δύσσε μοι τὴνέκαντο ἀέθλα μάνυχες ἵπποι.
δύσσε δὲ πτερά γυναικας ἀμύμονα ἔργα ἴδυλας,
Λεσβίδας, δε, δτε Λέσβου ἐνκτιμένην δλεν αὐτός,
δξελόμην, εἰ κάλλει ἐνίκων φῦλα γυναικῶν. 130
τὰς μὲν οἱ δώσα, μετὰ δὲ ἔσσεται ήν τότε ἀπηγύρων,
κούρη Βρισῆος· ἐπὶ δὲ μέγαν δρκον δμοῦμαι
μή ποτε τῆς εὐνῆς ἀπιβήμεναι ηδὲ μυγῆναι
ἡ θέμις ἀνθρώπων τέλει, ἀνδρῶν ηδὲ γυναικῶν.
ταῦτα μὲν αὐτίκα πάντα παρίσσεται· εἰ δέ καν αὐτε 135
άστιν μέγα Πριάμοιο θεοὶ δέωσ' ἀλατάξαι,
τῆα δλιτι χρυσοῦ καλ χαλκοῦ νηησάσθω
εἰσελθάντ, δτε καν δατεώμενα ληΐδ' Ἀχαιοί,
Τρωΐδας δὲ γυναικας δέκοσιν αὐτὸς ἀλίσθω,

But even now tho' late, devise we plan
That may appease his wrath, and win him o'er
By kindly presents and by honeyed words."

Then answered Agamemnon king of men :
" Father, too truly do thy words declare
My folly. Fool I was : nor can myself
Deny the charge. Worth a whole host is he

Whom Zeus doth dearly love, as now this man
He honours, and afflicts Achaia's host.
But since, obedient to a baneful mood,
I wrought the folly, I to make it good
Am willing, and unstinted price to pay.

And now before you all the glorious gifts
I'll name—Seven tripod urns unscathed by fire,
Of gold ten talents, twenty cauldrons bright ;
Twelve steeds withal, prize-bearers, stout of limb,
Whose nimble feet have gained them many a prize.
Not landless he, nor poor in precious gold,
To whom may fall those many stores of wealth,
The prizes that my firm-hoofed steeds have won.

Seven women will I also give, well-skilled
In faultless work, of Lesbian race, whom I
Chose out when by his hand fair Lesbos fell,
Passing all womankind in comeliness.

These will I give him : and with them shall be
The maid of Briseus, whom erewhile I took.

And hereto will I swear a mighty oath,
That never have I climbed her bed or lain
Beside her, as a man with woman may.

All this at once shall be his own. But more—
If gods hereafter grant us grace to sack

Priam's great city, let him enter in
And freight his ship with piles of brass and gold
When our Achaian host divides the spoil.

And twenty Trojan women let him take
At his own choice, the fairest of the fair,

αῖ κε μετ' Ἀργείην Ἐλένην κάλλιστας ἔωσιν. 140.
 εἰ δέ καν Ἀρίγος ἴνοιμεθ' Ἀχαικόν, οὐθαρ ἄρούρης,
 γαμβρός κέν μοι δοι· τίσω δέ οὐ λίστην Ὀρέστη,
 δε μοι τηλίγετος τρέφεται θαλίγ ἔνι πολλῆ.
 τρεῖς δέ μοι εἰσὶ θύγατρες ἐνὶ μεγάρῳ ἐντίκτη,
 Χρυσόθεμα καὶ Λαοδίκη καὶ Ἰφιάνασσα. 145
 τάσσονται καὶ θελήστρι φίλην ἀνάεδνον ἀγέσθω
 πρὸς οἰκον Πηλῆιος· ἔγειρ δέ πεπλημμυρα
 πολλὰ μάλ', δοσσ' οὖν πολλά τις δῆ πεπέδωκε θυγατρί.
 ἐπτά δέ οἱ δώσω εὖ ταιόματα πτολίεθρα,
 Καρδαμύλην Ἐνόπην τε καὶ Ἰρήν ποιήσσαν 150
 Φηράς τε ζαθέας ηδὸν Ἀνθειαν βαθύλειμον
 καλύγην τ' Αἴτειαν καὶ Πήδασον ἀμπελόσσαν.
 πᾶσσας δέ δηργὺς ἀλός, νέαται Πύλου ημαθίεντος·
 οὐ δέ ἀνδρες ναούστι πολύρρηνες πολυβούται,
 οἵ κέ οὐ δωτίηστοι θεδον ὡς τιμήσουσιν 155
 καὶ οἱ ὑπὸ σκήπτρος λιπαρὰς τελέονται θέμιστας.
 ταῦτα κέ οἱ τελέσαιμι μεταλλήξαντι χόλοιο.
 δμηθήτω. Ἀλόης τοι ἀμείλεχος ηδὸν ἀδόμαστος·
 τούτηκα καὶ τε βροτοῖσι θεῶν ἔχθιστος ἀπάντων.
 καὶ μοι ὑποστήτω, δοσσον βασιλεύτερος εἰμί 160
 ηδὸν δοσσον γενεῦ προγενέστερος εὐχομας εἶναι."
 τὸν δέ ημείβεστ' ἔπειτα Γερήνιος ἵππότα Νέστωρ·
 "Ἄτρετῶν εἴδιστε, ἀναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγάμεμνον,
 δῶρα μὲν οὐκέτ' ὄνοστὰ δίδως Ἀχιλῆι ἄνακτι·
 ἀλλ' ἀρετε, κλητοὺς ὀτρύνομεν, οἵ κε τάχιστα 165
 δλθεσσος' οὐ κλισήην Πηληιάδεω Ἀχιλῆος.
 εἰ δέ δηρε, τοὺς ἀν ἔγειρες ἐπισύρομαι, οἵ δέ πιθέσθων.
 Φεῶντες μὲν πράτιστα διέφιλοι ἡγησάσθω

By Argive Helen's self alone surpassed.
But to Achaian Argos if we come,
That land of milk, my daughter he shall wed;
And I will honour him as my own son
Orestes, who last-born and best-beloved
In rich abundance there to manhood grows.
Three daughters have I in my firm-built hall,
Chrysothemis, Laodice, and third
Iphianassa. Lead he which he will
An unbought welcome bride to Peleus' home.
And presents with her I will give in store
As never father yet with daughter gave.
Seven towns withal, well peopled, I will give
Cardamylé to wit, and Enopé,
And grassy Ira, Phere the divine,
Antheia's deep-soiled meads, Æpeia fair,
And vine-clad Pedasus. Hard by the sea
On sandy Pylos' border lie they all.
And they are rich in sheep and rich in kine
Who dwell therein: and they will honour him
With gifts ev'n as a god, and goodly dues
Obedient to his sceptre they will pay.
All this I will for him perform, if he
Will bate his anger. Let him then be bent—
Hades indeed is unappeased, unbent;
And therefore is to mortals of all gods
The hatefullest. And let him yield to me,
Who am the lordlier king and elder born."

Then Nestor answered him, Gerond's knight:
"Most glorious son of Atreus, king of men,
Great Agamemnon, gifts that none can blame
To king Achilleus thou dost offer now.
Come, send we chosen men, who with all speed
May get them to the tent of Peleus' son.
Or come, whom I shall name, let them obey.
First Phoenix, loved of Zeus, shall lead the way;

αὐτάρ ἔπειτα· Άλλος τε μέγας καὶ διος Ὀδυσσεύς·
κηρύκεως δὲ Ὀδίος τε καὶ Εύρυβάτης ἄμφοι ἐπέσθαι.
φέρτε δὲ χερσὸν ὑδωρ, εὐφημῆσαί τε κέλεσθε,
δῆρα Διὶ Κρονίδῃ ἀρησόμενοῖς, εἰ καὶ ἀλεήσῃ.”

Ἄς φάτο, τοῖσι δὲ πᾶσιν ἁδότα μῦθον δειπνεν,
αὐτίκα κήρυκες μὲν ὑδωρ ἐπὶ χείρας ἔχεναι,
κοῦρος δὲ αρητῆρας ἐπεστέψαντο ποτοῖο,
τάρμησαν δὲ ἀρα πᾶσιν ἐπαρξάμενοι δεπάεσσιν.
αὐτάρ ἔπειτα σκεῦσάν τε πίον θέσσον ἡθελε θυμός,
ώρμιντος ἐκ κλισίης Ἀγαμέμνονος Ἀτρεΐδαο.
τοῖσι δὲ πολλά ἐπέτελλε Γερήνιος ἵππότα Νέστωρ,
δευδίλλων ἐς ἔκαστον, Ὀδυσσεῖς δὲ μάλιστα,
πειρᾶν ἄς πεπίθουεν ἀμύμονα Πηλείωνα.

Τὸ δὲ βάτην παρὰ θύνα πολυφλοίσθειο θαλάσση,
πολλὰ μάλιστα εὐχορμάνω γαιηρόχρονος ἐννοσυγαλῷ
ρηιδίων πεπιθεῖν μεγάλας φρένας Λιακίδαο.
Μυρμιδόνων δὲ ἐπὶ τε κλισίας καὶ νῆσος ἵκέσθην,
τὸ δὲ εὖρον φρένα τερπόμενον φόρμυργι λιγένε
καλῇ δαιδαλέῃ, ἐπὶ δὲ ἀργύρεον ζυγδὸν ἥσεν·
τὴν δρετόντος δὲ ἐνάρων, πόλιν Ἕπτίωνος ὀλέσσας·
τῇ δὲ γε θυμὸν ἔπειτεν, δειδε δὲ ἀρα κλέα ἀνδρῶν.
Πάτροκλος δέ οἱ οῖος ἐναντίος ἦστο σιωπῆ,
δέγμενος Λιακίδην, μπότε λήξειεν ἀλέδων.
Τὸ δὲ βάτην προτέρω, ἤγειτο δὲ διος Ὀδυσσεύς,
στὰν δὲ πρόσθ αὐτοῖο. ταφὰν δὲ ἀνέρουσεν Ἀχιλλεύς
αὐτῇ σὺν φόρμυργι, λιπάνη δέος ἔνθα θάσσει.
Ἄς δὲ αὐτοῖς Πάτροκλος, ἐπεὶ ίδε φάτας, ἀνέστη.

Great Ajax with Odysseus, godlike wight,
Be next: and with them of our heralds twain,
Eurybates and Hodius, shall attend.
But bring ye lustral water for our hands,
And bid a holy silence, while to Zeus
The son of Cronos we for mercy pray."

So spake he, and his counsel pleased them all.
Then water on their hands the heralds poured;
And youths crowned high with wine the brimming bowls,
Made offering due, and served the cups to all.
But when libation they had made, and drunk
All that their soul desired, forth from the tent
Of Agamemnon Atreus' son they sped.
And many a charge, with earnest glance to each,
Nestor Gerene's knight upon them pressed,
But chiefly on Odysseus, that they strive
To move the mind of blameless Peleus' son.

So by the margin of the sounding sea
The envoys took their way: and much they prayed
The god who girds the land and shakes the earth
For grace to move with ease the mighty mind
Of great Æacides. And now they reached
The tents and vessels of the Myrmidons:
And found the chief within, cheering his soul
With lyre, clear-toned and beauteous, rich-inlaid,
And spanned with silver bridge—The same he took
As booty when Eetion's town he spoiled—
With this he cheered his mind, and sang withal
The lays of heroes. O'er against him sate
Patroclus silent and alone, to wait
Until Æacides should cease the song.
Godlike Odysseus leading, forward came
The envoys, and before Achilleus stood:
Who started up amazed, with lyre in hand,
Leaving the seat whereon he sate; nor less
Patroclus, soon as e'er he saw the men,

τὸν καὶ δεικνύμενος προσέφη πόδας ὥκνε 'Αχιλλεύς'
"χαίρετον" η φίλοις ἄνδρες ἵκανετον—η τι μάλα χρεό,
οἵ μοι σκυζομένῳ περ 'Αχαιῶν φίλτατοι ἀστόν."

Ἄτα δρα φωνήσας προτέρω δύο δῖος 'Αχιλλεύς,
εἰσει δὲν κλισμοῖσι τάπησί τε πορφυρέοισιν. 200
· αἵψα δὲ Πάτροκλον προσεφάντεν ἔγρης ἔντα·
"μεῖζον δὴ κρητῆρα, Μενοιτίου νιέ, καθίστα,
ζωρότερον δὲ πέραι, δέπτας δὲντυνε ἐκάστῳ·
οἵ γάρ φίλτατοι ἄνδρες ἐμῷ ὑπέαστι μελάθρῳ."

Ἄτα φάτο, Πάτροκλος δὲ φίλῳ ἐπεκείθεν ἔταρφ. 205
αὐτάρ δὲ γηι κρείοις μέγα κάββαλεν ἐν πυρὸς αὐγῇ,
ἐν δὲ δρα νῶτον ἔθηκ' δῖος καὶ πίονος αἰγός,
ἐν δὲ σὺνδε σιάλαιο ράχιν τεθαλνίαν ἀλοιφῇ.

Τῷ δὲ ἔχει Αὐτομέδων, τάμνεν δὲν δρα δῖος 'Αχιλλεύς.
καὶ τὰ μὲν εὐ μίστυλλο καὶ ἀμφ' ὀβελοῖσιν ἐπειρεν, 210
πῦρ δὲ Μενοιτιάδης δαίει μέγα, ἵσθεος φῶς.
αὐτάρ ἐπει κατὰ πῦρ ἐκάη καὶ φλδξ ἐμαράνθη,
ἀνθρακιῆν στορέσας ὀβελοὺς ἐφύπερθε τάνυσσον,
πάσσε δὲλδε θεοῖο, κρατευτάσιν ἐπαείρας.

αὐτάρ ἐπει δέ πτησε καὶ εἰν ἔλαιοισιν ἔχειν, 215
Πάτροκλος μὲν σῖτον ἀλάνης ἐπένειμε τραπέζη
καλοῖς ἐν κακέοισιν, ἀτάρ κρέα νείμεν 'Αχιλλεύς.
αὐτὸς δὲ αὐτίον ἵζει 'Οδυσσῆος θεοῖο
τοίχου τοῦ ἑτέροιο, θεοῖσι δὲ θῦσαι ἀνάγει.
Πάτροκλος δὲν ἔταιρος δέ δὲν πυρὶ βάλλε θυηλάς. 220
οἵ δὲπ' ὀνειλαθ' ἔτοιμα προκείμενα χεῖρας ἵαλλον.
αὐτάρ ἐπει πάσιν καὶ ἐδητύος ἐξ ἔροτε θυτο,
πῦνος Λασ Φοίνικε. πόησε δὲ δῖος 'Οδυσσεύς,

Uprose. To whom Achilleus fleet of foot
Stretched forth his hand and thus a greeting spake :
"Hail, sirs ! right welcome are ye. Some sore need
Hath surely brought ye ; whom, tho' much in wrath,
Of all Achala's sons I hold most dear."

So spake the godlike prince, and led them on,
And made them sit on couches purple-strewn ;
Then to Patroclus spake, who near him stood.
"Son of Menoetius, a larger bowl
Set on, and mix a stronger draught. A cup
Serve out to each. For these, who now beneath
My roof have come, are men I hold most dear."

So spake he : and Patroclus straight obeyed
His comrade dear. Then by the blazing fire
An ample board the chief cast down, whereon
Of sheep and well-fed goat two loins he placed
With chine of fatted hog thick clothed in lard.
Automedon held for the chief the joints,
Godlike Achilleus cut, and sliced with care
And spitted all. Meanwhile Menoetius' son,
A godlike hero, fed a mighty fire.
But when the fire burnt down and flame was dead,
The embers he spread smooth, and over these
Stretched spits upraised on blocks at either end,
And sprinkled o'er the meats with salt divine.
These roasted and upon the dressers laid,
Patroclus taking bread in baskets fair
Served to each table, while Achilleus served
The meats. Then took he seat right opposite
Godlike Odysseus, by the further wall ;
And bade his friend Patroclus give the gods
Their dues : who cast their offerings on the fire.
Then on the viands spread they laid their hands.
But when desire of meat and drink was stayed,
Ajax to Phoenix nodded sign : this marked
Godlike Odysseus, and forthwith a cup

πλησάμενος δ' οἶνοιο δέπας δεῖδειτ' Ἀχιλῆα·
 "χαῖρ' Ἀχιλεῦ. δαιτὸς μὲν ἐσης οὐκ ἐπιδευκής,
 ήμὲν ἐνὶ κλιστῇ Ἀγαμέμνονος Ἀτρεΐδαο
 ηδὲ καὶ ἀνθάδε νῦν· πάρα γάρ μενοεικέα πολλά
 δείνοντα. ἀλλ' εὐ δαιτὸς ἐπήρατα ἔργα μέμηλεν,
 ἀλλὰ λίγη μέγα πῆμα, διοτρεφές, εἰσορόωντες
 δεῖδιμεν· ἐν δοιῇ δὲ σόας ἔμεν ἡ ἀπολέσθαι
 τῆτας ἐνσσέλμους, εἰ μὴ σύ γε δύσσεις ἀλκήν.
 θρυγής γάρ τηῶν καὶ τείχεος αὐλαῖν ἔθεντο
 Τρῶες ὑπέρθυμοι τηλεκλειστοὶ τ' ἐπίκουροι,
 κηάμενοι πυρὸς πολλὰ κατὰ στρατόν, οὐδὲ ἔτι φασὶν
 σχήσεσθ' ἀλλ' ἐν τηνὸν μελαίνησιν πεσέεσθαι.
 Ζητεῖ δέ σφιν Κρονίδης ἐνδέξια σήματα φαίνων
 ἀστράπτει. "Εκτῷρ δὲ μέγα σθένει βλαμεαίνων
 μανεταὶ ἐπιάγλωτ, πίσυνος Διὶ, οὐδὲ τι τίει
 ἀνέρας οὐδὲ θεούς· κρατερή δέ ἐλύσσεια δέδυκεν.
 ἀρέται δὲ τάχιστα φανήμεναι Ἡῶ δῖαν·
 στεῦται γάρ τηῶν ἀποκοινέμεν ἀκρα πόρυμβα
 αὐτάς τ' ἀμπρήσειν μαλεροῦ πυρός, αὐτὰρ Ἀχαιοὺς
 δηρόσειν παρὰ τῆσιν ἀτυχομένους ὑπὸ καπνοῦ.
 ταῦτ' αὖτις δεῖδοικα κατὰ φρένα, μή οἱ ἀπειδάτ
 ἀκτελέσωσι θεοί, ήμὲν δὲ δῆ αἰσιμον εἴρη
 φθίσθαι ἐνὶ Τροίῃ, ἐκδις Ἀργεος ἵπποβότοιο.
 ἀλλ' ἄλλα, εἰ μέρονάς γε καὶ ὄψέ περ υἱας Ἀχαιῶν
 τειρομένους δρύεσθαι ὑπὸ Τρῶων ὄρυμαγδοῦ.
 αὐτῷ σοὶ μετόπισθ' ἀχος ἔσσεται, οὐδέ τι μῆχος
 ῥεχθέντος κακοῦ ἔστ' ἀκος εὐρέμεν. ἀλλὰ πολὺ πρὸς τοὺς
 φράξεις ὅπεις Δαναοῖσιν ἀλεξήσεις κακὸν ήμαρ.

Filling with wine Achilleus thus he pledged.
"Health to Achilleus! Of the well-shared feast
We find no lack, whether within the tent
Of Agamemnon Atreus' son, or now
With thee; for full and pleasant meats are here
To feast on. But no joyous feast is now
Our need. We see a danger, Zeus-born prince,
Exceeding great, and tremble: 'tis in doubt
Whether we save or lose our well-benced ships,
Unless again thou clothe thee in thy might.
For near our vessels and our wall are camped
Proud Trojans and allies from distant lands,
With many a watch-fire burning through their host:
Nor shall we stay them more (they say) but fly
Driven to our black-hulled ships. And Cronos' son
Doth lighten on their right with fav'ring signs:
While Hector great and terrible in strength,
On Zeus reliant, raves amain, nor recks
Of men or gods, by fury fell possest.
And now he prays that dawn divine will haste
Her light: for he is bent to hew away
Our ships' high sterns, and with devouring fire
Set all ablaze, and scared before the smoke
Achaia's sons beside their ships to slay.
And greatly fears my soul that these his threats
The gods may bring to pass: and so methinks
It were our doom to perish here in Troy
From horse-cropt plains of Argos far away.
But up, if thou art minded, e'en tho' late,
To succour in their strait Achaia's sons
From Trojan rout. 'Twill be a grief to thee
Hereafter else; nor, when an ill is done,
Can means of cure be found. Wherefore in time
Take heed, and ward the Danaans' day of doom.

ἀπέτον, η μὴν σοι γε πατήρ ἐπετέλλετο Πηλεύς,
ημετι τῷ δτε σ' ἐκ Φθίης Ἀγαμέμνονι πέμπεν·
τέκνον ἐμόν, κάρτος μὲν Ἀθηναῖη τε καὶ Ἡρῆ
δώσοντος, αἱ κ' ἀθέλωσι, σὺ δὲ μεγαλήτορα θυμόν
Ισχεις ἐν στήθεσσι φιλοφροσύνη γὰρ ἀμείνων·
ληγύμενος δὲ ἔριδος κακομηχάνου, δόφρα σε μᾶλλον
τίνος Ἀργείων ημένιον οὐδὲ τίδε γέροντος.
Ἄτι ἐπέτελλεν ὁ γέρων, σὺ δὲ ληθεαί. ἀλλ' ἔτι καὶ νῦν
πανέ, ἂς δὲ χόλον θυμαλγέα. σοὶ δὲ Ἀγαμέμνον
ἀξια δῶρα δῶσοις μεταλλήξαντι χόλοιο.
εἰ δέ, σὺ μέν μεν ἀκουσον, ἔγω δέ κέ τοι καταλέξω
δόσσα τοι ἐν εκλεισίγειρι ὑπέσχετο δῶρον Ἀγαμέμνον·
ἔπτ' ἀπύρους τρίποδας, δέκα δὲ χρυσοῖο τάλαντα,
εἴθωνται δὲ λέβητας δείκοσι, δώδεκα δὲ ἵππους
πηγοὺς ἀθλοφόρους, οἱ ἀέθλια ποσσὸν ἄροντο.
οὐ καν ἀλγήμος εἴη ἀνὴρ φέτος τόσσα γένοιτο,
οὐδέ καν ἀκτήμων δριτίμοιο χρυσοῖο,
ὅσσος Ἀγαμέμνονος ἵπποις ἀέθλια ποσσὸν ἄροντο.
δώσει δὲ πετὰ γυναικας ἀμύμονα ἔργα ιδύιας,
Λεσβίδας, ἄς, ὅτε Λέσβον ἐνκτιμένην ἔλεις αὐτός,
ἔβελεθ, αἱ τότε καλλιει ἐνίκων φῦλα γυναικῶν.
τὰς μέν τοι δώσει, μετὰ δὲ ἔσσεται ην τοτέ ἀπηύρα,
κούρη Βρισῆος· ἐπὶ δὲ μέγαν δρκον ὀμεῖται
μή ποτε τῆς εὐηῆς ἐπιβήμεναι ηδὲ μηγῆναι
η θέμις ἔστι, ἀναξ, η τ' ἀνδρῶν η τε γυναικῶν.
ταῦτα μὲν αὐτίκα πάντα παρέσσεται· εἰ δέ καν αὐτέ
δοτυ μέγα Πριάμοιο θεοί δῶρος ἀλατάξαι,
νῆα διλει χρυσοῦ καὶ χαλκοῦ ηγήσασθαι

Dear prince, thy father Peleus gave thee charge
 Upon that day when from thy Phthian home
 He sent thee forth to Agamemnon's aid :
 'My child, Athéné will grant strength of war,
 And Heré, if they please : but thou thyself
 Check the proud spirit in thy breast, for still
 A kindly heart is best. And cease from strife,
 Worker of evil, that thou may'st the more
 Win honour of the Argives young and old.'
 Such charge the greybeard gave : but thou forgetst.
 But cease, e'en now, and thy heart-grieving wrath
 Forego. Right worthy gifts are offered thee
 By Agamemnon if thou bate thy ire.
 Nay come, and listen thou, while I rehearse
 The many gifts that Agamemnon's self
 Within his tent but now did promise thee.
 Seven tripods will he give, unscathed by fire,
 Of gold ten talents, twenty glittering pots ;
 Twelve steeds withal, prize-bearers, stout of limb,
 Whose nimble feet have won them many a prize.
 Not landless he nor poor in precious gold,
 To whom may fall those many stores of wealth,
 Prizes that Agamemnon's steeds have won.
 Seven women also will he give, well-skilled
 In faultless work, of Lesbian race, whom he
 Chose out when by thy hand fair Lesbos fell,
 Passing all womankind in comeliness.
 These will he give thee ; and with them shall be
 The maid of Briseus whom erewhile he took.
 And hereto will he swear a mighty oath,
 That never has he climbed her bed or lain
 Beside her, as a man with woman may.
 All this at once shall be thine own. But more—
 If gods hereafter grant us grace to sack
 Priam's great city, thou may'st enter in
 And freight thy ship with piles of brass and gold,

εἰσελθών, ὅτε κεν δατεώμεθα ληίδ' Ἀχαιοῖ,
 Τρωιάδας δὲ γυναικας ἔεικοσιν αὐτὸς ἐλέσθαι,
 αἵ κε μετ' Ἀργείην Ἐλένην κάλλιστας ἔωσιν.
 εἰ δέ κεν "Ἀργος ἵκοίμεθ" Ἀχαιικόν, οὐθαρ ἄρούρης,
 γαμβρός κέν οἱ δοις" τίσει δέ σε ίσον Ὀρέστη,
 δς οἱ τηλύγετος τρέφεται θαλήγ ἐνι πολλῆ.
 τρεῖς δέ οἱ εἰσὶ θύγατρες ἐνὶ μογάρφῳ ἐντήκτῳ,
 Χρυσόθεμις καὶ Λαοδίκη καὶ Ἰφιάνασσα.
 τάσιν ἦν κ' ἐθέλησθα φίλην ἀνάεδνον ἀγεσθαι
 πρὸς οἴκου Πηλῆος· δ δ' αὐτὸς ἐπὶ μειδια δώσει
 πολλὰ μάλ', ὅσσε' οὐ πώ τις ἐγή ἐπέδωκε θυγατρὶ.
 ἐπτὰ δέ τοι δώσει εὐ ναιόμενα πτολεθρα,
 Καρδαμύλην Ἐνόπην τε καὶ Ἰρήν ποιήεσσαν
 Φηράς τε ζαθέας ἥδ' Ἀνθειαν βαθύλειμον
 καλήρυ τ' Αἴπειαν καὶ Πήδασον ἀμπελόεσσαν.
 πᾶσαι δ' ἐγγὺς ἀλός, νέαται Πύλου ημαθόεντος·
 ἐν δ' ἄνδρες ναίουσι πολύρρηνες πολυβοῦται,
 οἵ κέ σε δωτίνησι θεὸν ὡς τιμήσουσιν
 καὶ τοι ὑπὸ σκήπτρῳ λιπαρὰς τελέουσι θέμιστας.
 ταῦτά κέ τοι τελέσειε μεταλλήξαντι χόλοιο.
 εἰ δέ τοι Ἀτρεῖδης μὲν ἀπήχθετο κηρόθι μᾶλλον,
 αὐτὸς καὶ τοῦ δῶρα, σὺ δ' ἄλλους περ Παναχαιούς
 τειρομένους ἐλέαιρε κατὰ στρατόν, οἵ σε θεὸν ὡς
 τίσουσ'. ἡ γάρ κέ σφι μάλα μέγα κῦδος ἄροιο.
 τῦν γάρ χ' Ἔκτορ' ἔλοις, ἐπεὶ ἀν μάλα τοι σχεδὸν ἔλ-
 λύσσαν ἔχων ὄλοήν, ἐπεὶ οὐ τινά φησιν ὁμοῖον
 οἱ ἔμεναι Δαναῶν οὓς ἐνθάδε νῆες ἔνεικαν."
 τὸν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη πόδας ὡκὺς Ἀχιλλε

When our Achaian host divides the spoil.
And twenty Trojan women thou may'st take
At thine own choice, the fairest of the fair,
By Argive Helen's self alone surpassed.
But to Achaian Argos if we come,
That land of milk, his daughter thou shalt wed ;
And he will honour thee as his own son
Orestes, who last-born and best-beloved
In rich abundance there to manhood grows.
Three daughters has he in his firm-built hall,
Chrysothemis, Laodicé, and third
Iphianassa. Lead thou which thou wilt
An unbought welcome bride to Peleus' home.
And presents with her he will give in store,
As never father yet with daughter gave.
Seven towns withal, well-peopled, he will give,
Cardamylé to wit, and Enopé,
And grassy Ira, Pherae the divine,
Antheia's deep-soiled meads, Æpeia fair
And vine-clad Pedasus. Hard by the sea
On sandy Pylos' border lie they all.
And they are rich in sheep and rich in kine
Who dwell therein : and they will honour him
With gifts ev'n as a god, and goodly dues
Obedient to his sceptre they will pay.
All this he pays thee, if thou bate thy wrath.
But if thy heart so hateth Atreus' son,
Himself and these his gifts, yet pity thou
In their sore strait Achaia's general host ;
Who as a god will honour thee, for thou
Wilt surely win them passing great renown.
For now thou may'st slay Hector, who will come
Full near to thee, possest with baneful rage :
Since of the Danaans whom our vessels bare
Hither to Troy, he reckons none his peer."

To him replied Achilleus fleet of foot :

"διογενὲς Λαερτιάδη, πολυμήχαν' Ὀδυσσεῦν,
 χρῆ μὲν δὴ τὸν μῦθον ἀπηλεγέως ἀποειπεῖν,
 γέ περ δὴ φρονέω τε καὶ ὡς τετελεσμένον ἔσται,
 ὡς μή μοι τρύζητε παρήμενοι ἄλλοθεν ἄλλος. 310
 ἔχθρὸς γάρ μοι κεῖνος ὁμῶς Ἀτέδαο πύλησιν
 ὃς χ' ἔτερον μὲν κεύθη ἐνὶ φρεσίν, ἄλλο δὲ εἴπη.
 αὐτὰρ ἐγὼ ἐρέω ὡς μοι δοκεῖ εἶναι ἄριστα.
 οὗτ' ἐμέ γ' Ἀτρετῶν Ἀγαμέμνονα πεισέμεν οἴω 315
 οὗτ' ἄλλους Δαναούς, ἐπεὶ οὐκ ἄρα τις χάρις ἦεν
 μάρνασθαι δηίοισιν ἐπ' ἀνδράσι νωλεμένοις αἰεί.
 Ἰση μοῖρα μένοντι, καὶ εἰ μάλα τις πολεμίζοις
 οὐ δὲ ίῆ τιμῆ ἡμὲν κακὸς ἡδὲ καὶ ἐσθλός.
 κάτθαν' ὁμῶς ὃ τ' ἀεργὸς ἀνήρ ὃ τε πολλὰ ἐοργώς. 320
 οὐδέ τέ μοι περίκειται, ἐπεὶ πάθον ἄλγεα θυμῷ
 αἰὲν ἐμὴν ψυχὴν παραβαλλόμενος πολεμίζειν.
 ὡς δ' ὅρνις ἀπτῆσι νεοσσοῖσιν προφέρησιν
 μάστακ', ἐπεὶ κε λάβησι, κακῶς δ' ἄρα οἱ πέλει αὐτῷ,
 ὡς καὶ ἐγὼ πολλὰς μὲν ἀνπνους νύκτας ἰανού, 325
 ἥματα δ' αἰματόεντα διέπρησσον πολεμίζων
 ἀνδράσι μαρνάμενοις δάρων ἐνεκα σφετεράων.
 δεόδεκα δὴ σὺν νηυσὶ πόλις ἀλάπαξ ἀνθρώπων,
 πεζὸς δ' ἑνδεκά φῆμις κατὰ Τροίην ἐρίβωλον.
 τάων ἐκ πασέων κειμήλια πολλὰ καὶ ἐσθλά 330
 ἔξελόμην, καὶ πάντα φέρων Ἀγαμέμνονι δόσκον
 Ἀτρετῶν· ὃ δ' ὅπισθε μένων παρὰ νηυσὶ θοῆσιν
 δεξάμενος διὸ παῦρα δασάσκετο, πολλὰ δ' ἔχεσκεν.
 ἀσσα δ' ἄριστήσσι δίδου γέρα καὶ βασιλεῦσιν,
 τοῖσι μὲν ἐμπεδα κεῖται, ἐμεῦ δ' ἀπὸ μούνου Ἀχαιῶν 335
 εἶλετ', ἔχει δ' ἄλοχον θυμαρέα· τῇ παριαύων
 τερπέσθω. τέ δὲ δεῖ πολεμίζεμεναι Τρώεσσιν

"Odysseus, Zeus-born prince, Laertes' son,
Thou many-counselled man, my word herein
I must speak bluntly forth, ev'n as I think
And will most surely do, lest flocking here
Ye sit beside me to make idle moan.
For him I hate, ay, as the gates of death,
Whose heart hides aught but what his lips forthtell.
And I will say as seemeth me the best.
Me neither will Atrides, as I ween,
Persuade, nor other Danaan; since to fight
Untiringly and alway with the foe
Brought me no thanks. The laggard ever bore
Like share with warrior, fought he never so:
One honour had the coward and the brave.
Death comes not less to him of many deeds
Than to the deedless idler. And what gain
Results from all the ills my soul endured,
Who ever risked my life in brunt of war?
Ev'n as the mother-bird to unfledged young
Bears in her beak whate'er she find, yet fares
Herself but scantily—so through sleepless nights
Full many I lay, and fought through bloody days
With men who battled for their own dear wives.
Twelve cities sacked I, sailing with my ships,
Eleven on land in deep-soiled plain of Troy.
From all these cities many treasures rich
I took. To Agamemnon Atreus' son
I brought and gave them all: who stayed behind
By the swift ships, and gathering in the spoils
Apportioned out but little, much retained.
Prizes he gave to chieftains and to kings:
But while the rest yet keep their own secure,
From me alone of all Achaia's host
He took, and holds, the wife my heart held dear.
Let him e'en take his pleasure by her side.
But wherefore need the Argives war on Troy?

Ἄργειον; τί δὲ λαὸν ἀνήγαγεν ἐνθάδ' ὥγειρας

Ἄτρετης; ηὐχ' Ἐλένης ἐνεκ' ἡγκόμοιο;

ἢ μοῦνος φιλέουσ' ἀλόχους μερόπων ἀνθρώπων

340

Ἄτρετδαις; ἐπεὶ δὲ τις ἀνὴρ ἀγαθὸς καὶ ἔχεφρων,

τὴν αὐτοῦ φιλέει καὶ κήδεται, ὡς καὶ ἐγὼ τὴν

ἐκ θυμοῦ φίλεον δουρικτητήν περ ἔοῦσαν.

νῦν δὲ ἐπεὶ ἐκ χειρῶν γέρας εἶλετο καὶ μὲν ἀπάτησεν,

μή μεν πειράτω εὖ εἰδότος· οὐδέ με πείσει. 345

ἀλλ', Ὁδυσεῦ, σὺν σοὶ τε καὶ ἄλλοισι βασιλεῦσι

φραζέσθω νήεσσιν ἀλεξέμεναι δήιον πῦρ.

ἢ μὲν δὴ μάλα πολλὰ πονήσατο νόσφιν ἐμεῖο,

καὶ δὴ τεῖχος ἔδειμε, καὶ ἥλασε τάφρον ἐπ' αὐτῷ

εὐρεῖαν μεγάλην, ἐν δὲ σκόλοπας κατέπηξεν. 350

ἀλλ' οὐδὲ ὡς δύναται σθένος "Εκτορος ἀνδροφόνοιο

ἰσχειν. ὅφρα δὲ ἐγὼ μετ' Ἀχαιοῖσιν πολέμιζον,

οὐκ ἐθέλεσκε μάχην ἀπὸ τείχεος ὄρυμεν "Εκτώρ,

ἀλλ' ὅσον ἐς Σκαιάς τε πύλας καὶ φηγὸν ἵκανεν·

ἐνθα ποτε οἰον ἔμιμνε, μόγις δέ μεν ἔκφυγεν δρμήν. 355

νῦν δὲ ἐπεὶ οὐκ ἐθέλω πολεμιζέμεν "Εκτορι δίψ,

αὔριον ἴρα Διὸς ρέξας καὶ πᾶσι θεοῖσιν,

υηήσας εὖ τῆας, ἐπὴν ἄλλας προερύσσω,

ὄψεαι, ἷν ἐθέλησθα καὶ εἰ κέν τοι τὰ μεμήλη,

ηρι μάλ' Ἐλλήσποντον ἐπ' ἵχθυόντα πλεούσας 360

τῆας ἐμάς, ἐν δὲ ἄνδρας ἐρεσσέμεναι μεμαῶταις.

εἰ δέ κεν εὐπλοιήν δώῃ κλυτὸς εἰνοσίγαιος,

ηματί κεν τριτάτῳ Φθίην ἀριθμῶλον ἵκοιμην.

ἔστι δέ μοι μάλα πολλὰ τὰ κάλλιπον ἐνθάδε ἔρρων.

ἄλλον δὲ ἐνθένδε χρυσὸν καὶ χαλκὸν ἀρυθρὸν 365

ηδὲ γυναικας ἐνζώνους πολιόν τε σῖδηρον

Why led Atrides here his gathered host?
Say, was it not for long-haired Helen's sake?
Do then alone of all speech-gifted men
The sons of Atreus love their wives? Nay, sure
Whoe'er is good and wise loves well his own
And cherishes: and so loved I that maid
With all my heart, although a spear-won bride.
But now, since from my hands he took my prize
And played me false, let him not try me more
Who know him well: he never will persuade.
But let him e'en with thee and other kings,
Odysseus, counsel how to save his ships
From foemen's fire. Surely without my aid
Full many labours he has wrought: a wall
He now has built, and dug thereto a trench
Both broad and deep, and set it thick with stakes.
Yet even thus the slaughtering Hector's might
He cannot check. But while among your host
I battled, Hector dared not stir the fight
Out from the city-wall, but just so far
As to the Scaean gates and oak-tree came.
There once he faced me singly, and my charge
Hardly escaped. But now, since I to war
With godlike Hector choose not, I will pay
To-morrow morn due sacrifice to Zeus
And other gods, then freighting well my ships
Will drag them seawards down; and thou shalt see,
If so thou wilt and carest for the sight,
Bound for the fishful Hellespont betimes
My ships and shipmen lab'ring at the oar.
And if the famed Earth-shaker speed our voyage,
To deep-soiled Phthia in three days I come.
Full many stores I have, which there I left
Bound hither to my bane: and gold from hence
And ruddy brass, and well-girt women-slaves,
And iron grey I take—my share of spoil.

ἄξομαι, ἀσσ' ἔλαχόν γε· γέρας δέ μοι, δς περ ἔδωκεν,
 αὐτις ἐφυβρίζων ἔλετο κρείων Ἀγαμέμνων
 Ἀτρετῶν. τῷ πάντ' ἀγορευέμεν ώς ἐπιτέλλω,
 ἀμφαδόν, δφρα καὶ ἄλλοι ἐπισκύζωνται Ἀχαιοί, 370
 εἰ τινά που Δαναῶν ἔτι ἔλπεται ἔξαπατήσειν,
 αἰνὸν ἀναιδείην ἐπιειμένος· οὐδέ ἀνέροις γε
 τετλαίη κύνεός περ ἐών εἰς ὡπα ἰδέσθαι.
 οὐδέ τέ οἱ βουλαδες συμφράσσομαι, οὐδέ τι ἔργον·
 ἐκ γὰρ δή μ' ἀπάτησε καὶ ἤλιτεν. οὐδέ ἀνέτ' αὐτις 375
 ἔξαπάφαστο ἐπεσσες ἄλις δέ οἱ. ἀλλὰ ἔκηλος
 ἔρρετω· ἐκ γὰρ εὐ φρένας εἶλετο μητιέτα Ζεύς.
 ἔχθρα δέ μοι τοῦ δῶρα, τίω δέ μιν ἐν καρδισ αἴση.
 οὐδέ εἰ μοι δεκάκις καὶ εἴκοσάκις τόσα δοίη
 δοσσα τέ οἱ νῦν ἔστι, καὶ εἰ ποθεν ἄλλα γένοιτο, 380
 οὐδέ δοσ' ἐς Ὀρχομενὸν ποτινίσσεται, οὐδέ δοσα Θήβας
 Αἰγυπτίας, ὅθι πλεῖστα δόμοις ἐν κτήματα κεῖται,
 αἱ θ' ἑκατόμπυλοι εἰσι, διηκόσιοι δ' ἀνέτεκάστας
 ἀνέρες ἔξοιχνεῦσι σὺν ἵπποισιν καὶ δχεσφιν·
 οὐδέ εἰ μοι τόσα δοίη δοσα ψάμαθός τε κόνις τε, 385
 οὐδέ καν ώς ἔτι θυμὸν ἐμὸν πείσει Ἀγαμέμνων,
 πρώ γ' ἀπὸ πᾶσαν ἐμοὶ δόμεναι θυμαλγέα λόβην.
 κούρην δ' οὐ γαμέω Ἀγαμέμνονος Ἀτρετδαο,
 οὐδέ εἰ χρυσείη Ἀφροδίτη κάλλος ἐρίζοι,
 ἔργα δ' Ἀθηναὶ γλαυκόπιδειοιφαρίζοι· 390
 οὐδέ μιν ώς γαμέω· δ' δοσ' Ἀχαιῶν ἄλλον ἐλέσθω,
 δοσ τις οἰ τ' ἐπέσικε καὶ δοσ βασιλεύτερος ἔστιν·
 ήν γὰρ δή με σόωσι θεοὶ καὶ οἴκαδ' Ἰκαμαι,
 Πηλαῖς θήν μοι ἐπειτα γυναικα γαμέσσεται αὐτός.
 πολλαὶ Ἀχαιῶν εἰσὶν ἀνέτε Ελλάδα τε Φθίην τε, 395

But that my prize he took again who gave—
Insulting—Agamemnon, Atreus' son,
Our sovereign lord. To whom declare ye all,
Ev'n as I charge ye, in the public ear:
So may Achaians all be wroth, if yet
He hopes to cozen other Danaan chief,
He that is ever clothed in shamelessness;
Yet, hound-like tho' he be, he will not dare
To look me in the face. Nor will I join
His counsels or his deeds. He played me false,
And wronged me; nor shall cozen me with words
Again: be once enough. But let him go,
By me untroubled, to his bane, for Zeus
The counsellor hath reft him of his mind.
His gifts I hate; I prize him at a hair.
No, not if ten times o'er or twenty times
His gifts were told; not all his present store
With other joined thereto; not all the wealth
That to Orchomenus or Egyptian Thebes
Flows in, where countless treasures hoarded lie,
That hundred-gated town whose every gate
Pours forth two hundred men with steeds and cars.
No, not if gifts in number as the sand
Or dust he bring, not even so my mind
Will Agamemnon move, till he have made
For grievous outrage done atonement full.
No child of Agamemnon will I wed,
Be she to golden Aphrodité peer
In beauty, and in skill of handiwork
A rival of Athéné, stern-eyed queen.
Not e'en so will I wed her. Let him choose
Some other of Achaia's sons, whoe'er
May fit himself, forsooth, some lordlier king.
For if gods speed me and I reach my home,
Peleus himself shall find me then a bride.
In Hellas and in Phthia many maids

ποῦραι ἀριστήων οἵ τε πτολίεθρα ῥύονται·
τάντη δὲ καὶ ἀθέλωμι φίλην ποιήσομεν ἄκοιτων.

Ἐνθα δέ μοι μάλα πολλὸν ἐπέσσοντο θυμὸς ἀγήτωρ

γῆμαστε μυηστήν ἀλοχον, εἰκοῦντας ἄκοιτιν,

επήμαστε τέρπεσθαι τὰ γέρων ἐκτήσατο Πηλεύς. 400

εὐ γάρ ἐμοὶ ψυχῆς ἀντάξιον οὐδὲ δύσα φασίν

Ἴλιον ἐκτῆσθαι εὖ παιόμενον πτολίεθρον,

τὸ πρὸν ἐπ' εἰρήνης, πρὸν ἀλθέμεν υἱας Ἀχαιῶν,

οὐδὲ ὅσα λάνος οὐδὲς ἀφήτορος ἐντὸν ἔργει

Φοῖβου Ἀπόλλωνος, Πυθοῖ ἐνι πετρηθέσσῃ. 405

ληιστοὶ μὲν γάρ τε βόες καὶ ἵφια μῆλα,

επηγτοὶ δὲ τρίποδές τε καὶ ἵππων ξανθὰ κάρηνα·

ἀνδρὸς δὲ ψυχὴ πάλιν ἀλθέμεν οὐτε ληιστή

οὐδὲ ἀλετή, ἐπεὶ ἄρ τε καὶ ἀμείψεται ἔρκος δδόντων.

μῆτηρ γάρ τέ μέ φησι θεά, Θέτις ἀργυρόπεζα, 410

διχθαδίας κῆρας φερέμεν θανάτοιο τέλοσδε.

εἰ μέν καὶ αὖθις μέντοι Τρώων πόλιν ἀμφιμάχωμα,

ἄλετο μέν μοι νόστος, ἀτάρ κλέος ἀφθιτον ἔστας·

εἰ δέ καὶ οὐκαδὲ ίκωμι φίλην ἐς πατρίδα γαῖαν,

ἄλετό μοι κλέος ἀσθλὸν, ἐπὶ δηρὸν δέ μοι αἰών 415

ἔσσεται, οὐδέ καὶ μέντοι τέλος θανάτοιο κιχείη.

καὶ δέ ἀν τοῖς ἀλλοισιν ἐγὼ παραμιθησαμην

οὐκαδὲ ἀποπλείειν, ἐπεὶ οὐκέτι δήτε τέκμωρ

Ἴλιον αἰτειωνής· μάλα γάρ ἔθεν αὐρύσκα Ζεύς

χεῖρα ἐνὶ ὑπεράσπε, τεθαρσήκαστος δὲ λαοί.

ἄλλ' ὑμεῖς μὲν ίόντες ἀριστήσσοις Ἀχαιῶν

ἀγγελήης ἀπέφασθε (τὸ γάρ γέρας ἔστι γερόντων),

δόφρος ἀλλητη φράξωνται ἐν φρεσὶ μῆτιν ἀμείνων,

ἢ καὶ σφιν τῆλας τε σόφρος καὶ λαὸν Ἀχαιῶν

πηνετὸν ἐπεὶ γλαφυρῆς, ἐπεὶ οὐ σφιστιν ἥδε γέροντιμη. 420

There be, Achaia's daughters, born of chiefs
Who keep strong cities. Whom I will of these,
I to my bed may take. There oft and much
My noble spirit wished to woo and wed
A wife, a fitting partner, and enjoy
The wealth that Peleus won, my greybeard sire.
For life to me is more than all the store
That Ilion, that well-peopled city, owned
Once, as they say, in peace, ere yet had come
Achaja's sons. And life is more than all
That in the temple hoarded lies behind
The stony threshold of the archer-god
Phoebus Apollo, on high Pytho's crag.
For kine and lusty sheep may come by spoil,
And tripod urns and steeds of tawny mane
Are goods that may be won: but breath of life
By spoil or winning cannot come again,
Once it hath passed the barrier of the teeth.
Me too—my goddess mother Thetis says,
The silver-footed dame—two fates at choice
Await, to lead me to the goal of death.
If biding here around Troy's walls I fight,
Return is lost to me for evermore,
But I shall gain a name imperishable.
But if to home and fatherland I go,
My noble name is lost, but long my life,
Nor soon will death o'ertake and bring the end.
Such lot is mine. And to the rest of ye
My counsel is, 'Sail home:' for Ilion's end
Ye will not see; o'er whom loud-thundering Zeus
Holds shielding hand, whereat her hosts are bold.
But go your way, and to Achaia's chiefs
Bear back plain word—as is the greybeards' part—
That other plan and better they devise
To save the ships and save Achaia's host
Beside the hollow ships: since nought avails

ἥν τὸν ἐφράσσαντο, ἐμεῦ ἀπομηνίσαντος
Φοῖνιξ δ' αὐθὶς παρ' ἄμμι μένων κατακοιμηθήτω,
δῆρα μοι ἐν νήσσαι φίλην δὲ πατρίδ' ἐπηγται
αὐτοις, ην ἐθέλγσιν ἀνάγκη δ' οὐ τέ μιν ἀξω."

Ἄς δῆθι, οὐδὲ δέ δρα πάντες ἀκήρι δγένοντο σιωπῆ 430
μῆθον ἀγαστάμενος ράλα γάρ κρατερῶς ἀπέειπεν.
Ἄψε δὲ δὴ μετέειπε γέρων ἵππηλάτα Φοῖνιξ
δάκρυ ἀναπρήσας περὶ γάρ δίε νησὸν Ἀχαιῶν·
"εἰ μὲν δὴ εὐστον γε μετὰ φρεσί, φαῖδιμ' Ἀχιλλεῦ,
βάλλεαι, οὐδέ τι πάμπαν ἀμύνειν νησὸν θοῆσιν 435
πῦρ ἐθέλαις ἀδηλον, ἐπεὶ χάλος ἐμπεσει θυμῷ,
πῶς ἀν ἐπειτ' ἀπὸ σεῖο, φίλον τέκος, αὐθὶς λιποίμην
οἶος; σοὶ δέ μ' ἐπειπε γέρων ἵππηλάτα Πηλεύς
ηματὶ τῷ ὅτε σ' ἐκ Φθίης Ἀγαμέμνονι πέμπειν
τήπιον, οὐδὲ πω εἰδόθ' ὅμοιον πολέμου 440
οὐδὲ ἀγορέων, ἵνα τ' ἀνδρες ἀριπρεπέες τελέθουσιν.
τούτεκά με προέηκε διδασκέμεναι τάδε πάντα,
μάθων τε ῥητῆρ' ἔμεναι πρηκτῆρά τε ἔργων.
Ἄς δὲ ἐπειτ' ἀπὸ σεῖο, φίλον τέκος, οὐκ ἐθέλοιμ
λαίπεσθ, οὐδὲ εἰ κέν μοι ὑποσταθῆ θεδεις αὐτός, 445
γῆρας ἀποξύσας, θήσειν νέον ηβάσοντα,
οἶον ὅτε πρῶτον λίπον Ἐλλάδα καλλιγύναικα,
φεύγων νείκεα πατρὸς Ἀμύντορος Ὄρμουίδαο,
δι μοι παλλακίδος περιχώσατο καλλικόμοιο,
τὴν αὐτὸς φιλέσκει, ἀτιμάζεσκε δέ ἀκούτιν,
μητέρ' ἔμην. Η δὲ αὖτις ἐμὲ λισσόσκετο γούνων
παλλακίδις προμηγήναι, οὐδὲ δυσθήρεις γέροντα.

What now they planned, for still my wrath endures.
For Phoenix, let him bide the night with us,
And rest him here: that with me he may sail
To-morrow to our own dear fatherland,
If so he please: I shall not force his will."

He spake: but they in silence all were mute,
Awed at his words; for he full strongly spake.
At length amid them Phoenix, greybeard knight,
Found words and spake, with bursting flood of tears,
So sorely feared he for Achaia's ships:
"If of return indeed thou hast a thought,
Glorious Achilleus, and thus utterly
Deniest thine aid to ward the wasting fire
From our swift ships, since wrath hath seized thy soul;
How can I then away from thee, dear son,
Be left behind alone? With thee I came
By Peleus, greybeard knight, sent on that day
When thee to Agamemnon's aid he sent
From Phthia; thee a child, nought knowing yet
Of doubtful war, or council, where full soon
Men shine conspicuous forth. Wherefore thy sire
Despatched me too, to teach thee all that lore,
To speak where words are meet, where deeds, to do.
I would not then consent, dear son, of thee
Thus to be left behind. No not although
A god himself should promise me to strip
My slough of age and make me young again,
As once I was, when Hellas first I left,
Land of fair women; fleeing, in his wrath,
Amyntor son of Ormenus, my sire.
Wroth was he with me for a woman's sake,
A fair-haired paramour, whom now he loved,
Scorning my mother his true wedded wife.
But she besought me ever at my knees
The grey-beard with her rival to forestall,
That she might loathe him. I obeyed her hest

τῇ πιθόμην καὶ δρεῖα. πατήρ δὲ ἐμός αὐτίκ' ὅσθετε
 πολλὰ κατηράτο, στυγερὰς δὲ ἐπεκέκλετ' ἔρινύς,
 μή ποτε γούνασι οἷσιν ἐφέσσεσθαι φίλον υἱόν
 ἐξ ἐμέθεν γεγαῶτα· θεοὶ δὲ ἐτέλειον ἐπαράς,
 Σεύς τε καταχθόνιος καὶ ἐπανῆ Περσεφόνεια.
 τὸν μὲν δγὸν βούλευσα κατακτάμεν ὁξεῖ χαλκῷ
 ἀλλά τις ἀθανάτων παῖσσεν χόλον, διὸ δὲ θυμῷ
 δήμου θῆκε φάτιν καὶ ὀνεῖδεα πόλλα ἀνθρώπων,
 ὡς μὴ πατροφόνος μετ' Ἀχαιοῖσιν καλεούμην.
 ἐνθ δὲ οὐκέτι πάρπαν ἐργάζεται· ἐν φρεσὶ θυμός
 πατρὸς χωριμένοιο κατὰ μέγαρα στραφάσθαι.
 η μὴν πολλὰ ἔται καὶ ἀντφιοὶ ἀμφὶς ἔόντες
 αὐτοῦ λισσόμενοι κατερήτυνον ἐν μεγάροισιν,
 πολλὰ δὲ ἴφια μῆλα καὶ εἰλίποδας δίκας βοῦς
 ἔσφαζον, πολλοὶ δὲ σύες θαλέθοντες ἀλοιφῇ
 αὐόμενοι τακύοντο διὰ φλογὸς Ἡφαίστοιο,
 πολλὰ δὲ ἐκ κεράμων μέθυν πίνετο τοῖο γέροντος.
 εἰνάνυχες δέ μοι ἀμφὶς αὐτῷ παρὰ νύκτας Ἰανού·
 οἱ μὲν ἀμειβόμενοι φυλακὰς δῆχον, οὐδέ ποτε δεσπη
 πῦρ, ἔτερον μὲν ὑπὲρ αἰθούσηγ δύερκέος αὐλῆς,
 ἄλλο δὲ θυμόν, πρόσθεν θαλάμοιο θυράων.
 ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ δεκάτη μοι ἐπῆλυθε τὸξε ἐρεβεννή,
 καὶ τότε ἐγὸν θαλάμοιο θύρας πυκινῶς ἀραρυίας
 δήξατε ἔξηλθον, καὶ ὑπέρθορον ἐρκίον αὐλῆς
 δεῖα, λαθὼν φύλακάς τε ἄνδρας δμωάς τε γυναικας.
 φεῦγον ἔπειτε ἀπάνευθε διέ· Ἐλλάδος εὐρυχόροοιο,
 Φθίην δὲ ἔξικόμην ἐριθώλακα, μητέρα μῆλων,
 ἐς Πηλῆα ἀναχθ. ὁ δέ με πρόφρων ὑπέδεκτο,
 καὶ με φίλησε· ὡς εἰ τε πατήρ δὲ παῖδα φιλήσου
 μοῦνον τηλώγετον πολλοῖσιν δπὲ κτεάτεσσιν,
 καὶ μὲν ἀφυιεῖν δῆθηκε, πολὺν δέ μοι ἀπασε λαόν·

And did the deed. My father straight perceived,
And cursed me deeply, calling to his aid
The abhorred Furies. Never on his knees
(He prayed) might sit a son by me begot.
And to these prayers the gods fulfilment brought,
The nether Zeus and dread Persephone.
Him first I purposed with keen sword to slay,
But some immortal power my anger checked,
And set before my mind the people's voice
And all mankind's reproaches; for I feared
Achaian lips should call me parricide.
Then could my soul no more be bent to bear
Life in our halls beneath a father's ire:
Though friends indeed and kinsmen flocking round
Besought me much, to stay me in my home.
And many were the lusty sheep they slew,
And kine of clumsy foot and curvèd horn;
Many the swine, all rich with fat, they singed
Lying wide-stretched across the Fire-god's flame:
Many the jars whereout was drunk the wine,
The greybeard's store. And so for nights thrice thrice
Around me close they slept or watched in turn:
Nor e'er was quenched the fire; one burning still
Beneath the cloister of the well-walled court,
One in the hall before my chamber door.
But when the tenth dark night came on, I brake
The solid chamber door, and got me out,
And o'er the courtyard wall full lightly leapt
Unseen by watching men or women slaves.
Then fled I far through Hellas' plains, and came
To deep-soiled Phthia, mother land of flocks,
To Peleus Phthia's king: who took me in
With kindly zeal, and gave me love, as gives
A father to an only son, late-born,
Well-loved, to all his ample substance heir.
Wealthy he made me too, and gave in charge

ναιον δ' οὐχιτιὴν Φθίητ, Δολόπεσσι ἀνάσσων.
καὶ σε τοσοῦτον ἔθηκα, θεοῖς ἐπιείκελ' Ἀχιλλεῦ, 485
εἰς θυμοῦ φύλακα, ὅτε οὐκ ἔθελεσκες δῆτ' ἀλλαφ
οὐτ' ἐς δαῖτ' ἵκαιον οὐτ' ἐν μεγάροισι πάσασθαι,
πρὸς γέροντα δή σ' ἐπ' ἐμοῖσιν ἐγὼ γούνεσσι καθίσσων
ἔγουν τ' ἀστεῖον προταμάν καὶ οἶνον ἐπισχών.
πολλάκι μοι κατέδευτας ἐπὶ στήθεσσι χιτῶνα 490
οἶνον ἀποβλύζων ἐν τητιέρᾳ ἀλεγεινῷ.
ὡς ἐπὶ σοὶ μᾶλα πολλὰ πάθον καὶ πολλὰ μόγησα,
τὰ φρονέων, δ' μοι οὐ τι θεοὶ γόνον ἔξετέλειον
ἔξι δμεῦ· ἀλλὰ σὲ παῖδα, θεοῖς ἐπιείκελ' Ἀχιλλεῦ,
ποιεύμητ, ἵνα μοί ποτ' ἀεικὰ λονγὸν ἀμύνης. 495
ἀλλ', Ἀχιλλεῦ, δάμασον θυμὸν μέγαν, οὐδέ τι σε χρή
τηλεῖς οὔτορ ἔχειν· στρεπτοὶ δέ τε καὶ θεοὶ αὐτοῖ,
τῶν περ καὶ μεῖζων ἀρετὴ τιμὴ τε βίη τε.
καὶ μήν τοὺς θυέσσι καὶ εὐχαλῆς ἀγανῆσιν
λοιθῆ τε κνίσγ τε παρατρωπῶσ' ἀνθρώποι 500
λισσόμενοι, ὅτε κέν τις ὑπερβήῃ καὶ ἀμάρτῃ.
καὶ γάρ τε Διταὶ εἰσὶ Διὸς κούραι μεγάλοιο,
χωλαὶ τε ρυσαὶ τε παραβλῶπές τ' ὀφθαλμῶ,
αἴρά τε καὶ μετόπισθ "Ατῆς ἀλέγουντι κιοῦσας.
ἡ δὲ "Ατῆ σθεναρή τε καὶ ἀρτίπος, οὐνεκα πάσας 505
πολλὸν ὑπεκπροθέει, φθάνει δέ τε πᾶσαν ἐπ' αἰαν
βλάπτουσ' ἀνθρώπους· αὐτὸς δὲ ἐξακόντας ὀπίσσων.
ὅς μάν τ' αἰδέσσεται κούρας Διὸς δασσον ἰούσας,
τὸν δὲ μέγ' ἀνησταν καὶ τε κλίνον εὐχομένοιο·
δε δέ καὶ ἀνήνηται καὶ τε στρεψὶς ἀποειτῃ, 510
λίσσεται δέ μρα ταῖς γε Δια Κρονίωνα κιοῦσας

A numerous folk ; thus of the Dolopes
A prince in Phthia's border land I dwelt.
There reared I thee, Achilleus peer of gods,
To be what now thou art, with hearty love.
For thou with none but me would'st seek the feast,
Nor taste the viands in the hall, till I
Set thee upon my knees and fed thy wants,
Cutting thy meat and holding wine to thee.
Oft didst thou stain my bosom, when thy lips
Spilled out the wine in froward childishness.
Much then for thee I suffered, much I toiled :
This thinking, that the gods ordained me not
Child of my own ; wherefore, O peer of gods
Achilleus, I would make of thee a son,
To guard me in my age from shameful harm.
But now, Achilleus, tame thy mighty wrath :
A ruthless heart it fits thee not to have.
The very gods to mercy may be moved,
Whose honour worth and might are more than ours.
And these by sacrifice and soothing prayers
And outpoured wine and savour sweet mankind
Turn and entreat for trespass and for wrong.
For Supplications are of mighty Zeus
The daughters ; lame and wrinkled to the view,
Shamefaced with sidelong glance : who following close
The track of Sin watch heedfully the while.
Now Sin is strong of limb and firm of foot :
Wherefore she far outruns them all, and comes
To every land the first, upon mankind
Working her harms : they follow her, and heal
Whoso reveres the daughters of great Zeus
As they approach, him do they greatly bless
And hear his prayer : but whoso shall reject
And sternly say them nay—then do they go
To Zeus the son of Cronos making suit
That Sin may dwell with him, till he in turn

τῷ "Λτεν δμ" ἐπεσθαι, ἵνα βλαφθεῖται ἀποτίσῃ.
 ἀλλ' Ἀχιλλεῦ πόρε καὶ σὺ Διὸς κούρρητιν ἐπεσθαι
 τιμήτη, η τ' ἄλλων περ ἐπιγνάμητες οὐδεν δεσθλῶν.
 εἰ μὲν γάρ μηδέποτε φέροι, τὰ δὲ δπισθ δυνομάζοι 515
 "Ατρετόης, ἀλλ' αἰδεν ἐπιξαφέλως χαλεπαίνοι,
 οὐκέ δε ἐγένετο γένεσι σε μῆνιν ἀπορρίψαντα κελοίμην
 "Αργείοισιν ἀμυνόμεναι, χατέοντα περ ἐμπηγής
 τὸν δὲ δμα τ' αὐτίκα πολλὰ διδοῖ, τὰ δὲ δπισθενταί πέστη,
 ἄνδρας δὲ λίσσεσθαι ἐπιπροέηκεν ἀρίστους 520
 κρινόμενος κατὰ λαὸν Ἀχαικόν, οἵ τε σοὶ αὐτῷ
 φίλτατοι "Αργείων" τῶν μηδὲ σὺ γε μῆθον ἀλέγεις
 μηδὲ πόδας. πρὸ δὲ οὐ τοι νεμεσητὸν κεχολῶσθαι.
 οὔτε καὶ τῶν πρόσθεν ἐπενθόμεθα κλέα ἀνδρῶν
 ἡρώων, δτε κέν των ἐπιξάφελος χόλος ἵκοι 525
 δωρητοί τ' ἐπέλοντο παράρρητοί τε ἐπεσσιν.
 μέμνημας τόδε ἔργον ἐγὼ πάλαι, οὐ τι νέον γε,
 οὐδὲ ην· ἐν δὲ ὑμῖν ἔρέω πάντεσσι φίλοισιν.

Κουρῆτες τ' ἐμάχοντο καὶ Λίτωλοί μενεχάρματι
 ἀμφὶ πόλιν Καλυδῶνα, καὶ ἄλληλους ἐνάριζον,
 Λίτωλοί μὲν ἀμυνόμενοι Καλυδῶνος ἐραυνής, 530
 Κουρῆτες δὲ διαπραθέειν μεμαῶτες "Αρτη.
 καὶ γάρ τοῖσι κακὸν χρυσόθρονος "Αρτεμις ὄρσει,
 χωταμένη δὲ οἱ οὐ τοι θαλύσια γουνῷ ἀλωῆς
 Οἰνεῖς ρέει· ἄλλοι δὲ θεοὶ δαίννωθεν ἀκατόμβας,
 οὐδὲ δὲ οὐκ ἔρρεε Διὸς κούρη μεγάλοιο. 535
 η λάθετ' η οὐκ ἐνόησεν· ἀάσατο δὲ μέγα θυμῷ.
 η δὲ χολωσαμένη, διον γένεσι, ιοχέαιρα

By suffering harm his folly shall atone.
Wherefore, Achilleus, to the maids of Zeus
Give thou due reverence: reverence for their claim
Doth every brave man's heart to mercy move.
If gifts indeed Atrides offered not,
Naming yet more to come, but, as before,
Still raged in furious wise, it is not I
Would bid thee cast away thy righteous wrath
And aid the Argives, tho' they need it sore.
But now not only gives he much at once
And warrants more to come, but he hath sent
With supplication chosen chiefs, the best
From all Achaia's host, dear to thyself
Above all Argives. Of such messengers
Scorn not the lips, nor turn thou back the feet:
And heretofore thine anger none will blame.
Such stories learn we of the men of old,
Those heroes, when with furious wrath possest;
How gifts could alway move, and words persuade.
I do remember me of deeds that happed
Long since, not late—how all was done—and here
Before you all, as friends, will tell the tale.

Around the city Calydon of yore
Fought the Curetes and Ætolia's sons,
Staunch warriors these, and each the other slew.
Ætolia's ranks fought for fair Calydon,
To spoil the same by war the foemen strove.
For Artemis the golden-throned had sent
A plague upon the land; in wrath for this,
That Æneus of his fruitful orchard paid
To her no offerings—other gods made cheer
With hecatombs, to her alone, the maid
Of mighty Zeus, no sacrifice was given.
Forgat he this, once meant, or ne'er in mind
Conceived, he surely sinned a mighty sin.
And she, the seed of Zeus, the arrow-queen,

ἀρσεν ἐπε χλούσην σὺν ἀγριον ἀργιόδοντα,
 δε πακά πάλλ' ἔρδεσκε ἔθων Οἰνῆος ἀλωῆν. 540
 πολλὰ δ' δ γε προθέλυμνα χαμαὶ βάλε δάνδρεα μακρά
 αὐτῆσιν ρίζησι καὶ αὐτοῖς ἄνθεσι μήλων.
 τὸ δ' οὐδὲ Οἰνῆος ἀπέκτεινεν Μελέαγρος,
 πολλάκις ἐκ πολίων θηρήτορας ἀνδρας ἀγείρας
 καὶ κύνας· οὐ μὴν γάρ κε δάμη παύροισι βροτοῖσιν· 545
 τόσσος ἦν, πολλοὺς δὲ πυρῆς ἐπέβησ' ἀλεγεινῆς.
 ή δ' ἀμφ' αὐτῷ θῆκε πολὺν κέλαδον καὶ ἀυτήν,
 ἀμφὶ συδεις κεφαλῆς καὶ δέρματι λαχνήσει,
 Κουρῆτων τε μεσηγήν καὶ Αἰτωλῶν μηγαθύμων.
 δῆρα μὲν οὖν Μελέαγρος ἀρηίφιλος πολέμεζεν, 550
 τόφρα δὲ Κουρῆτεσσι κακῶς ἦν, οὐδὲ δύναντο
 τείχεος ἐκτοσθειν μίμων πολέες περ ἔόντες·
 ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ Μελέαγρον ἔδυ χόλος, δε τε καὶ ἀλλων
 εἰδάνεις ἐν στήθεσσι νόσον πύκα περ φρονεόντων,
 η τοι δὲ μητρὶ φίλῃ Ἀλθαίῃ χωόμενος κῆρ 555
 κατέτο παρὰ μηηστῇ ἀλόχῳ, καλῇ Κλεοπάτρῃ,
 κούρῃ Μαρπήσσῃς καλλισφύρου Εὐηνίνῃς
 Ἰδεώ δ', δε κάρτιστος ἐπιχθονίων γένετ' ἀνδρῶν
 τῶν τότε, καὶ φα ἀνακτος ἐναντίον εἶλετο τόξον
 Φοίβου Ἀπόλλωνος καλλισφύρου εἰνεκα τύμφης. 560
 τὴν δὲ τότε' ἐν μεγάροισι πατήρ καὶ πότνια μήτηρ
 Ἀλκυόνην καλλεσκον ἐπένυμον, οὐνεκ' ἀρ' αὐτῆς
 μήτηρ ἀλκυόνος πολυτενθέος οἵτον ἔχουσα
 κλαῖ, δτε μιν ἀκάεργος ἀνήρπαστε Φοίβος Ἀπόλλων.

Was wroth, and stirred from out his grassy lair
A wild boar of the field with flashing tusks.
Who haunting Æneus' orchard wrought great scathe.
Tall trees he cast adown in ruinous heaps,
With roots upwrenched and prostrate bloom of fruit.
Whom Meleager, son of Æneus, slew,
Gathering from many cities to the chase
Both men and dogs. Few mortals to his death
Nought had availed—so huge the monster was,
And brought full many to their funeral fires.
Then did the goddess cause much noise and fray
About the beast, a strife for head of boar
And bristly hide between the peoples twain,
Curetes and Ætolia's high-souled race.
Now long as Meleager led the war,
Beloved of Ares, the Curetes fared
But ill, nor might they venture to abide
Without the wall, full many tho' they were.
But soon as Meleager's anger burned—
Anger that in the bosom makes to swell
The heart of men however wise they be,
He with Althaea his own mother wroth
Dallied in idlesse by his wedded wife
Fair Cleopatra—of Marpessa she
The daughter was, and she, fair-ankled dame,
Born of Evenus. Cleopatra's sire
Was Idas, strongest in that age of men
Who walked the earth; and once he took the bow
To face, in his fair-ankled bride's behalf,
Phoebus Apollo's self the archer king.
But Cleopatra by a second name
Her sire and queenly mother in their halls
Were wont to call, Halcyoné to wit;
For that her mother wept a piteous strain
Like to the sorrowing halcyon bird, what time
Far-darting Phoebus bore her swift away.

τῇ δὲ παρκατέλεκτο χόλον θυμαλγέα πέσσων, 565
 ἐξ ἀρέων μητρὸς κεχολωμένος, ή δὲ θεοῖσιν
 πόλλα ἀχέουσαντος ἡράτο καστυγνήτοιο φόνοιο,
 πολλὰ δὲ καὶ γαῖαν πολυφόρβην χερσὶν ἀλοια
 κικλήσκουσαντος Ἀττῆν καὶ Ἐπανῆν Περσεφόνειαν,
 πρόχνυν καθεῖσαντος, δεύοντο δὲ δάκρυσι κόλποι,
 παιδὶ δόμεν θάνατον· τῆς δὲ τερεφοῖτες ἀριώτες
 ἀκλινεῖν ἐξ ἐρέθισφιν ἀμελεῖχον ἥτορ ἔχουσα. 570
 τῶν δὲ τάχ' ἀμφὶ πύλας δύμαδος καὶ δούπος ὀρέων
 πύργων βαλλομένων. τὸν δὲ λίσσοντο γέροντες
 Λίτωλῶν, πέμπτον δὲ θεῶντας ἱερῆς ἀρίστους,
 ἀξελθεῖν καὶ ἀμύναι, μποσχθμενοι μέγα δῶρον. 575
 ὅππόθι πιότατον πεδίον Καλυδῶνος ἔρανην,
 ἐνθα μιν ἡραγον τάμενος περικαλλὲς ἀλέσθαι
 πεπτηκοντόγυνον, τὸ μὲν ἡμισυ οἰνοπέδοιο,
 ἡμισυ δὲ ψιλῆν ἄροσι πεδίοιο ταμέσθαι. 580
 πολλὰ δέ μιν λιτάνευε γέρων ἴππηλάτα Οἰνευς,
 αὐδοῦ ἐπεμβεβαὸς ὑψηρεφέος θαλάμοιο,
 σείων κολλητὰς σανίδας, γουνούμενος υἱόν.
 πολλὰ δὲ τόν γε καστυγνητάς καὶ πότνια μῆτηρ
 ἀλλισσονθεῖ· δὲ μᾶλλον ἀναίνετο. πολλὰ δὲ ἐταῖροι, 585
 οἵ οἱ κεδηφάτοι καὶ φιλτατοι ἥσαν ἀπάντων·
 ἀλλ' οὐδὲ ὡς τοῦ θυμὸν ἐνὶ στήθεσσιν ἐπειθον,
 πρίν γ' ὅτε δὴ θάλαμος πύκτης ἐβάλλετο, τοὶ δὲ ἐπὶ πύργων
 βαίνον Κουρῆτες καὶ ἐνέπρηθον μέγα ἀστύ.
 καὶ τότε δὴ Μελέαγρον ἐνέζωνος παράκοιτος 590
 λίσσεται ὀδυρομένη, καὶ οἱ κατέλεξεν ἀπαντα
 κῆδε, δοσθὲν ἀνθρώπουσι πέλει τῶν ἀστυν ἀλογόν.
 ἀνδρας μὲν κτείνουσι, πόλιν δέ τε πῦρ ἀμαθίνει,

By her lay Meleager, nursing still
Heart-vexing wrath, wrath from his mother's curse,
Who, grieving, to the gods prayed oft and long
To venge her brother slain : and oft her hands
Struck earth all nourishing, as loud she called
On Hades and the dread Persephoné,
Crouched kneeling low, while tears her bosom dewed,
To bring her son to death. Erinnys heard
In Hell, gloom-haunting fiend of ruthless heart.
And quickly round the walls of Calydon
The battle-din arose with thundering strokes
Of battered towers. Then prayed the angry prince
Ætolia's greybeards, and in embassage
The gods' most holy priests, to get him forth
And save : and ample guerdon did they pledge.
Where in bright Calydon is fattest soil
There bade they him to choose a wide domain
Surpassing fair: acres two-score and ten;
Half meet for vines, but half, a treeless plain,
To plough and corn he better might assign.
Oft too his father Æneus, greybeard knight,
In supplication on the threshold stood
Of his high-vaulted chamber, oft he shook
The firm door-panels, suitor to his son.
And sisters too, and queenly mother, oft
Besought, but he the more refused : and oft
His comrades, they who were to him of all
Worthiest and dearest. Yet not even thus
Might they persuade the spirit in his breast:
Till now his battered chamber felt the foe,
While on the towers the bold Curetes stepped,
And were in act to fire the mighty town.
To Meleager then his well-girt wife
Prayed weeping, and rehearsed in full the woes
That wait the dwellers in a conquered town—
Men slain, streets crumbling in the wasteful fire,

τέκνα δέ τ' ἄλλοι ἀγουστὶ βαθυζόνοις τε γυναικαῖς.
 τοῦ δὲ ὥριντο θυμὸς ἀκούοντος κακὰ ἔργα, 595
 βῆ δὲ ίκανος, χροῖ δὲ ἔντε' ἐδύσετο παρφανόστα.
 ὃς δὲ μὲν Διτιαλοῖσιν ἀπήμυντες κακὸν ἦμαρ
 εἶχε φὲ θυμῷ τῷ δὲ οὐκέτι δώρα τέλεσσαν
 πολλά τε καὶ χαρίστα, κακὸν δὲ ἦμυντε καὶ αὐτῶς.
 ἄλλο δὲ μή μοι ταῦτα νόει φρεσί, μηδὲ σε δάμνων⁶⁰⁰
 ἀπταῦθα τρέψει, φίλος χαλεπὸν δέ κεν εἴη
 νηστὸς καιομένησιν ἀμυνόμενος. ἀλλ' ἐπὶ δώροις
 ἔρχεσθαι γάρ σε θεῷ τίσουσιν Ἀχαιοῖς.
 εἰ δέ καὶ ἀτέρ δώρων πόλεμον φθισήνορα δύγε,
 οὐκέτι δράστις τιμῆς ἔσεις, πόλεμόν πέρ ἀλακών.⁶⁰⁵
 τὸν δὲ ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη τόδας ὡκὺς Ἀχιλλεὺς
 "Φοῖνιξ ἄττα, γεραιὲ, διοτραφές, οὐ τί με ταύτης
 χρεὸν τιμῆς φρονέω δὲ τετιμῆσθαι Διὸς αἰσγ,
 οὐ μέντοι παρὰ τηνὸν κορωνίστω εἰς δέ καὶ ἀυτῷ
 ἐν στήθεσσι μέντη καὶ μοι φίλα γούνατ' ὀρώρη.⁶¹⁰
 ἄλλο δέ τοι ἔρέσθαι, σὺ δὲ ἐνὶ φρεσὶ βάλλεο σῆσιν.
 μή μοι σύγχει θυμὸν δδυρόμενος καὶ ἀχεύων,
 Ἀτρετῶν ἥρωι φέρων χάριν⁶¹⁵ οὐδέ τί σε χρή
 τὸν φιλέων, ἵνα μή μοι ἀπέχθηται φιλέοντι.
 καλόν τοι σὺν ἐμοὶ τὸν κηδέμενον δές καὶ ἐμὲ κηδεῖ.
 Ίσον ἐμοὶ βασιλεύει, καὶ ἥμισυ μαίρεο τιμῆς.
 εὗτος δὲ ὁ ἀγγελέοντος, σὺ δὲ αὐτόθι λέγεο μίμνων
 εὐνῆς ἐπὶ μάλακῷ⁶²⁰ ἀμαρτίαι δὲ τοῖς φαινομένηφιν
 φρασσόμεθ οὐ καὶ τεθμεῖθ' ἐφ' ἡμέτερον οὐ καὶ μένωμεν."
 οὐ, καὶ Πατρόκλῳ δὲ γέ τοι ὁφρύστης τεῦστε σιωπῆ⁶²⁵
 Φοίνικες στορέσσας πυκνὸν λέχος, δφρα τάχιστα

Children and deep-zoned women captive led.
Stirred was his spirit when those ills he heard :
And forth he went, in gleaming armour clad.
Thus warded he Ætolia's day of doom,
To his own pleasure yielding ; but no more
Paid they to him the many gracious gifts.
He saved from evil, but for nought he saved.
But thou be not thus minded. Thee, my friend,
May never god to such a temper turn !
'Twere ill for thee thus late, when ships are fired,
To bear them aid. Nay come, while gifts are thine :
Achaia's host will honour thee as god.
But if the warrior-wasting battle-plain
Giftless thou enter, thou wilt win no more
Like honour, tho' thine arm be strong to save."

To him replied Achilleus fleet of foot :
"O Phoenix, aged father, Zeus-born prince,
This honour need I not : truly, I ween,
Already by the ordinance of Zeus
Honour is mine ; and mine will still remain
Beside the beaked ships, long as my breast
Have breath, and life be stirring in my limbs.
And I will tell thee yet another thing,
Which lay thou well to heart. Vex not my mind
Wailing and grieving, while thou seek'st to please
The hero Atreus' son. It fits thee not
Him thus to love, lest I, who love thee, hate.
Who troubles me, with me to trouble him
Were best for thee. So be thou equal king
With me, and of my honour share the half.
Now these shall bear their message. Bide thou here
And couch thee in soft bed. With opening dawn
Resolve we or to seek our home or stay."

He spake, and to Patroclus silent signed
With nodding brow to lay the thick-strewn bed
For Phoenix, while the others from his tent

ἐκ κλισίης νόστοιο μεδούσατο. τοῖς δὲ ἄρετας
ἀντίθεντος Τελαμωνιάδης μετὰ μῆθον ἔσπεν·

“διογενὲς Λαερτιάδη, πολυμῆχαν’ Ὀδυσσεῦ,

ἴομεν” οὐ γάρ μοι δοκέει μύθοιο τελευτή

625

τῆδε γέροντος κρανίεσθαις ἀπαγγεῖλαι δὲ τάχιστα

χρή μῆθον Δαναοῖσι, καὶ οὐκ ἀγαθόν περ ἔοντα,

οἵ που τὸν δατας ποτιδέγμενον αὐτῷ τοις Ἀχιλλεύς

ἄγριον ἐν στήθεσσι θέτο μεγαλήτορα θυμόν

σχέτλιος, οὐδὲ μεγατρέπτεται φιλότητος ἀταράν

630

τῆς οὐ μη παρὰ τῆσδεν ἀτίομεν ἔξοχον ἀλλων,

τηλίξ. καὶ μήν τίς τε κασυγνήτοιο φονήος

ποιεῖται οὐδὲ παιδὸς ἐδέξατο τεθνητος·

καὶ δέ μὲν ἐν δήμῳ μένει αὐτοῦ πόλλον ἀποτίσας,

τοῦ δέ τοντος κραδίη καὶ θυμὸς ἀγήμωρ

635

ποιεῖται δεξαμένου. σοὶ δέ ἀλληκτόν τε κακόν τε

θυμὸν ἐν στήθεσσι θεοί θέσαν εἶνεκα κούρης

οἵης. τὸν δέ τοις ἐπτὰ παρίσχομεν ἔξοχον ἀρίστας

ἀλλοι τε πόλλον ἐπὶ τῷσι. σὺ δέ Γλαον ἔνθεο θυμόν,

αἰδεσσαί δὲ μέλαθρον· ὑπωρόφιοι δέ τοις εἰμέν

640

πληθύος ἐκ Δαναῶν, μέμαμεν δέ τοις ἔξοχον ἀλλων

κῆδιστοι τοις ἔμενας καὶ φίλτατοι, δοσσοις Ἀχαιοις·

τὸν δέ ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη πόδας ἀκὺς Ἀχιλλεύς·

“Ἄλας διογενὲς Τελαμόνια, κοίραντε λαῶν,

πάντα τί μοι κατὰ θυμὸν ἔστασο μυθήσασθαις·

645

ἀλλά μοι οἰδάντεται κραδίη χόλῳ, ὑππότερον ἐκείνων

μηῆσομαι, ὡς μὲν ἀσύφηλον ἐν Ἀργείοισιν ἔρεξεν

Ἀτρεΐδης ὡς εἰ τοις ἀτίμητος μετανάστην.

ἀλλά ὑμεῖς ἔρχεσθε καὶ φύγετε ληῆς ἀπόφασθε·

Should busk them for return. Then 'mid them spake
The godlike Ajax son of Telamon :
" Odysseus, Zeus-born prince, Laertes' son,
Thou man of many counsels, let us go.
Methinks no issue will our errand find
By this our coming : wherefore with all speed
Our answer bear we, tho' not good it be,
To Danaan chiefs, who sit, I trow, and wait.
But, for Achilleus—he within his breast
Hardens his mighty heart, a cruel wight,
Nor cares for comrades' love, that love wherein
We prized him more than others by our ships.
Unpitying ! Yet a blood-fine man accepts
Ev'n from a brother's slayer, or for death
Of son : and so the slayer dwelleth on
In his own people, when full price is paid,
And stayed from vengeance is the kinsman's soul
And haughty spirit, when the fine he holds.
But in thy breast the god hath set a rage
Ceaseless and evil, for a maiden's sake,
And only one. And now we tender thee
Seven, of the best, and with them much besides.
Bear then a gentle heart ; revere thy tent,
For we are here beneath thy roof, elect
Of all the Danaan thousands ; and we claim
Above all other men to be to thee
Nearest and dearest of Achaia's host."

To whom replied Achilleus fleet of foot :
" O Zeus-born Ajax, son of Telamon,
A people's prince, meseems in all thou say'st
There is that stirs my soul. But still my heart
Swell high with anger, oft as I recal
That deed of his—what outrage Atreus' son
Before the Argive chieftains on me wrought
As on some alien wanderer spurned and scorned.
But go your way, and bear my message back.

οὐ γὰρ πρὶν πολέμου μεδήσομαι αἰματόεντος
πρὶν γ' υἱὸν Πριάμοιο δαΐφρονος, "Εἰπορα δῖον,
Μυρμιδόνων ἐπὶ τε κλισίας καὶ νῆας ἵκέσθαι
κτείνοντ' Ἀργείους, κατά τε σμύξαι πυρὶ νῆας.
σύμφη δέ τοι τῇ ἐμῇ κλισίῃ καὶ νηὶ μελαίνῃ
"Εἰπορα καὶ μεμαῶτα μάχης σχήσεσθαι ὅτα." 655

ώς ἔφαθ', οἵ δὲ ἕκαστος ἐλὼν δέπτας ἀμφικύπελλον
σπείσαντες παρὰ νῆας ἵσαν πάλιν· ἡρχε δ' Ὀδυσσεύς.
Πάτροκλος δ' ἐτάροιστι ἵδε δμωῆσι κέλευν
Φοίνικι στορέσαι πυκινὸν λέχος ὅττι τάχιστα·
αἱ δὲ ἐπιπειθόμεναι στόρεσαν λέχος ως ἐκέλευσεν, 660
κώεά τε ῥῆγός τε λίνοιο τε λεπτὸν ἄωτον.
ἔνθ' ὁ γέρων κατέλεκτο καὶ Ἡῶ δῖαν ἔμιμνεν.
αὐτὰρ Ἀχιλλεὺς εὐδε μυχῷ κλισίης ἐπήκτου·
τῷ δὲ ἄρα παρκατέλεκτο γυνή, τὴν Λεσβόθεν ἦγεν,
Φόρβαντος θυγάτηρ Διομήδη καλλιπάρηος. 665
Πάτροκλος δ' ἐτέρωθεν ἐλέξατο· πάρ δὲ ἄρα καὶ τῷ
Τίφις ἐξώνος, τὴν οἱ πόρε δῖος Ἀχιλλεύς
Σκύρον ἐλὼν αἴπειαν, Ἐνυῆος πτολίεθρον.

οἵ δὲ ὅτε δὴ κλισίησιν ἐν Ἀτρεῖδαο γένοντο,
τοὺς μὲν ἄρα χρυσέοιστι κυπέλλοις υἱες Ἀχαιῶν
δειδέχατ' ἄλλοθεν ἄλλος ἀνασταδόν, ἐκ τ' ἐρέοντο· 670
πρῶτος δὲ ἔξερέεινε ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγαμέμνων·
"εἴπερ" ἄγε μ', ως πολύαιν' Ὀδυσσεῦ, μέγα κῦδος Ἀχαιῶν,
ἡ δὲ θέλεις νήεσσιν ἀλεξέμεναι δήιον πῦρ,
ἡ ἀπέειπε, χόλος δὲ ἔτ' ἔχει μεγαλήτορα θυμόν." 675
τὸν δὲ αὐτε προσέειπε πολύτλας δῖος Ὀδυσσεύς·

For never will I think of bloody war,
Till godlike Hector, prudent Priam's son,
On Argives dealing death, shall make his way
To tents and vessels of the Myrmidons,
Andwhelm the crumbling ships in smoke and fire.
But at my tent and black-hulled ships I ween
Hector tho' furious will forego the fight."

He spake: then took they each his double cup,
Libation poured, and hied them back again
Along the line of ships: Odysseus led.
Meanwhile Patroclus bade at once his men
And women-slaves to lay a thick-strewn bed
For Phoenix: they obeying, as he charged,
Strewed well the bed—fleeces, and coverlet,
And linen fine and smooth. There laid him down
The greybeard, and awaited dawn divine.
In the far corner of the well-fixed tent
Achilleus slept: by him a woman lay,
Whom he from Lesbos brought; of Phorbas she
The fair-cheeked daughter, Diomedé named.
And on the other side Patroclus lay,
With well-girt Iphis; whom the godlike chief
Gave to his friend when Scyros he o'ercame,
Enyeus' citadel, a rocky isle.

But when the envoys to Atrides' tent
Were come, Achaia's sons in golden cups
A welcome pledged them, each on every side
Upstanding from his seat, and questioned them.
And first asked Agamemnon king of men:
"Speak, tell me now, Odysseus, highly praised,
Achaia's boast, doth he consent to save
The ships from foeman's fire, or saith he nay,
Anger possessing yet his haughty soul?"

Replied Odysseus, godlike, patient chief:

“Ατρεῖδη κύδιστε, ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγάμεμνον,
κεῖνός γ' οὐκ ἐθέλει σβέσσαι χόλον, ἀλλ' ἔτι μᾶλλον
πιμπλάνεται μένεος, σὲ δ' ἀναίνεται ηδὲ σὰ δῶρα.

αὐτὸν σε φράξεσθαι ἐν Ἀργείοισιν ἀνωγεν 680

δππως κεν υῆς τε σόφις καὶ λάδῳ Ἀχαιῶν.

αὐτὸς δ' ηπειλησεν ἄμ' ησὶ φαινομένηφιν
υῆς ἔυσσελμους ἄλαδ' ἐλκέμεν ἀμφιελίσσας.

καὶ δ' ἀν τοῖς ἀλλοισιν ἔφη παραμυθήσασθαι
οἴκαδ' ἀποπλείειν, ἐπεὶ οὐκέτι δήτε τέκμωρ 685

· Ἰλίου αἰπεινῆς· μάλα γάρ ἐθεν εὐρύοπα Ζεύς
χεῖρα ἐὶν ὑπερέσχε, τεθαρσήκασι δὲ λαοί.
ὡς ἔφατ· εἰσὶ καὶ οἵδε τὰ εἰπέμεν, οἵ μοι δποῦτο,
Αἴας καὶ κήρυκε δύω, πεπνυμένω ἀμφω.

Φοῖνιξ δ' αὐθ' δ' γέρων κατελέξατο· ὡς γὰρ ἀνάγει, 690
δφρα οἱ ἐν υῆσσι φίλην ἐς πατριδ' ἐπηγται
αῦριον, ἦν ἐθέλησαν ἀνάγκη δ' οὐ τί μιν ἄξει.”

ὡς ἔφαθ, οἱ δ' ἄρα πάντες ἀκὴν ἐγένοντο σιωπῆ
μῦθον ἀγαστάμενοι, μάλα γάρ κρατερῶς ἀγόρευσεν.
δὴν δ' ἄνεω ησαν τετιηότες υἱες Ἀχαιῶν. 695

όψιε δὲ δὴ μετέειπε βοὴν ἀγαθὸς Διομήδης·

“Ατρεῖδη κύδιστε, ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγάμεμνον,
μηδ' ὅφελες λίσσεσθαι ἀμύμονα Πηλεῖωνα,
μυρία δῶρα διδούς· ὃ δ' ἀγήνωρ ἐστὶ καὶ ἀλλως·
νῦν αὐ μιν πολὺ μᾶλλον ἀγηνορίησιν ἐνήκας.

ἀλλ' η τοι κεῖνον μὲν ἔάσομεν, η κεν ἵησω
η κε μένη· τότε δ' αὐτε μαχήσεται δππότε κάν μιν
θυμὸς ἐνὶ στήθεσσιν ἀνώγηρ καὶ θεὸς δρση.

ἀλλ' ἄγεθ, ὡς ἀν ἐγὼ εἰπω, πειθώμεθα πάντες.

νῦν μὲν κοιμήσασθε τεταρπόμενοι φίλον ητορ 705

σίτου καὶ οἴνοιο· τὸ γὰρ μένος ἐστὶ καὶ ἀλκή·

“Most glorious son of Atreus, king of men,
Great Agamemnon, he doth not consent
To quench his wrath, but yet the more with rage
Is filled ; and thee and all thy gifts he spurns.
He bids thee 'mid the Argives frame thy plans
To save thy ships and save Achaia's host.
But for himself, he threatens with opening dawn
Sewards to drag his well-benched rolling ships.
And to the rest, he saith, his counsel is,
'Sail home, since Ilion's end ye never now
Will see, for over her loud-thundering Zeus
Holds shielding hand, whereat her hosts are bold.'
Thus did he speak. And these are also here,
To say the same—ev'n these who followed me,
Ajax, and heralds twain discreet and wise.
But there with him the greybeard Phoenix lies,
For so he bade ; that with him he may sail
To-morrow to their own dear fatherland,
If so he choose : he would not force his will.”

So spake he : they were mute and silent all,
Awed at his words : for he full strongly spake.
Long were Achaia's sons in sorrow mute :
At last spake Diomedes good in fray :
“Most glorious son of Atreus, king of men,
Great Agamemnon, would thou hadst not sued
The blameless Peleus' son, and proffered gifts
Unnumbered. Proud enough was he 'before ;
And now yet more thou giv'st him room for pride.
But leave we him indeed ; whether he go
Or stay. He then will fight, when in his breast
The humour bids him or a god shall move.
But come, and as I say, obey we all.
Take now your rest, filled to your heart's desire
Of meat and wine—spirit and strength are they.

αύτῷρ ἐπεί κε φανῆ καλῇ ῥοδοδάκτυλος Ἡάς,
καρπαλίμως πρὸ νεῶν ἔχέμεν λαὸν τε καὶ ἵππους
ὅτρύνων, καὶ δὲ αὐτὸς ἐνὶ πράτοιστι μάχεσθαι."

Ἄς ἐφαθ', οὐ δὲ ἄρα πάντες ἐπήνησαν βασιλῆς, 710
μῆνον ἀγαστάμενος Διομήδεος ἵπποδάμοιο.
καὶ τότε δὴ σπείσαντες ἔβαν κλισίηνδε ἔκαστος,
ἔβα δὲ κοιμήσαστο καὶ ὑπνου δώρον δέλοντα.

But when the fair and rosy-fingered morn
Shines forth, then swiftly range before the ships
Thy men and steeds, O king, and give command:
And ev'n thyself amid the foremost fight."

So spake he: and the kings around him all
Approval gave, in wonder at the words
Of the steed-taming prince. Then did they make
Libation due, and sought each man his tent:
There lay they down and took the gift of sleep.

ΙΛΙΑΔΟΣ Κ.

Νικτεγρεσία, Δαλανοφονία.

"Αλλοι μὲν παρὰ τηντὸν ἀριστῆς Παναχαιῶν
εῦδον παντύχιοι, μαλακῷ δεδμημένοι ὑπνῷ·
αλλ' οὐκ Ἀτρεῖδην Ἀγαμέμνονα ποιμένα λαῶν
ὑπνος ἔχει γλυκερός, πολλὰ φρεσὶν ὁρμαίνοντα.
οὐδὲ δέ τ' ἀν ἀστράπῃ πόσις Ἡρῆς ἡνικόμοιο,
τεύχων ἡ πολὺν δμβρον ἀθέσφατον ἡὲ χάλαζαν
ἡ νιφετόν, ὅτε πέρ τε χιῶν ἐπάλυνεν ἀρούρας,
ἡὲ ποθὶ πτολέμοιο μέγα στόμα πενκεδανοῦ,
ἃς πυκίν' ἐν στήθεσσιν ἀνεστενάχις Ἀγαμέμνων
τυπόθεν ἐκ κραδίης, τρομέοντο δέ οἱ φρένες ἐντός.
ἡ τοι ὅτ' ἐς πεδίον τὸ Τρωικὸν ἀθρῆσειν,
θαύμαζεν πυρὰ πολλὰ τὰ καίστο Ἰλιόθι πρό,
αὐλῶν συρῆγγων τ' ἐνοπήν ὅμαδόν τ' ἀνθρώπων.
αὐτάρ δέ τ' ἐτηνάς τε ἴδοι καὶ λαὸν Ἀχαιῶν,
πολλὰς ἐκ κεφαλῆς προθελύμνους δλκετο χαίτας.
ὑψόθ ἔστι Διὶ, μέγα δὲ στένε κυδάλιμον κῆρ.
ἥδε δέ οἱ κατὰ θυμὸν ἀρίστη φαίνετο βουλή,
Νέστορ' ὅπε πρῶτον Νηλήιον ἐλθέμεν ἀνδρῶν,
εἴ τινά οἱ σὺν μῆτιν ἀμύμονα τεκτήναστο,
ἢ τις ἀλεξίκακος πᾶσιν Δαναοῖσι γένοιστο.

ILIAS X.

Night expedition to the Trojan camp.

THE chieftains of the Panachaian host
Slept all beside their ships, the livelong night,
By slumber soft o'erborne: but Atreus' son,
Great Agamemnon, shepherd of his folk,
No sweet sleep held, with many cares distraught.
But frequent as the lightning-flashes come
Of fair-haired Herē's lord, what time he sends
Rain great and terrible, or hail, or snow
To strew the fields with white, or bodes perchance
The wide-embattled front of biting war—
So frequent in his breast and deeply drawn
From inmost heart were Agamemnon's groans,
And all within his bosom trembling shook.
Whene'er he gazed upon the Trojan plain,
Wond'ring he saw the countless fires that burned
In front of Ilion; and wond'ring heard
The sound of flutes and pipes and hum of men.
But when upon Achaia's ships and host
He turned to look, then plucked he from his head,
Lock after lock, his hair, with Zeus on high
Indignant, and deep groaned his haughty heart.
And to his mind this counsel seemed the best,
Nestor the son of Neleus first of all
To seek, if haply he might lend him aid
To frame some blameless plan that should avert
Disastrous harm from all the Danaan host.

όρθωθεις δ' ἔνδυνε περὶ στήθεσσι χιτῶνα,
ποσσὶ δ' ὑπὸ λιπαροῖσιν ἐδήσατο καλὰ πέδιλα,
ἀμφὶ δ' ἔπειτα δαφοινὸν ἐέσσατο δέρμα λέοντος
αιθωνος μεγάλοιο ποδηνεκές, εἶλετο δ' ἔγχος.

ὡς δ' αὐτῶς Μενέλαον ἔχεν τρόμος· οὐδὲ γὰρ αὐτῷ 25
ὕπνος ἐπὶ βλεφάροισιν ἐφίζανε, μή τι πάθοιεν

Ἄργειοι, τοὺς δὴ ἔθεν εἶνεκα πουλὺν ἐφ' ὑγρήν
ῆλυθον ἐς Τροίην πόλεμον θρασύν ὀρμαίνοντες.
παρδαλέη μὲν πρῶτα μετάφρενον εὐρὺ κάλυψεν
ποικίλη, αὐτὰρ ἐπὶ στεφάνην κεφαλῆφιν ἀείρας 30
θήκατο χαλκείην, δόρυ δ' εἶλετο χειρὶ παχεῖη.

βῆ δ' ἵμεν ἀνστήσων δν ἀδελφεόν, δς μέγα πάντων
Ἄργείων ἦνασσε, θεὸς δ' ὡς τίετο δήμφ.

τὸν δ' εὑρ' ἀμφ' ὕμοισι τιθήμενον ἔντεα καλά
υηὶ πάρα πρυμνῇ· τῷ δ' ἀσπάσιος γένετ' ἐλθών. 35

τὸν πρότερος προσέειπε βοὴν ἀγαθὸς Μενέλαος·

“τίφθ' οὐτῶς ηθεῖε κορύσσεαι; η τιν' ἐταίρων
ὅτρυνέεις Τρώεσσιν ἐπίσκοπον; ἀλλὰ μάλ' αἰνῶς
δεῖδω μὴ οὖ τίς τοι ὑπόσχηται τόδε ἔργον,
ἄνδρας δυσμενέας σκοπιαζέμεν οἷος ἐπελθών 40
τύκτα δι' ἀμβροσίην. μάλα τις θρασυκάρδιος ἔσται.”

τὸν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη κρείων Ἀγαμέμνων·

“χρεὼ βουλῆς ἐμὲ καὶ σέ, διωτρεφὲς ω Μενέλαε,
κερδαλέης, η τίς κε ἐρύσσεται ηδὲ σαώσει

Ἄργείους καὶ νῆας, ἐπεὶ Διὸς ἐτράπετο φρήν. 45

Ἐκτορέοις ἄρα μᾶλλον ἐπὶ φρένα θῆχ' ἴεροῖσιν·

οὐ γάρ πω ἴδομην, οὐδὲ κλύον αὐδήσαντος,

ἄνδρ' ἔνα τοσσάδε μέρμερ' ἐπ' ἥματι μητίσασθαι

δοσ· “Ἐκτωρ ἔρρεξε διφύλος υἱας Ἀχαιῶν,

αῦτως, οὐτε θεᾶς υἱὸς φίλος οὐτε θεοῖς. 50

So up he stood, and round his breast he donned
His tunic, and beneath his shining feet
Bound his fair sandals, then he wrapped him round
In tawny skin, of lion bright-hued, large,
Mantling him to the feet, and took his spear.

And Menelaus likewise trembled sore,
Nor on his wakeful lids sat sleep; lest harm
Should touch the Argive host, who for his sake
Across a water wide had come to Troy,
Stirring a venturous war. First his broad back
He covered with a spotted panther skin,
Then raised and set around his head a helm
Of brass, and in his broad hand took a spear.
And forth he went his brother to uprouse,
Who o'er all Argives reigned a mighty king
And by his people honoured as a god.
Him found he as he donned his armour fair
Around his shoulders by his vessel's stern:
Who gladly saw his brother come. Then first
Addressed him Menelaus good in fray:
"Why arming thus, mine honoured lord? Dost urge
Some comrade forth a spy on Troy? Nay much
I fear me none will undertake this work,
To spy our foemen, through ambrosial night
Alone advancing. Dauntless heart were his."

And sovereign Agamemnon made reply:
"Needs both for me and thee, O Zeus-born prince
My Menelaus, counsel shrewd, to guard
And save the Argives and their ships: for now
Changed is the mind of Zeus, who hath respect
To Hector's sacrifices more than ours.
For never saw I yet, nor heard it told,
That one man in one day such deeds of dread
Devised as Hector loved of Zeus hath wrought
Upon Achaea's sons—wrought a mere man,
No darling son of goddess or of god."

ἔργα δ' ἔρεξ δσα φημὶ μελησέμεν 'Αργείων
δηθά τε καὶ δολιχόν· τόσα γάρ κακὰ μήσατ' 'Αχαιούς.
ἀλλ' ίθι νῦν, Αἴαντα καὶ 'Ιδομενῆα κάλεσσον
δίμφα θέων παρὰ τῆας· ἔγε δ' ἐπὶ Νέστορα δῖον
είμε, καὶ ὄτρυνάς ἀνστήμενα, αἱ κ' ἀθέλησιν
ελθεῖν ἐς φυλάκων ἱερὸν τέλος ήδ' ἐπιτεῖλαι.
κείνη γάρ κε μάλιστα πιθούατο· τοῦο γάρ νίος
σημαίνει φυλάκεσσι, καὶ 'Ιδομενῆος ὄπεων
Μηριόνης· τοῖσιν γάρ ἐπετράπομέν γε μάλιστα."

τὸν δ' ήμελθετ' ἐπειτα βοήν ἀγαθὸς Μενέλαος·
"πῶς γάρ μοι μύθῳ ἐπιτέλλεας ήδὲ κελεύεις;
αὐθὶ μέντοι μετὰ τοῖσι, δεδεγμένοις εἰς δὲ κεν ἀληγε,
ηὴ θέωι μετὰ σ' αὐτις, ἐπῆν εὐ τοῖς ἐπιτείλω;"

τὸν δ' αὐτε προσέειπε ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν 'Αγαμέμνων·
"αἴθι μένειν, μή τως ἀθροτάξομεν ἀλλήλουιν
ἔρχομένω· πολλαῖ γάρ ἀνὰ στρατόν εἰσι κέλευθοι.
φθέγγεο δὲ γε καὶ ἵησθα, καὶ ἐγρήγορθαι ἄνωχθι,
πατρόθεν ἐκ γενεῆς ὀνομάζων ἀνδρα ἔκαστον,
πάντας κυδαίνων· μηδὲ μεγαλίζεο θυμῷ,
ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτοὶ περ πονεόμεθα. ἀδέ που ἄμμιν
Ζεὺς ἐπὶ γνηνομένοισιν ἵη κακότητα βαρεῖαν."

ὡς εἰτὸν ἀπέτεμπεν ἀδελφεόν, εὐ ἐπιτείλας,
αὐτὰρ δὲ βῆ ρ' ἵνα μετὰ Νέστορα ποιμένα λαῶν.
τὸν δὲ εὑρεν παρὰ τε κλισή καὶ τῇ μελαίνῃ
εὐηῇ ἐνι μαλακῷ παρὰ δὲ ἐντει ποικίλ' ἔκειτο,
ἀσπιτι καὶ δύο δούρε φαεινή τε τρυφάλεια.
πάρ δὲ ζωστήρ κείτο παναολος, φέ ρ' ὁ γεραιός
ζάννυθ δτ' ἐς πόλεμον φθισήνορα θωρήσσοιτο
λαὸν ἄγων, ἐπεὶ οὐ μὲν ἐπέτρεπε γῆραι λιγυρῷ..

Deeds he hath wrought full many, which I deem
Will work the Argives sorrow long and late,
Such woes against Achaians hath he planned.
But hie thee now, run swiftly by the ships,
And call me Ajax and Idomeneus.
To godlike Nestor I myself will go,
And bid him rise, to seek, if so he will,
The sacred band of guards, and give them charge.
For him they best will hear: his son it is
Who doth command the guards; and with him joined
Meriones squire of Idomeneus:
For 'twas to them we gave that special trust."

Then answered Menelaus good in fray:
"How means thy word of bidding and command?
Shall I remaining there with them await
Until thou come, or speed me back again
To thee, when I have given them careful charge?"

Answered him Agamemnon king of men:
"Remain thou there; lest haply as we come
We miss each other: there be many paths
That cross the camp. Speak too, where'er thou goest,
And bid them wakeful be; naming each man
By father and by kin, with titles due
To all; nor bear thee with a haughty mind;
But labour we ourselves. Zeus at our birth
Willed us, I ween, such heavy lot of woe."

So spake the king, and sent his brother forth
With careful charge. Himself then took his way
To seek out Nestor, shepherd of his folk.
Him by his tent and black-hulled ships he found
On a soft bed. Beside him lay his arms
Full richly wrought, a shield, two spears, a helm
Bright-glittering: and beside him lay withal
The supple belt that girt the greybeard's loins
When for the warrior-wasting fight he armed,
Leading his folk: for he to grievous age

δρθωθείτε δ' ἀρ' ἐπ' ἀγκῶνος, κεφαλὴν ἀπαείρας,
 Ἀτρεῖδην προσέειπε καὶ δξερεείνετο μύθῳ.
 "τίς δ' οὗτος κατὰ νῆας ἀνὰ στρατὸν ἔρχεαι οἶος
 τύκτα δι' ὄφρυαίην, ὅτε θ' εῦδουσιν βροτοὶ ἄλλοι;
 ηέ τιν' οὐρήσιν διεζήμενος ηγέτην ἀταίρων;
 φθέγγυος, μηδὲ ἀκέσιν ἐπ' ἔμ' ἔρχεο τίπτε δέ σε χρεῶ;" 85

τὸν δ' ἡμείβετ' ἔπειτα ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγαμέμνων.
 "ὦ Νέστορ Νηληιάδη, μέγα κῦδος Ἀχαιῶν,
 γνώσεαι Ἀτρεῖδην Ἀγαμέμνονα, τὸν περὶ πάντων
 Ζεὺς ἐνέκε πόνοισι διαμπερές, εἰς δὲ καὶ ἀντμή
 ἐν στήθεσσι μένη καὶ μοι φίλα γούνατ' ὄφωρρ. 90
 πλάζομαι ἄδε, ἐπεὶ οὐ μοι ἐπ'. δρμασι τήδυμος ὑπνος
 ιζάνει, ἄλλα μέλει πόλεμος καὶ κήδει Ἀχαιῶν.
 αὐτὸς γάρ Δαναῶν περιδείδια, οὐδέ μοι ἦτορ
 ἔμπεδον, ἄλλ' ἄλλαλύκτημαι, κραδίη δέ μοι ἔξι
 στηθέων ἐκθρώσκει, τρομέει δὲ ὑπὸ φαῖδιμα γυῖα. 95
 ἄλλ' εἰ τι δραίνεις, ἐπεὶ οὐδὲ σέ γ' ὑπνος ἴκάνει,
 δεῦρ' ἐς τοὺς φύλακας καταβείομεν, ὅφρα ἴδωμεν,
 μή τοι μὲν καμάτῳ ἀδηκότες ηδὲ καὶ ὑπνῳ
 κοιμήσωμεν, ἀτὰρ φυλακῆς ἐπὶ πάγχυ λάθωμαται.
 δυσμανίεις δὲ δυδρες σχεδὸν εἴλαται οὐδέ τι ἴδμεν, 100
 μή πως καὶ διὰ τύκτα μενοινήσωσι μάχεσθαι."

τὸν δ' ἡμείβετ' ἔπειτα Γερήνιος ἵππότα Νέστορ.
 "Ἀτρεῖδη κύδιστε, ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγάμεμνον,
 οὐ θηρὶ Ἐκτορὶ πάντα νοήματα μητιέτα Ζεύς
 ἀπετελέσι, ὅσα που νῦν δλπετας· ἄλλα μια οἰσι
 εῆδεσι μοχθήσεις καὶ πλεοσσω, εἰ κεν Ἀχιλλεὺς 105

No whit would yield. Upon his elbow propped
Now lift he up his head: and Atreus' son
He thus address with words of questioning:
"And who art thou that comest thus alone
Throughout our ships and host, in darkest night,
When other mortals sleep? Is it some guard,
Or comrade that thou seekest? Speak, nor come
Thus voiceless on me. What may be thy need?"

Then answered Agamemnon king of men:
"O Nestor, Neleus' son, Achaia's boast,
Know me for Agamemnon Atreus' son;
Whom above all in troubles Zeus hath plunged,
Troubles to last so long as in my breast
Be breath, and life be stirring in my limbs.
I wander thus because upon mine eyes
Sound sleep sits not, but I am much distraught
By cares of war and of Achaian woes.
Sorely I fear for this our Danaan host;
Nor stedfast stands my mind, but to and fro
I sway, and from my breast the heart leaps forth,
While my bright limbs beneath me trembling shake.
But if thou wilt do aught—since thee, as me,
Sleep visits not—come, go we to the guards,
To see, lest haply whelmed by toil and sleep
They lie, their watchful duty clean forgot.
For foes are camped full near, nor know we well
That e'en by night they may not dare the fray."

Whom Nestor answered then, Gerené's knight:
"Most glorious son of Atreus, king of men,
Great Agamemnon, not to all his thoughts
Will Hector find that Zeus the counsellor
Fulfilment brings, as now perchance he hopes.
But, as I think, with woes more numerous yet
He will be troubled, if Achilleus e'er

ἐκ χόλου ἀργαλέοιο μεταστρέψῃ φίλον ἥτορ.
 σοὶ δὲ μάλ' ἔψημ' ἐγώ· ποτὶ δ' αὖ καὶ ἐγείρομεν ἄλλους,
 ἦμὲν Τυδεῖδην δουρικλυτὸν ηδ' Ὀδυσῆα
 ηδ' Αἴαντα ταχὺν καὶ Φυλέος ἄλκιμον υἱόν. 110
 ἀλλ' εἴ τις καὶ τούσδε μετοιχόμενος καλέσειεν,
 ἀντίθεόν τ' Αἴαντα καὶ Ἰδομενῆα ἀνακτα·
 τῶν γάρ τις ξασι ἀκαστάτω, οὐδὲ μάλ' ἐγγύς.
 ἀλλὰ φίλον περ ἐόντα καὶ αἰδοῖον Μενέλαον
 νεικέσω, εἴ πέρ μοι νεμεσήσεαι, οὐδ' ἐπικεύσω, 115
 ὡς εῦδει, σοὶ δ' οἴφει ἐπέτρεψεν πονέεσθαι.
 νῦν δέ φελεν κατὰ πάντας ἀριστῆας πονέεσθαι
 λισσόμενος· χρειώ γάρ ἵκανεται οὐκέτ' ἀνεκτός.”
 τὸν δὲ αὐτε προσέειπε ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγαμέμνων·
 “ὦ γέρον, ἄλλοτε μέν σε καὶ αἰτιάσθαι ἀνωγα· 120
 πολλάκις γάρ μεθιεῖ τε καὶ οὐκ ἐθέλει πονέεσθαι,
 οὗτ' ὅκνῳ εἴκων οὗτ' ἀφραδίησι υόοιο,
 ἀλλ' ἐμέ τ' εἰσορόων καὶ ἐμὴν ποτιδέγμενος ὄρμήν.
 νῦν δὲ ἐμέο πρότερος μάλ' ἐπέγρετο καὶ μοι ἐπέστη.
 τὸν μὲν ἐγώ προέηκα καλήμεναι οὖς σὺ μεταλλάξ. 125
 ἀλλ' Ἰομέν· κείνους δὲ κιχησόμεθα πρὸ πυλάων
 ἐν φυλάκεσσο· ἵνα γάρ σφιν ἐπέφραδον ἥγερέθεσθαι.”
 τὸν δὲ ἡμειβετ' ἔπειτα Γερήνιος ἵππότα Νέστωρ·
 “οὗτος οὐ τίς οἱ νεμεσήσεται οὐδὲ ἀπιθήσει
 Ἀργείων, ὅτε κέν των ἐποτρύνη καὶ ἀνώγη.” 130
 ὡς εἰπὼν ἔνδυνε περὶ στήθεσσι χιτῶνα,
 ποσσὸν δὲ ὑπὸ λιπαροῖσιν ἐδήσατο καλὰ πέδιλα,
 ἀμφὶ δὲ ἄρα χλαιναν περούήσατο φοινικόεσσαν
 διπλῆν ἐκταδίην, οὐλη δὲ ἐπενήνοθε λάχνη.
 εἶλετο δὲ ἄλκιμον ἔγχος, ἀκαχμένον ὀξεῖς χαλκῷ, 135
 βῆ δὲ ἵέναι κατὰ τῆας Ἀχαιῶν χαλκοχιτώνων.

Shall turn his heart to quit his grievous wrath.
But now I readily will follow thee :
And rouse we others to our company,
Tydides, spear-famed chief, Odysseus too,
Ajax the fleet, and valiant Phyleus' son.
Nay, and 'twere not amiss if one should go
And summon these besides—Ajax the great,
A peer of gods, and king Idomeneus ;
Whose ships are far to seek, not near at hand.
But Menelaus, tho' I hold him dear
And honoured, I will chide, e'en if thy wrath
Thereby I stir, nor will I hide my thought,
For that he sleeps and lets thee toil alone.
Now ought himself to toil and sue each chief,
For need no longer to be borne is ours."

Then answered Agamemnon king of men :
" O greybeard, times there are when I would bid
Thy blame be spoken ; for he oft is slack,
Nor wills to work ; not yielding to base fear,
Nor from a witless mind, but looking still
To me, and waiting ever for my lead.
But now he even rose before myself,
And sought me first. And him have I sent forth
To call those very men thou askest for.
But go we : we shall find them with the guards
Before the gates ; for there I bade them meet."

Him answered Nestor then, Gerene's knight :
" So will no Argive chafe nor disobey,
Whom he may spur to action or command."

So spake he, and around his breast he donned
A tunic, and beneath his shining feet
Bound his fair sandals ; then about him clasped
A mantle crimson-hued, double, and long,
Thick with soft wool, and grasped a mighty spear
Tipped with keen brass, and went his way along
The vessels of Achaia's mail-clad men.

πρῶτον ἔπειτ' Ὀδυσῆα Διὸς μῆτιν ἀτάλαντον
ἔξι ὕπνου ἀνέγειρε Γερήνιος ἵππότα Νέστωρ
φθεγξάμενος. τὸν δὲ αἷψα περὶ φρένας ἥλυθ' ἵωή,
ἐκ δὲ ἥλθεν κλισίης, καὶ σφεας πρὸς μῦθον ἔειπεν. 140
“τίθεται οὗτος κατὰ νῆας ἀνὰ στρατὸν οἷος ἀλάσθε
νύκτα δι' ἀμβροσίην, δτε δὴ χρειώ τόσον ἵκει;”

τὸν δὲ ἡμείβετ' ἔπειτα Γερήνιος ἵππότα Νέστωρ·
“διογενὲς Λαερτιάδη, πολυμῆχαν' Ὀδυσσεῦ,
μὴ νεμέσα· τοῖον γάρ ἄχος βεβίηκεν Ἀχαιούς. 145
ἄλλ' ἔπει, δόφρα καὶ ἄλλον ἐγείρομεν, ὃν τ' ἐπέοικεν
βουλὰς βουλεύειν, ἡ φευγέμενη ηὲ μάχεσθαι.”

ὡς φάθ', δὲ δὲ κλισίηνδε κιῶν πολύμητις Ὀδυσσεὺς
ποικίλον ἀμφ' ὥμοισι σάκος θέτο, βῆ δὲ μετ' αὐτούς.
βὰν δὲ ἐπὶ Τυδεῖδην Διομήδεα. τὸν δὲ κίχανον 150
ἐκτὸς ἀπὸ κλισίης σὺν τεύχεσιν ἀμφὶ δὲ ἑταῖροις
εῦδον, ὑπὸ κρασὶν δὲ ἔχον ἀσπίδας· ἔγχεα δέ σφιν
ὅρθ' ἐπὶ σαυρωτῆρος ἐλήλατο, τῆλε δὲ χαλκός
λάμφ' ὡς τε στεροπῇ πατρὸς Διός. αὐτὰρ δὲ γάρ ἥρως
εῦδ', ὑπὸ δὲ ἐστρωτὸ ρινὸν βοὸς ἀγραύλοιο, 155
αὐτὰρ ὑπὸ κράτεσφι τάπης τετάνυστο φαεινός.
τὸν παρστὰς ἀνέγειρε Γερήνιος ἵππότα Νέστωρ,
λὰξ ποδὶ κινήσας, ὥτρυνέ τε, νείκεσέ τ' ἄντην
“ἔγρεο, Τυδέος νιέ. τί πάντυχον ὕπνον ἀωτεῖς;
οὐκ ἀτεις ὡς Τρῶες ἐπὶ θρωσμῷ πεδίοιο 160
εἴσαται ἄγχι νεῶν, ὀλόγος δὲ ἔτι χῶρος ἐρύκει;”

ὡς φαθ', οὐδὲ δὲ ὕπνοιο μάλα κραιπνῶς ἀνέρουσεν,
καὶ μιν φωνήσας ἔπεια πτερόεντα προσηγύδα·
“σχέτλιός ἐστι, γεραιέ· σὺ μὴν πόνου οὐ ποτε λήγεις.

Odysseus first, in counsel peer of Zeus,
Nestor Gerene's knight uproused from sleep
With summons loud. Full quickly to his soul
The voice found entrance ; and from out his tent
Advancing thus the chieftains he addrest :
" Why roam ye thus alone through ships and host
In night ambrosial ? what your urgent need ? "

Then answered him Nestor Gerene's knight :
" Odysseus, Zeus-born prince, Laertes' son,
Achaia's boast, thou man of many wiles,
Chafe not : for direst grief doth press our host.
But follow thou ; that we may likewise rouse
Some other, whomsoe'er it may beseem
Counsel to give, whether we fly or fight."

He spake. Odysseus, many-counselled man,
Entered his tent, and round his shoulders braced
A shield right richly wrought, and followed them.
Then Diomedes, Tydeus' son, they sought :
And him outside and separate from his tent
They found, all armed : round whom his comrades slept
Pillowed upon their shields ; with spears hard by,
Planted upon their butts upright, wherfrom
Blazed far a brazen sheen as of the flash
Of Father Zeus. Slept too the hero's self,
A wild bull's hide beneath his body strewn,
A bright-hued carpet stretched beneath his head.
Then by him Nestor stood Gerene's knight,
And stirring him with vigorous push of foot
Waked up, and urged him on, and roundly chid :
" Rouse thee, thou son of Tydeus ! Wherefore sleep'st
A night-long sleep ? Hear'st not how sons of Troy
Upon the rising ground are camped, hard by
Our ships, and scant the space that holds them back ? "

He spake : the other quick from sleep upsprang,
And thus in wingèd words addrest the king :
" A stubborn carle, greybeard, art thou ! Of toil

οὐ νυ καὶ ἄλλοι ἔστι νεώτερος νίες Ἀχαιῶν,¹⁶⁵
οἴ κεν ἐπειτα ἔκαστον ἐγείρειαν βασιλήων
πάντη ἐποιχόμενος; σὺ δ' ἀμήχανος ἐσσι, γεραῖ."

τὸν δ' αὐτε προσέειπε Γερήνιος ἵπποτα Νέστωρ·
"ναὶ δὴ ταῦτα γε πάντα, τέκος, κατὰ μοῖραν ἔειπες.
εἰσὶν μέν μοι παῖδες ἀμύμονες, εἰσὶ δὲ λαοί¹⁷⁰
καὶ πολέες, τῶν κέν τις ἐποιχόμενος καλέσειεν.
ἄλλα μάλα μεγάλη χρειώ βεβίηκεν Ἀχαιούς.
νῦν γάρ δὴ πάντεσσιν ἐπὶ ξυροῦ ἵσταται ἀκμῆς
ἡ μάλα λυγρὸς δλεθρος Ἀχαιοῖς ηὲ βιῶναι.
ἄλλ' οὐτι νῦν Λίαντα ταχὺν καὶ Φυλέος νιόν¹⁷⁵
ἄνστησον (σὺ γάρ ἐσσι νεώτερος), εἴ μ' ἐλεαίρεις."

ώς φάθ', οἱ δ' ἀμφ' ὕμοισιν ἐέσσατο δέρμα λέοντος
αἴθωνος μεγάλοιο ποδηνεκές, εἴλετο δ' ἔγχος.
βῆ δ' ιέναι, τοὺς δ' ἔνθεν ἀναστήσας ἀγεν ήρως.

οἱ δ' ὅτε δὴ φυλάκεσσιν ἐν ἀγρομένοισιν ἔμιχθεν,¹⁸⁰
οὐδὲ μὲν εῦδοντας φυλάκων ἡγήτορας εὑρον,
ἄλλ' ἐγρηγορτὶ σὺν τεύχεσιν εἴατο πάντες.
ώς δὲ κύνες περὶ μῆλα δυσωρήσωσιν ἐν αὐλῇ
θηρὸς ἀκούσαντες κρατερόφρονος, δις τε καθ' ὕλην¹⁸⁵
ἔρχηται δι' ὅρεσφι πολὺς δ' ὀρυμαγδὸς ἐπ' αὐτῷ
ἀνδρῶν ηδὲ κυνῶν, ἀπό τέ σφισιν ὑπνος ὅλωλεν.
ώς τῶν ηδυμος ὑπνος ἀπὸ βλεφάρουν ὄλώλει
τύκτα φυλασσομένοισι κακήν· πεδίονδε γάρ αἰεί.
τετράφαθ', δππότ' ἐπὶ Τρώων ἀτοιεν ιόντων.
τοὺς δ' ὁ γέρων γήθησε ιδών, θάρσυνέ τε μύθῳ,¹⁹⁰
καὶ σφεας φωνήσας ἐπει πτερόεντα προσηύδα.
"οὕτω νῦν, φίλα τέκνα, φυλάσσετε· μηδέ τιν' ὑπνος
αἴρετω, μηδὲ χάρμα γενέμεθα δυσμενέσσιν."

Thou know'st no end. Are then none other found,
Achaia's sons, younger in years, to go
Round all our camp and rouse each sleeping king?
Greybeard, thou art indeed a restless wight."

And answer made Nestor Gerene's knight :
"Yea, all thou say'st, my friend, is fitly said.
Sons have I blameless, people have I too
Full numerous; and of these some one might well
Bear round the summons. But it is a need
Exceeding great constrains Achaia's sons.
For on a razor's edge stands now the fate
Of all our host, destruction dire or life.
But hie thee now, Ajax the fleet arouse,
And Phyleus' son : for thou, the younger man,
May'st do my errand, if thou pitiest me."

He spake : the other wrapped his shoulders round
With skin of lion tawny-hued and large,
Mantling him to the feet, and took his spear.
Then went he on his way, and from their place
The hero roused and led the chieftains twain.

And when they came among the gathered guards,
Their captains found they not asleep, but all
Were sitting ready armed in wakeful wise.
And as the dogs around a flock in fold
Keep painful watch—when they have heard the roar
Of dauntless beast, who through the mountain wood
Approaches by large rout of men and dogs
Full sorely pressed—and all their sleep is gone :
So from the eyelids of the guards sweet sleep
Was gone, as through the evil night they watched.
For ever and anon toward the plain
They turned them as they heard the Trojans move.
And these the greybeard joyed to see, and spake
To cheer them, and in wingèd words address :
"Watch on, dear children, thus : let none by sleep
Be holden ; lest we cause our foemen joy."

ως εἰπὼν τάφροιο διέσσυτο· τοὶ δὲ ἄμ' ἔποντο
 Ἀργείων βασιλῆες, οἵσι κεκλήσατο βουλήν. 195

τοῖς δέ ἄμα Μηριόνης καὶ Νέστορος ἀγλαὸς νίος
 ηῖσαν· αὐτοὶ γάρ κάλεον ξυμμητιάσθαι.
 τάφρον δὲ ἐκδιαβάντες ὀρυκτὴν ἐδριόωντο
 ἐν καθαρῷ, οἵσι δὴ νεκύων διεφαίνετο χῶρος
 πιπτόντων· οὐδενὶ αὐτις ἀπετράπετο ὅβριμος. Ἐκτῷρ 200
 δὲλλὸς Ἀργείους, δτε δὴ πέρι τοῦτο ἐκάλυψεν.
 ἔνθα καθεζόμενοι ἐπεὶ ἀλλήλοισι πίφανσκον.
 τοῖσι δὲ μύθων ἡρχε Γερήνιος ἵππότα Νέστωρ·
 "ὦ φίλοι, οὐκ ἀν δὴ τις ἀνὴρ πεπίθοιθε ἐφ' αὐτοῦ
 θυμῷ τολμήσει μετὰ Τρῶας μεγαθύμους 205
 ἐλθεῖν; εἰ τινά που δηίων δλοι ἐσχατόωντα,
 ή τινά που καὶ φῆμιν ἐν τρώεσσι πύθοιτο,
 ἄσσα τε μητιώσι μετὰ σφίσιν, ή μεμάασιν
 αὐθὶ μένειν παρὰ νησὶν ἀπόπροθεν, ηὲ πόλινδε
 ἀψ ἀναχωρήσουσιν, ἐπεὶ δαμάσαντό γ' Ἀχαιούς. 210
 ταῦτά κε πάντα πύθοιτο, καὶ ἀψ εἰς ημέας ἐλθοι
 ἀσκηθῆς. μέγα κέν οἱ ὑπουράνιον κλέος εἴη
 πάντας ἐπ' ἀνθρώπους, καὶ οἱ δόσις ἔσσεται ἐσθλή·
 οἵσσοι γάρ νήεσσιν ἐπικρατέουσιν ἄριστοι,
 τῶν πάντων οἱ ἔκαστος διν δώσουσι μέλαιναν 215
 θῆλυν ὑπόρρηνον, τῇ μὲν κτέρας οὐδὲν ὅμοιον·
 αἰεὶ δὲ ἐν δαίτησι καὶ εἰλαπίνησι παρέσται."

ως ἔφαθ', οἵ δὲ ἄρα πάντες ἀκῆν ἐγένοντο σιωπῆ.
 τοῖσι δὲ καὶ μετέειπε βοήν ἀγαθὸς Διομήδης·
 "Νέστωρ, ζμ' ὀτρύνει κραδίη καὶ θυμὸς ἀγήνωρ 220
 ἀνδρῶν δυσμενέων δύναι στρατὸν ἀγγὺς ἔοντα,
 Τρώων. ἀλλ' εἰ τις μοι ἀνὴρ ἄμ' ἔποιτο καὶ ἄλλος,
 μᾶλλον θαλπωρή καὶ θαρσαλεώτερον ἔσται.
 σύν τε δὲ ἔρχομένω καὶ τε πρὸ δὲ τοῦ ἐνθῆσεν

He spake, and swiftly sped across the trench :
And with him followed close those Argive kings
Who had been called to council. With them went
Meriones and Nestor's beaming son,
Whom now themselves did call their rede to share.
But when the deep-dug trench was crossed and cleared,
In a void place they seated them, where shone
An open plot amid the thick-strewn dead.
There was it that impetuous Hector stayed
His charge and turned him back from dealing death
On Argives, when the veil of night came down.
There sate they, and in turn declared their words :
Of whom spake first Nestor Gerene's knight :
" O friends, will no man on his daring heart
Reliant to the high-souled Trojans' camp
Go forth? if haply he may take some foe
Outlying on the verge, or learn some news
Among the Trojans, what their counsel is,
Whether they mean here by our ships to bide
Abroad, or to their city back again
To turn, Achaia's armies once repelled.
All this a man might learn, and come again
To us unscathed. Great would his glory be
Beneath wide heaven o'er all the tribes of men.
And good shall be his guerdon. For the chiefs
Who rule our ships shall give him, each and all,
A black ewe, mother with a sucking lamb,
A prize that nought can rival : and a place
At feast and banquet he shall alway claim."

He spake : but they were mute and silent all.
Then out spake Diomedes good in fray :
" Nestor, my heart and manly spirit prompts
Our Trojan foemen's camp, who lie so near,
To enter. But one comrade could I take,
More cheer were mine, and greater boldness too.
When two together go, what's best to do

διππως κέρδος ἔη μοῦνος δ' εἴ πέρ τε ποίσῃ,
ἀλλά τά οἱ βράσσων τε νόος λεπτή δέ τε μῆτες." 225

Ἄντι ἔφατ', οὐ δ' ἔθελον Διομῆδει πολλοὶ ἀπεσθαν-
τῆθελτηντον Λαυτε δύνα, θεράποντες "Ἄρηος,
ἡθελε Μηριάνης, μάλα δ' ἡθελε Νέστορος νιός,
ἡθελε δ' Ἀτρεΐδης δουρικλειτὸς Μενέλαος,
ἡθελε δ' ὁ τλήμων Ὀδυσσεὺς καταδύνας δμιλον
Τρέσσων· αἰλι γάρ οἱ ἐνὶ φρεσὶ θυμὸς ἐτόλμα.
τοῖς δὲ καὶ μετέπειπε δναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγαμέμνων·
"Τυδεῖδη Διόμηδες δμφε κεχαρισμένε θυμῷ,
τὸς μὲν δὴ ἔταρόν γ' αἴρήσεαι δν κ' ἔθελησθα,
φαινομένων τὸν δριστον, ἀπεὶ μεμάσι γε πολλοὶ.
μηδὲ σύ γ' αἰδόμενος σῆσιν φρεσὶ τὸν μὲν ἄρετον
καλλεῖσθαι, σὺ δὲ χείρον' ὀτάσσεαι αἰδοῖ εἴκων,
εἰς γενεῖν ὄρόων, μηδὲ εἴ βασιλεύτερος ἔστιν."

Ἄντι ἔφατ', ἔδδεισεν δὲ περὶ ξανθῷ Μενελάφ. 240
τοῖς δ' αὐτις μετέπειπε βοήν ἀγαθὸς Διομῆδης·
"εἴ μὲν δὴ ἔταρόν γε κελεύετε μ' αὐτὸν ἐλέσθαι,
πῶς ἀν ἀπειπτ' Ὀδυσσῆος ἐγαθείσιοιο λαθοίμην,
οὐ περὶ μὲν πρόφρων κραδίη καὶ θυμὸς ἀγήνωρ
ἐν πάντεσσι πόνοισι, φιλεῖ δέ εἰ Παλλὰς Ἀθήνη. 245
τούτου γε σπομένοιο καὶ ἐκ πυρὸς αἰθομένοιο
ἄμφω ποστήσαιμεν, ἀπεὶ περίοιδε ποῆσαι."

Τὸν δ' αὐτε προσέπειπε πολύτλας δίος Ὀδυσσεύς·
"Τυδεῖδη, μήτ' ἄρ με μάλ' αἰνεε μήτε τι νέκει·
εἰδόστε γάρ τοι ταῦτα μετ' Ἀργείοις ἀγορεύεις. 250
ἀλλ' ίομεν· μάλα γάρ τινες ἀνεταί, ἀγρύθι δ' ηάες,
δοτρα δὲ δὴ προβέβηκε, παροίχωκεν δὲ πλέων τινες
τῶν δύο μοιράων, τριτάτη δ' ἔτι μοῖρα λέλειπται."

Ἄντι εἰπόντος δπλοισιν ἐνι δειποῖσιν ἔδύτην.

One sees before the other: but alone
Tho' one may see, yet may his mind to see
Be slower, and his single counsel weak."

He spake: and many now were fain to go
With Diomedes. Fain the Ajax pair,
Henchmen of Ares; fain Meriones;
Full fain the son of Nestor; fain withal
The spear-famed Menelaus, Atreus' son.
Fain was Odysseus, much-enduring man,
The Trojan throng to enter, for his heart
Within his breast was ever venturous.

And then spake Agamemnon king of men:
"O Diomedes, to my soul most dear,
Thou son of Tydeus, whomsoe'er thou wilt,
That comrade choose, of those whom here thou seest
The best, since many to the service press.
Nor for a scruple leave the better man
And take the worse, from reverence of rank,
Looking to higher birth, or kinglier sway."

He spake, afraid for Menelaus' sake,
That hero yellow-haired. Then 'mid them all
Again spake Diomedes, good in fray:
"If now ye bid myself my comrade choose,
How could I pass divine Odysseus by?
Whose ready heart and manly spirit shines
In every toil preeminent: whom withal
Pallas Athéné loves. If he be there,
E'en out of burning fire we both may come,
Since all unrivalled is his cunning wit."

To whom replied the godlike patient chief:
"Tydides, praise me not o'er much, nor blame:
For this whereof thou speak'st these Argives know.
But go we. Night is waning, dawn is near:
The stars are forward far: of night are past
Two parts and more, a third alone remains."

So spake the twain: and then in armour dread

Τιδεῖδη μὲν ἔδωκε μενεπτόλεμος Θρασυμήδης 255
 φάσγανον ἀμφηκες (τὸ δὲ ἄλλο παρὰ τηὶ λέλειπτο)
 καὶ σάκος· ἀμφὶ δὲ οἱ κυνέην κεφαλῆφιν ἔθηκεν
 ταυρεῖην, ἀφαλόν τε καὶ ἄλλοφον, ἢ τε καταῖτυξ
 πέκλησται, ἥνεται δὲ κάρη θαλερῶν αἰξῆσιν.
 Μηριόνης δὲ Ὀδυσσῆς δίδου βιδν τὴδὲ φαρέτρην 260
 καὶ ἔιφος, ἀμφὶ δὲ οἱ κυνέην κεφαλῆφιν ἔθηκεν
 ρωσὸν ποιητήν· πολέσιν δὲ ἐντοσθεν ἴμᾶσιν
 ἐπτέτατο στερεῶς· ἐκτοσθε δὲ λευκοὶ ὁδόντες
 ἀργιβδοντος οὐδὲ θαμέτες ἔχον ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα
 εὖ καὶ ἐπισταμένως, μέσσηγ δὲ ἀνὴ πέλος ἀρήρει. 265
 τὴν δέ τοι' ἐξ Ἐλεῶνος Ἀμύντορος Ὀρμενίδαο
 ἔξελετ' Λύτόλυκος πυκινὸν δόμον ἀντιτορήσας,
 Σκάνδειαν δὲ ἀρ' ἔδωκε Κυθηρίᾳ Ἀμφιδάμαντα.
 Ἀμφιδάμας δὲ Μόλφ δῶκε ξενήιον εἶναι,
 αὐτὰρ δὲ Μηριόνη δῶκεν φό ταιδὶ φορῆναι. 270
 δὴ τότε Ὀδυσσῆος πύκαστεν κάρη ἀμφιτεθεῖσα.
 τὰ δὲ ἐπεὶ οὐν ὄπλοισιν ἔνι δεινοῖσιν ἔδύτην,
 βάσι δὲ τὸν λαπτέτην δὲ κατ' αὐτόθι πάντας ἀρίστους.
 τοῖσι δὲ δεξιῶν τὴκεν ἀρωδιῶν ἐγγύδης ὁδοῖο
 Παλλὰς Ἀθηναίη· τοὶ δὲ οὐκ ἔδον ὄφθαλμοῖσιν 275
 πύκτα δι' ὄρφναίην, ἀλλὰ κλάγξαντος ἄκουσται.
 χαῖρε δὲ τῷ δρυιθῷ Ὀδυσσεύς, ηράτο δὲ Ἀθήνη·
 "εὐλόθι μεν, αὐγιόχαιο Διὸς τέκος, ἢ τέ μοι αἰεὶ^{το}
 ἐπ πάντεσσι πόνοισι παρίστασαι, οὐδέ σε λήθω
 πινύμενος. τῦν αὗτε μάλιστά με φίλας, Ἀθήνη,
 δὸς δὲ πέλαις ἐπὶ τῆς δύκλεῖας ἀφικέσθαι 280
 ρέξαντας μέγα θρησκούν, δὲ καν Τράγεσσι μελήσει."

They clad them. Thrasymedes staunch in war
Gave Tydeus' son a sword of double edge
(For he beside the ships had left his own),
And shield besides : and on his head he set
A bull's hide helm, plain without cone or crest,
Such as is called a bonnet, and is worn
By lusty youths to save the head from harm.
But to Odysseus gave Meriones
A bow and quiver, and a sword withal,
And on his head a helm he set, all wrought
Of leather—plaited firm with many a thong
Its inner fold, to strengthen it without
The gleaming teeth of white-tusked boar were set
Frequent on every side with cunning skill,
While firm-packed felt lined well the space between.
This from Amyntor son of Ormenus
At Eleon once Autolycus stole away,
Forcing the close-barred house. He gave it then
To go to Scandia with Amphidamas,
Who in Cythera dwelt : Amphidamas
To Molos gave it when his guest : and he
To his own son Meriones to wear.
And now it crowned and capped Odysseus' head.
So they, when both in armour dread were clad,
Went on their way, and all the other chiefs
Left there behind. A heron on their right
Pallas Athéné sent, near to the way,
Which through the gloom of night they could not see,
But heard his scream. Rejoicing at the bird
Odysseus to Athéné made his prayer :
"Hear me, thou child of aegis-bearing Zeus,
Who standest by me still in all my toils,
Nor move I e'er by thee unseen ! Again,
Athéné, show thy special love, and grant
That we may glorious from the ships return,
Some great deed done to vex the sons of Troy."

δεύτερος αὐτὸς ἡράτο βοὴν ἀγαθὸς Διομῆδης·
κέκλυθι νῦν καὶ ἐμεῖο, Διδες τέκος, ἀτρυτώνη.
σπεῖο μοι ὡς ὅτε πατρὶ ἄμ' ἐσπει Τυδεῖς δίφ
ἐς Θήβας, ὅτε τε πρὸ Ἀχαιῶν ἄγγελος ὢει.
τοὺς δ' ἄρ' ἐπ' Ἀσωπῷ λίπε χαλκοχίτωνας Ἀχαιούς,
αὐτὰρ ὁ μειλίχιον μῦθον φέρε Καδμείουσιν
κεῖσθαι· ἀτὰρ ἀψὲ ἀπιῶν μάλα μέρμερα μήσατο ἔργα
σὺν σοι, διὰ θεά, ὅτε οἱ πρόφρασσα παρέστησ. 290
Ἄς τον μοι ἐθέλουσα παρέσταο καὶ με φύλασσε.
σοὶ δ' αὐτὸς ἔγα δέξω βοῦν ἦνιν εὐρυμέτωπον
ἀδμήτην, ἦν οὐ πατέρα ζυγὸν ἤγαγεν ἀνήρ·
τὴν τοις ἔγα δέξω, χρυσὸν κέρασιν περιχεύας."

Ἄς ἔφαν εὐχόμενοι, τῶν δὲ κλύε Παλλὰς Ἀθήνη. 295
οἱ δ' ἐπει τὴρήσαντο Διὸς κούρη μεγάλοιο,
βάν ρ' ἵμεν ὡς τε λέοντε δύω διὰ νύκτα μέλαιναν,
ἄμφονον, ἀν νέκνας, διά τ' ἔντεα καὶ μέλαν αἷμα.

οὐδὲ μὲν οὐδὲ Τρῶας ἀγήνορας εἴασθε· Ἐκτῷρ
εῦδειν, ἀλλ' ἀμυδιει κικλήσκετο πάντας ἄρλαστους,
οσσοις ἔσαν Τρώων τηγήτορες ηδὲ μέδοντες. 300
τοὺς δὲ γε συγκαλέσας πυκινὴν ἡρτύνετο βουλήν·
τίς κέν μοι τόδε ἔργον ὑποσχόμενος τελέσειν
δώρῳ ἐπει μεγάλῳ; μισθὸς δέ οἱ ἄρκιος ἔσται·
δώσω γάρ δίφρον τε δύω τ' ἔριαύχενας ἵππους, 305
οἱ κεν ἀριστοις ἔωσι θοῆς ἐπει νηνσὶν Ἀχαιῶν,
ὅς τίς κε τλαίη, οἱ κ' αὐτῷ κῦδος ἄροιτο,
ηηῶν ἀκυπόρων σχεδὸν ἐλθέμεν, ἔκ τε πιθέσθαι
ηδὲ φυλάσσοντας νῆες θοαὶ ὡς τὸ πάρος περ,
ηδη χειρεσσιν ὑφ' ἡμετέρρησι δαμέντες 310
φύξιν βουλεύοντος μετὰ σφίσιν, οὐδὲ ἐθέλουσιν
νύκτα φυλασσέμενα, καμάτῳ ἀδηκότες αἰνῆς·
Ἄς ἔφαθε, οἱ δ' ἀρα πάντες ἀκήντη ἐγένοντο σιωπῆς.

Second prayed Diomedes good in fray:
"Hear me too now, thou tameless child of Zeus!
Go with me, as thou wentest with my sire
The godlike Tydeus, when to Thebes he came
A messenger before Achaia's host.
The rest upon Asopus' bank he left,
Achaia's mail-clad men: himself bore on
Soft words of peace to them of Cadmus' line,
While thither bound: but, as he gat him back,
Devised hard deeds of dread, with thee at hand,
Goddess divine, who gav'st him ready aid.
So now stand willing by and guard thou me.
And I to thee a heifer of a year
Will sacrifice, broad-browed, unbroken yet,
Which never man hath led beneath the yoke.
This will I slay, her horns with gold o'erlaid."

So prayed they both: Pallas Athéné heard.
Then they, the maid of mighty Zeus invoked,
Went onward through black night, like lions twain,
Through gore and bodies, over arms and blood.

Nor more the while did Hector leave to sleep
The manly Trojans, but together called
The bravest, all their leaders and their chiefs.
These called he, and set forth his counsel shrewd:
"Who, pray, will promise and perform this deed
For ample gift? Assured shall be his meed.
For I a car will give him, and two steeds
Of arching neck, the best that may be found
At the swift vessels of Achaia's host.
These to the man who dares—and he will win
Glory himself thereby—near the swift ships
To approach, and learn if yet our foemen guard
Their swift ships, as of old, or by our hands
Now vanquished purpose flight, nor will to keep
A night-long watch, o'erwhelmed by wearying toil."

He spake: but they were mute and silent all.

ἢ τινὰ συλήσων νεκύων κατατεθνηώτων.
ἀλλ' ἀμέριν μιν πρῶτα παρεξελθεῖν πεδίοιο
τυθόν· ἔπειτα δέ κ' αὐτὸν ἐπαίξαντες ἔλοιμεν
καρπαλίμων. εἰ δ' ὅμης παραφθαίησι πόδεσσιν,
αἰσι μιν ἐπὶ νῆας ἀπὸ στρατόφων προτιειλεῖν
ἔγχει ἐπαίσσων, μή πως προτὶ ἄστυ ἀλύξῃ."

Ἄς ἄρα φωνήσαντε παρὲξ ὄδοῦ ἐν νεκύεσσιν
εἰλινθήτην· ὃ δ' ἄρ' ὡκα παρέδραμεν ἀφραδίησιν. 340
ἀλλ' ὅτε δή δέ τοι ὅσσον τ' ἐπὶ οὐρα πέλονται
ἡμότοι (αὖ γάρ τε βοῶν προφερέστερας εἰσὶν
ἔλκεμεναι νεισιον βαθεῖται πηκτὸν ἄροτρον),
ταῦ μὲν ἐπεδραμέτην, ὃ δ' ἄρ' ἔστη δοῦπον ἀκούσας·
ἔλπετο γάρ κατὰ θυμὸν ἀποστρέψοντας ἑταίρους 355
ἢ Τρώων θέντας, πάλιν "Εκτορος ὀτρύναντος.
ἀλλ' ὅτε δή δέ τοι ἀπεσαν δουρηνεκὲς ή καὶ ἔλασσον,
γνῶ δέ τοι ἄνδρας δηλους, λαιψηρὰ δὲ γούνατ' ἐνώμα
φευγέμενας· τοι δέ αἴγα διωκέμεν ὠρμήθησαν.
ώς δέ ὅτε καρχαρόδοντε δύω κύνε, εἰδότε θήρης, 360
ἡ κεράδη ηδὲ λαγωδὸν ἐπειγετον ἐμμενὲς αἰεὶ
χῶρον ἀν' ἔληνθ', ὃ δέ τε προθέρσι μεμηκώς,
ώς τὰς Τυδεῖδης ηδὲ πτολίπορθος Ὀδυσσεύς
λαοῦ ἀποτυμήξαντε διώκετον ἐμμενὲς αἰεὶ.
ἀλλ' ὅτε δή τάχ' ἔμελλε μυγήσεσθαι φυλάκεσσιν. 375
φεύγων δὲ νῆας, τότε δή μένος ἔμβαλ' Ἀθήνη
Τυδεῖδη, θνα μή τις Ἀχαιῶν χαλκοχιτώνων
φθαίη ἐπειξάμενος βαλέειν, ὃ δέ δεύτερος ἔλθοι
δουρὶ δέ ἐπαίσσων προσέφη κρατερὸς Διομήδης
"ηδὲ μάν' ηδὲ σε δουρὶ κιχήσομαι, οὐδέ σέ φημι 380
δηρὸν ἀμῆτος ἀπὸ χωρδῆς ἀλυξέμενον αἰτὺν δλεθρον."

Upon our ships, or bent to spoil the dead.
Suffer we him at first to pass us by
A little space along the plain, then quick
Give chase and catch him : or, by speed of foot
If he outrun us, always hem him in
From his own camp toward our ships, with spear
On rushing, that he 'scape not to the town."

Such words between them passed : then from the way
They turned, and crouched amid the dead ; and he
Ran swiftly by them in his heedless haste.
But when he was before them by the length
Of such a plot of ground as mules may plow—
For they are faster still than are the kine
To draw the jointed plough through loamy land—
Then gave they chase : he heard the steps, and stood ;
For hoped his heart that comrades came from Troy,
By change of Hector's hest, to turn him back.
But when within a spear-throw they had come
Or even less, he knew the men for foes,
And quickly did he move his limbs to fly,
While they as swiftly bent them to pursue.
And as two sharp-toothed hounds, skilled in the chase,
Fast on the trace of flying fawn or hare
Come pressing ever on, o'er woody ground,
As he before them flies with plaintive cry ;
So did the son of Tydeus and withal
Odysseus, city-spoiler, on their prey
From his own people barred press ever on.
But when he now was close upon the guards,
As toward the ships he fled, Athéné breathed
New strength in Tydeus' son, lest other man
Of mailed Achaians should forestall his blow
And boast, and Diomedes second come.
On rushed with spear the hero stout, and cried :
"Stand, or my spear o'ertakes thee : nor, I ween,
Long from my hand can'st shun destruction dire."

ἢν δέ τις ἐν Τρώεσσι Δόλων Εύμηδεος νίός
κήρυκος θεοίοι, πολύχρυσος πολύχαλκος·

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ὅς δή τοι εἶδος μὲν ἔην κακός, ἀλλὰ ποδώκης·
αὐτὰρ ὁ μοῦνος ἔην μετὰ πέντε κασιγνήτησιν.

ὅς δα τότε Τρωσίν τε καὶ Ἔκτορι μῦθον ἔειπεν
“Ἐκτορ, ἐμ’ ὀτρύνει κραδίη καὶ θυμὸς ἀγήνωρ

νηῶν ἀκυπόρων σχεδὸν ἐλθέμεν ἐκ τε πυθέσθαι. 320

ἀλλ’ ἀγε μοι τὸ σκῆπτρον ἀνάσχεο, καὶ μοι δμοσσον

ἢ μὴν τοὺς ἵππους τε καὶ ἄρματα ποικίλα χαλκῷ
δώσειν οἵ φορέουσιν ἀμύμονα Πηλείωνα.

σοὶ δὲ ἐγὼ οὐχ ἀλιος σκοπὸς ἔσσομαι, οὐδὲ ἀπὸ δόξης·

τόφρα γάρ ἐς στρατὸν εἴμι διαμπερὲς ὄφρ’ ἀν ἵκωμαι 325

νῆ “Ἀγαμεμνονέην, θεοὺς που μέλλουσιν ἀριστος

βουλὰς βουλεύειν, ἢ φευγέμεν ηὲ μάχεσθαι.”

Ἄς φάθ’, ὁ δὲ ἐν χερσὶ σκῆπτρον λάβε καὶ οἱ δμοσσοιν·

“Ιστο οὐν Ζεὺς αὐτός, ἐρύγδουπος πόσις Ἔρης,

μὴ μὴν τοῖς ἵπποισιν ἀνήρ ἐποχήσεται ἀλλος 330

Τρώων, ἀλλὰ σέ φημι διαμπερὲς ἀγλαῖεσθαι”

Ἄς φάτο καὶ δὲ ἐπίορκον ἐπώμοσε, τὸν δὲ ὄράθυνεν.

αὐτίκα δὲ ἀμφ’ ὕμοισιν ἐβάλλετο καμπύλα τόξα,

ἔσσατο δὲ ἔκτοσθεν διινὸν πολιοῖο λύκοιο,

κρατὶ δὲ ἐπὶ οἰτιδέην κυνέην, ἐλε δὲ ὀξὺν ἄκοντα, 335

βῆ δὲ οἴναι προτὶ νῆας ἀπὸ στρατοῦ. οὐδὲ ἄρ’ ἐμελλεν
ἐλθεῖν ἐκ νηῶν ἀψ “Ἐκτορι μῦθον ἀποίσειν.

ἀλλ’ οἵτε δή δέ τοι τέ καὶ ἀνδρῶν κάλλιφ’ δμιλον,

βῆ δέ τοι ὁδὸν μεμαώς· τὸν δὲ φράσατο προσιώντα

διογενῆς Ὀδυσσέας, Διομήδεα δὲ προσέειπεν· 340

“οὐτός τις, Διόμηδες, ἀπὸ στρατοῦ ἔρχεται ἀνήρ,

οὐκ οἶδ’ η νήεσσιν ἐπίσκοπος ημετέρησιν

Now in the ranks of Troy a man there was,
Dolon by name, son of Eumedes he
A sacred herald, rich in gold and brass,
Uncomely he in face, but fleet of foot ;
With sisters five an only brother born.
To Hector and the rest he stood and spake :
" Hector, my heart and manly spirit prompts
The swift ships to approach, and gather news.
But come, thy sceptre raise, and swear to me
That thou in very sooth wilt give those steeds,
With chariot too all richly-wrought in brass,
Whereon the blameless son of Peleus rides.
And thou shalt find that no vain scout am I,
Nor fail thy hope ; for I will go right on
Throughout the host, ev'n till I reach the ship
Of Agamemnon, where, be sure, the chiefs
Debate in council now, to fly or fight."

He spake. The prince his sceptre grasped and sware :
" Let Zeus himself, Herē's loud-thundering lord,
Be now my witness ! On these steeds shall ride
No other man of Troy ; but thou, I say,
Throughout thy life shalt boast them as thy pride."

He spake, and sware in vain ; yet spurred him on.
At once his curvèd bow he slung around
His shoulders, and a grey wolf's hide o'er all
He threw, and set a helmet on his head
Of weasel-skin, and took a pointed dart.
Then from the host he went and toward the ships ;
Those ships wherfrom he never should return,
Nor back again to Hector bear his word.
But when the throng of steeds and men was left,
Eager he sped along his way : of whom,
As on he came, Odysseus, Zeus-born prince,
Was ware, and thus to Diomedes spake :
" Yonder, O Diomedes, from the host
Comes on a man, I know not whether spy

ἡ τινὰ συλήσων νεκύων κατατεθημάτων.

ἀλλ' ἔμμεν μιν πρῶτα παρεξελθεῖν πεδίοιο
τυθόν· ἔπειτα δέ κ' αὐτὸν ἐπαίξαντες ἔλοιψεν
καρπαλίμαν. εἰ δ' ἀμμε ταραφθαίσει πόδεσσιν,
αἰεὶ μιν ἐπὶ νῆας ἀπὸ στρατόφιν προτιειλεῖν
ἔγχει ἐπαίσσων, μή πως προτὶ ἄστυ ἀλύξῃ."

Ωτε ἄρα φωνήσαντε παρὲξ ὄδοῦ ἐν νεκύεσσιν
εκλινθήτην· οὐδὲ δ' ἄρ' ὡκα παρέδραμεν ἀφραδίγσιν. 350
ἀλλ' ὅτε δή δέ τοι ἀπέην ὅσσον τ' ἐπὶ οὐρα πέλονται
ἡμίόνων (αὖ γάρ τε βοῶν προφερέστεραι εἰσὶν
ἔλκέμεναι νειοῖο βαθεῖται πηκτὸν ἀροτρον),
τὸ μὲν ἐπεδραμέτην, οὐδὲ δ' ἄρ', ἐστη δοῦπον ἀκούσας·
διπέτο γάρ κατὰ θυμὸν ἀποστρέψονται ἑταίρους 355
ἐκ Τρώων οἴναι, πάλιν "Εκτορος ὑτρύναντος.
ἀλλ' ὅτε δή δέ τοι ἀπεσαν δουρηνεκὲς η καὶ ἔλασσον,
γνῶ δέ ἄνδρας δηίους, λαιψηρὰ δὲ γούνατ' ἐνώμα
φευγέμεναις· τοι δέ αἰψα διωκέμεν ωρμήθησαν.
ώς δέ ὅτε καρχαρόδοντε δύω κύνε, εἰδότε θήρης, 360
η κεράδη ηὲ λαγωὸν ἐπειγετον ἐμμενὲς αἰεὶ¹
χῶρον ἀν' ὑλήενθ', οὐδὲ τε προθέησι μεμηκώς,
ώς τὸν Τυδεῖδης ηδὲ πτολεπορθος 'Οδυσσεύς
λαοῦ ἀποτρήξαντε διώκετον ἐμμενὲς αἰεὶ.
ἀλλ' ὅτε δή τάχ' ὅμελλε μογήσεσθαι φυλάκεσσιν.
φεύγων ἐς νῆας, τότε δή μένος ἐμβαλ' Ἀθήνη
Τυδεῖδη, οὐα μή τις 'Αχαιῶς χαλκοχιτώνων
φθαίη ἐπευξάμενος βαλέειν, οὐδὲ δεύτερος ἐλθοι.
δουρὶ δέ ἐπαίσσων προσέφη κρατερὸς Διομήδης
"ηὲ μάν' ηὲ σε δουρὶ κιχήσομαι, οὐδέ σέ φημι 370
δηρὸν ἐμῆς ἀπὸ χαιρὸς ἀλυξέμεν αἰτὺν διεθροῦ."

A grievous team they be for mortal men
 To break or ride behind—for all save one,
 Achilleus, whom immortal mother bare.
 But come declare me this, and tell me true:
 Where left'st thou Hector, shepherd of his folk,
 When hitherward thou cam'st? his arms of war
 Where be they? where his horses? How are placed
 The other Trojan lines for watch and sleep?
 What counsel they? here by our ships to bide
 Abroad, or to their city back again
 To turn, Achaia's armies once repelled?"

Dolon Eumedes' son then made reply:
 "All this I will declare and tell thee true.
 Hector, with those that are his councillors,
 Holds council now by holy Ilus' tomb,
 Far from the crowd and din: but for the watch,
 O hero, that thou askest of—our host
 No separate ordered watch defends and guards.
 By every fire of Trojans—who perforce
 Must do it—there are wakeful men who urge
 Each one his mate to watch: but our allies
 Summoned from many lands sleep idly on,
 Leaving to Trojan care the watch; for they
 No children have nor wives abiding near."

To him again the many-counselled man:
 "How mingled, pray, with Troy's steed-taming sons
 Sleep they, or separate? say, that I may know."

And answer made Dolon Eumedes' son:
 "This too I will declare, and tell thee true.
 Towards the sea are Carians, and by them
 Paeonians armed with curvèd bows; there too
 Leleges and Cauconians, and withal
 Divine Pelasgians. But toward Thymbra ranged
 Are Lycians, Mysians proud, steed-taming sons
 Of Phrygia, and Maeonians chariot-borne.
 But of each special troop why ask ye me?"

εἰ γὰρ δὴ μέματον Τρῶων καταδῦναι δμιλον,
Θρήικες οὖδ' ἀπάντευθε νεήλυδες, ἔσχατοι ἀλλων,
τὸν δέ σφι 'Ρῆσος βασιλεύς, πάτης Ἡιονῆτος,
τοῦ δὴ καλλίστους ἵππους ἵδον ἡδὲ μεγίστους·
λευκότεροι χιόνοι, θελειν δὲ ἀνέμοισιν ὁμοῖοι.
ἄρμα δέ οἱ χρυσῷ τε καὶ ἀργύρῳ εὐ ησκηταί
τεύχεα δὲ χρύσεια πελάρια, θαῦμα ἰδέσθαι,
ἡλυθ' ἔχων· τὰ μὲν οὖ τι καταθυητοῖσι ἔοικεν
ἀνδρεσσιν φορέειν, ἀλλ' ἀθανάτοισι θεοῖσιν.
ἀλλ' ἐμὲ μὲν νῦν νησὶ πελάσσετον ὀκυπόροισιν,
ηὲ με δῆσαντες λίπετ' αὐτόθι νηλέει δεσμῷ,
ὅφρα κεν ἔλθητον καὶ πειρηθῆτον ἐμεῖο
ηὲ κατ' αἰσαν ἔειπον ἐν ὑμῖν ηὲ καὶ οὐκί." 445

τὸν δέ ἄρ' ὑπόδρα ἴδων προσέφη κρατερὸς Διομῆδης·
"μή δὴ μοι φύξιν γε, Δόλων, ἐμβάλλεο θυμῷ,
ἔσθλά περ ἀγγείλας, ἐπεὶ ἵκεο χεῖρας ἐς ἄμας.
εἰ μὲν γάρ κέ σε νῦν ἀπολύσομεν ηὲ μεθῶμεν,
ηὲ τε καὶ ὑστερον εἰσθα θοὰς ἐπὶ νῆας Ἀχαιῶν
ηὲ διοπτεύσων ηὲ ἐναντίβιον πολεμίξων·
εἰ δέ κ' ἐμῆς ὑπὸ χερσὶ δαμεὶς ἀπὸ θυμὸν ὀλέσσῃ,
οὐκέτ' ἐπειτα σὺ πῆμά ποτ' ἔσσεαι Ἀργείοισιν."

ηὲ καὶ δὲ μὲν μιν ἔμελλε γενεῖον χειρὶ παχεῖῃ
ἀψάμενος λίσσεσθαι, δὲ δὲ αὐχένα μέσον ἔλασσον
φασγάνῳ ἀτέξας, ἀπὸ δὲ ἄμφῳ κέρσε τένοντε·
φθεγγομένου δέ ἄρα τοῦ γε κάρη κονίησιν ἐμβίχθη.
τοῦ δὲ ἀπὸ μὲν κτιδέην κυνέην κεφαλῆφιν ἔλοντο
καὶ λυκέην καὶ τόξα παλιντονα καὶ δόρυ μακρόν·
καὶ τά γ' Ἀθηναῖη λητίδι δῖος Ὀδυσσεύς
ὑψῆσ' ἀνέσχεθε χειρὶ, καὶ σύχόμενος ἔπος ηῦδα·
"χαῖρε θεὰ τοισδεσσι· σὲ γὰρ πρετῆν ἐν Ὀλύμπῳ

For if ye twain are bent the Trojan throng
 To enter, here apart are Thracian men
 But newly come, the last of all the line.
 And in their midst doth Rhesus lie, their king,
 The son of Eioneus. Fairest his steeds
 And largest-limbed of all that e'er I saw:
 Whiter than snow they match the winds for speed.
 A chariot hath he also deftly wrought
 With gold and silver. Golden are the arms,
 Of giant size, a marvel to behold,
 Wherewith he came: beseems not mortal men
 In such to clothe them, but immortal gods.
 But take me now to your swift-sailing ships,
 Or bind in ruthless bond and leave me here;
 That ye may go your way, and test my tale,
 Whether my words to you be truth or no."

Then with grim glance stout Diomedes spake:
 "Nay, Dolon, on escape set not thy heart,
 Though good thy news, now that we hold thee fast.
 For if for ransom we release thee now,
 Or let thee go, surely thou'l come again
 Hereafter to the swift Achaian ships,
 Either to spy or fight in open war.
 But if thou lose thy life, slain by my hands,
 To Argives thou wilt work no future harm."

He spake: and, as the other with broad hand
 Reached out to touch his chin in suppliant prayer,
 Right on his neck the flashing sword he drove,
 And severed both the tendons, and the head—
 Ev'n as he spake—was mingled with the dust.
 Then from his head the helm of weasel-skin
 They took, with wolf-skin cloak, and springing bow,
 And the long lance. These to the Maid of spoil
 Athénē did Odysseus, godlike wight,
 Hold up on high, and thus in prayer he spake:
 "Hail, goddess, hail, with these! To thee of all

πάντων ἀθανάτων ἐπιδιστόμενθ. ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτις
πέμψον ἐπὶ Θρηκῶν ἀνδρῶν ἵππους τε καὶ εὐνάς.⁴⁶³

Μηδέρ' ἐφώνησεν, καὶ ἀπὸ δύον ὑψόσ· ἀείρας
θῆκεν ἀνὰ μυρίσην· δέολον δὲ ἐπὶ σῆμα τὸ ἔθηκεν,
ξυμμάργης δόνακας μυρίσης τὸ ἀριθηλέας δῖον,
μηδὲ λάθος αὐτις ἴσαντε θοὴν διὰ νύκτα μέλαιναν.

τὸ δὲ βάτην προτέρω διὰ τὸ ἔντεα καὶ μέλαινα αἷμα,
αἷψα δὲ ἐπὶ Θρηκῶν ἀνδρῶν τέλος ἔξον ἴσαντε. ⁴⁷⁰
οἱ δὲ εὐδον καμάτῳ ἀδηκότες, ἔντεα δὲ σφι
καλὰ παρ' αὐτοῖσι χθονὶ κέκλιτο, εὐ κατὰ κόσμον,
τριστοιχί παρὰ δὲ σφι ἐκάστῳ δίζυγες ἵπποι.
"Ρῆσος δὲ μέσῳ εῦδε, παρ' αὐτῷ δὲ ἀκένες ἵπποι
ἐξ ἐπιδιφριάδος πυμάτης ἴμασι δίδοντο. ⁴⁷⁵

τὸν δὲ Ὀδυσσεὺς προπάροιδε ἴδων Διομήδει δεῖξεν

"οὐτός τοι, Διομήδει, ἀνήρ, οὐτοι δέ τοι ἵπποι,
οὐδὲ τῶν πίφανσκε Δόλων, δν ἐπέφνουμεν ημεῖς.
ἀλλ' ὥγε δῆ, πρόφερε κρατερὸν μένος οὐδέ τι σε χρή
ἐστάμεναι μέλεων ξὺν τεύχεσω, ἀλλὰ λῦ ἵππους. ⁴⁸⁰
ηὲ σύ γ' ἀνδρας ἔναυρε, μελήσουσι δὲ μολις ἵπποι."

Ως φάτο, τῷ δὲ ἐμπνευσε μένος γλαυκῶπις Ἀθήνη,
κτεῖνε δὲ ἐπιστροφάδην· τῶν δὲ στόνος ὄρνυτ' ἀεικής
δορὶ θειομένων, ἀριθαίνετο δὲ αἷματι γαῖα.
Ως δὲ λέων μῆλοισιν ἀσημάντοισιν ἐπελθών, ⁴⁸⁵
αἴγεσσος δὲ ὀλέσσι, κακὰ φρονέων ἐνορούσῃ,
μηδὲν Θρήικας ἀνδρας ἐπέρχετο Τυδέος νίσι,
δῆρα διεδεκτὸς ἐπεφνεν. ἀτὰρ πολύμητις Ὀδυσσεύς,
δν τινα Τυδεῖδης δορὶ πλήξει παραστάς,
τὸν δὲ Ὀδυσσεὺς μετόπισθε λαβὼν ποδὸς ἐξερύσσασκεν, ⁴⁹⁰
τὰ φρονέων κατὰ θυμόν, δπως καλλίτριχες ἵπποι
ρέει διελθούσεν, μηδὲ τρομεούσατο θυμῷ

Immortals in Olympus first we cry.
But ev'n again thy guidance give, and show
The steeds and couches of these Thracian men."

Such words he spake ; and lift the spoils on high
Then set them on a tamarisk tree : whereto
A token plain he placed, some gathered reeds
And leafy tamarisk boughs, that coming back
Through black and fleeting night they might not miss.

Then onwards went the twain through arms and blood ;
And quickly to the Thracian band they came :
Who wearied out were sleeping. By them lay
Their fair arms on the ground in order piled,
Three lines : and by each man his yoke of steeds,
And in their midst slept Rhesus ; and by him
His fleet steeds from the hinder chariot rail
Were tethered by the reins. Him first descried
Odysseus, and to Diomedes showed :
" This is the man, be sure, and these the steeds,
Whereof, O Diomedes, Dolon spake,
Whom late we slew. Come then, thy mighty strength
Put forth : it fits thee not all armed to stand
Nought doing. Wherefore loose the steeds : or thou
Despatch the men, and be the steeds my care."

So spake he : but Athene, stern-eyed maid,
Breathed strength in Tydeus' son, that right and left
He slew, and, as the sword-strokes fell, their groans
Rose grievous, and the soil ran red with blood.
And as on flock unherded, goats or sheep,
A lion sudden springs, bent to destroy,
So came upon the Thracians Tydeus' son :
Till twelve were slain. And he of many wiles,
Odysseus, whomso with the falchion smote
Tydides standing near, him by the foot
He took and backward drew from out the line,
This meaning, that the fair-maned steeds might pass
All smoothly, nor in spirit shrink to step

πεκροῖς ἀμβαινούστες ἀγήθεσσος γάρ ἔτ' αὐτῶν.
 ἀλλ' δτε δὴ βασιλῆς κυχήσατο Τυδέος νίος,
 τὸν τρισκαιδέκατον μελιηδέα θυμὸν ἀπηύρα 495
 ἀσθμαίνοντα· κακὸν γάρ δναρ κεφαλῆφιν ἀπέστη
 τὴν οὐκτ', Οἰνεῖδας πάεις, διὰ μῆτραν Ἀθήνης.
 τόφρα δ' ἀρ' ὁ τλήμων Ὁδυσσεὺς λύε μάστυχας ἵππους,
 σὺν δ' ἡμέραις ἴμασι, καὶ ἐξήλαυνε δριδού 500
 τόξῳ ἀπιτλήσσων, ἐπεὶ οὐ μάστυγα φαειήν
 ποικίλου ἐκ δίφροιο νοήσατο χερσὶν ἀλέσθαι.
 ροίζησεν δ' ἄρα πιφαύσκων Διομήδεα δίφ.
 αὐτάρ δὲ μεριμνήσει μέντον δτε κίντατον ἔρδοι,
 ή δὲ δίφρον ἐλάντ, ὅθι ποικίλα τεύχε' ἔκειτο,
 δρυμοῦ δέερνοι ή δικέροις ὑψος' ἀερας, 505
 ή δτε τὰν πλεόνων Θρυκῶν ἀπὸ θυμὸν δλοιτο.
 εἰσ δ ταῦθ' ἄρμαντε κατὰ φρένα, τόφρα δὲ Ἀθήνη
 ἀγγίθει ἰσταμένη προσέφη Διομήδεα δῖον·
 "τόστου δὴ μυῆσαι, μηγαθύμου Τυδέος νίέ,
 νῆσας ἐπὶ γλαφυράς, μὴ καὶ πεφοβημένος ἀλθε,
 μὴ πού τις καὶ Τρῶας δηγείρησιν θεδις ἄλλος." 510
 οὐδὲ φάθ, δὲ δὲ ξυνέηκε θεᾶς ὅπα φωνησάσης,
 παρπαλίμως δὲ ἵππων ἐπεβήσετο. κόπτε δὲ Ὁδυσσεύς
 τόξῳ τοὶ δὲ ἐπέτοιτο θεᾶς ἐπὶ νῆσας Ἀχαιῶν.
 οὐδὲ ἀλαοσκοπίην εἶχ' ἀργυρότοξος Ἀπόλλων, 515
 οὐδὲ Ἀθηναῖη μετὰ Τυδέος νίδον ἐπονσαν·
 τῇ κοτέων Τρώων κατεδύσετο πουλὺν δριδού,
 ὥρσεν δὲ Θρυκῶν βουληφόρον Ἰπποκόωντα,
 Τήσου ἀντήιον ἀσθλόν, δὲ δὲ ἔπινον ἀνορούσας,
 οὐδὲ χῆραν δρῆμον δέ δατασαν ἀκέτες ἵπποι, 520

Amid the dead, a yet unwonted sight.
But when the son of Tydeus reached the king,
From him, the thirteenth slain, he took sweet life,
As sore he panted, for an evil dream
Stood o'er his head that night, the warrior child
Of Æneus' son, sped by Athene's wile.
But while he slew, Odysseus, patient wight,
The firm-hoofed horses loosed, which by the reins
He coupled, and drove forth from out the throng,
Striking them with his bow, for the bright whip
From chariot richly-wrought he had not marked
To put his hand and take. Then whistling low
To godlike Diomedes gave he sign.
But he was doubting still, as there he stood,
What boldest deed to do : to take the car,
Where lay the rich-wrought arms, and by the pole
Drag forth or lift on high and bear it out ;
Or of that Thracian throng yet more to slay.
But while he pondered thus, Athene came
And standing near addressed the godlike chief :
"Bethink thee of return to the hollow ships,
Thou son of great-souled Tydeus ; lest it chance
Thou go in fear and flight : for haply now
Some other god may rouse thy Trojan foes."
She spake : he knew the goddess by her voice,
And hasted him to mount ; Odysseus then
Smote with his bow the steeds, that on they flew
To the swift vessels of Achaia's host.
Meanwhile Apollo of the silver bow
No blind watch kept : but, when with Tydeus' son
He saw Athene following, wroth with her
He plunged amid the numerous Trojan throng,
And roused a Thracian councillor, by name
Hippocoon—cousin brave of Rhesus he.
Upstarted he from sleep ; and, when he saw
Void space where fleet-foot steeds had stood, and men

ἀνδρας τ' ἀσπαίροντας ἐν ἀργαλέησι φουῆσιν,
φύμωξέν τ' ἄρ' ἔπειτα, φίλον τ' ὄνόμηνεν ἔταιρον.
Τρώων δὲ κλαγγή τε καὶ ἀσπετος ωρτο κυδοψός
θυνόντων ἀμυδις' θησύντο δὲ μέρμερα ἔργα,
δισσ' ἀνδρες φέξαντες ἔβαν κοῖλας ἐπὶ νῆας.

οἱ δὲ δτε δή ρ' Ἰκανον δθι σκοπὸν "Εκτορος ἔκταν,
ἔνθ 'Οδυσεὺς μὲν ἔρυξε διέφιλος ὀκέας ἵππους.
Τυδεῖδης δὲ χαμάξε θορῶν ἔναρα βροτόεντα
ἐν χείρεσσος' 'Οδυσῆς τίθη, ἐπεβήσετο δ' ἵππων.
μάστιξεν δ' ἐλάαν, τῷ δ' οὐκ ἄκοντε πετέσθην
νῆας ἐπὶ γλαφυράς· τῇ γὰρ φίλον ἐπλετο θυμῷ.
Νέστωρ δὲ πρῶτος κτύπον ἄει, φώνησέν τε
"ὦ φίλοι 'Αργείων ἡγήτορες ἡδὲ μέδοντες,
ψεύσομαι η ἔτυμον ἐρέω; κέλεται δέ με θυμός.
ἵππων μ' ὠκυπόδων ἀμφὶ κτύπος οὖατα βάλλει.
αἱ γὰρ δή 'Οδυσεύς τε καὶ ὁ κρατερὸς Διομήδης
ἄδ' ἀφαρ ἐκ Τρώων ἐλασαίατο μάνυνχας ἵππους.
ἄλλ' αἰνῶς δεῖδοικα μετὰ φρεσὶ μή τι πάθωσιν
'Αργείων ωριστοι ὑπὸ Τρώων ὄρυμαγδοῦ."

οῦ πω πᾶν εἴρητο ἔπος δτ' ἄρ' ἥλυθον αὐτοί
καὶ ρ' οἱ μὲν κατέβησαν ἐπὶ χθόνα, τοὶ δὲ χαρέντες
δεξιῇ ησπάζοντο ἔπεισσί τε μειλιχίοισιν.
πρῶτος δ' ἐξερέεινε Γερήνιος ἵππότα Νέστωρ.
"εἴπ' θυε μ', ω πολύαιν' 'Οδυσεῦ, μέγα κῦδος 'Αχαιῶν,
διππως τούσδ' ἵππους λάβετον· καταδύντες δμιλον
Τρώων; η τις σφωε πόρεν θεὸς ἀντιβολήσας;
αἰνῶς ἀκτίνεσσι δοικότες ηελίοιο.
αἰεὶ μὲν Τρώεσσος' ἐπιμίσγομαι, οὐδέ τέ φημε
μιμνάζειν παρὰ νηυσί, γέρων περ ἐών πολεμιστής."

Yet gasping in a hideous heap of slain,
With cry of woe he named his comrade dear.
Clamour of Trojans then and uproar rose
Unutterable, as they together rushed.
Wond'ring they saw what deeds of dread the men
Had wrought ere to the hollow ships they turned.

But for the chiefs—when to the spot they came
Where Hector's spy they slew, Odysseus there,
Beloved of Zeus, reined in the fleet-foot steeds ;
And to the ground the son of Tydeus leapt,
And in Odysseus' hands lifting he placed
The bloody spoils, and mounted up again.
The steeds he lashed ; who nothing loth flew on
To the hollow ships, for thither were they fain.
Their clattering hoofs first Nestor heard and spake :
" Friends, kings and captains of our Argive host,
Shall I be false herein, or say the truth ?
My spirit bids me speak. The clattering sound
Of horses at the gallop strikes mine ears.
Pray heaven it be Odysseus, and withal
Stout Diomedes, who thus soon return
From Trojan camp and drive these firm-hoofed steeds.
But sore I fear at heart some harm has happ'd
To these our bravest from the host of Troy."

Not all his words were ended when they came.
Then to the ground down leapt they : whom the rest
Rejoicing greeted with right hand of love
And kindly words : and first Gerene's knight
Nestor thus asked them how their work had sped :
" Come tell me, O Odysseus, much-praised man,
Achaia's mighty boast, how got ye twain
These steeds. The Trojan armies entered ye ?
Or met some god who gave them ? To the rays
Of the bright Sun-god they are wondrous like.
I ever mingle with the Trojan lines,
Nor loiter—I may boast—beside the ships,
Albeit a greybeard warrior. Yet such steeds

ἀλλ' οὐ τῷ τοίους ἵππους ἦδον οὐδὲ πόησα.
ἀλλά τιν' ὑμῖν' ὅτα δόμεναι θεὸν ἀντιάσαντα·
ἀμφοτέρῳ γάρ σφῶν φίλει τεφεληγερέτα Ζεὺς
κούρῃ τὸν αὐγιόχρυσον Διός, γλαυκῶπις Ἀθήνη.⁵⁵⁰

τὸν δὲ ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη πολύμηττις Ὀδυσσεὺς·
“Ἄ Νέστορ Νηληιάδη, μέγα κύδος Ἀχαιῶν,
ἡγεία θεός γ' ἀθέλων καὶ ἀμείνονας ἡέ περ οὖτε
ἵππους διωρίσαιτ’, ἐπει τὸ πολὺ φέρτεροι εἰσὶν.
ἵπποι δὲ οἵδε, γηραιέ, νεήλυδες, οὓς δρεείνεις,
Θρηίκιοις τὸν δέ σφι ἀνακτὸν ἀγαθὸς Διομήδης
ἔκτανε, πάρ δὲ ἀτάρους δυοκαΐδεκα πάντας ἀρίστους. γένος
τὸν τρισκαιδεκάτου σκοπὸν εἶλομεν δηγύθι τηῶν,
τόν δὲ διωπτῆρα στρατοῦ δύμεναι ἡμετέροιο
“Ἐκτερ τε προέηκε καὶ ἄλλοι Τρῶες ἀγανοί”

Ἄτι εἰπὼν τάφροιο διηλασσε μόνυχας ἵππους
κογχαλόων· ἀμα δὲ ἄλλοι ίσαν χαλρούτες Ἀχαιοί. γένος
οὐδὲ δὲ Τιδεύδεω κλισίην ἐντυκτον ἵκοντο,
ἵππους μὲν κατέδησαν δύτμήτοισιν ἴμᾶσιν
φάτνην ἐφ’ ἵππει, δῆτε περ Διομήδεος ἵππος·
δοτασσαν ἀκύποδες μελιηδέα πυρὸν ἔδοντες,
ηὴ δὲ ἐνὶ πρυμνῇ ἐναρα βροτόεντα Δόλωνος
θῆκεν Ὀδυσσεύς, δῆφειρό δὲ τοιμασσατείτης Ἀθήνη.⁵⁷⁰
αὐτῷ δὲ ἵδρῳ πολλὸν ἀπενίζοντο θαλάσση
ἴστιντες, κυήμας τε ἵδε λόφον ἀμφὶ τε μηροῖς.
αὐτῷ δὲ τοιμασσατείτης ἵδρῳ πολλὸν
εἰψεν ἀπὸ χρωτὸς καὶ ἀνέψυχεν φίλον ητορ,
ἔς δὲ ἀσαμίνθους βάστες ἐνξίστας λεύσαντο.⁵⁷⁵
ταῦτα δὲ λοεσσαμένα καὶ ἀλειψαμένα λίπ’ ἀλαρ
δεύπηρος ἀφίξαντον, ἀπὸ δὲ κρητῆρος Ἀθήνη
πλεῖστον ἀφυσσόμενοι λεῦθος μελιηδέα οἴνον.

I ne'er yet saw nor marked. But 'twas, I ween,
Some god encountering gave them : for to Zeus
Cloud-gatherer, and Athené, stern-eyed maid
Of aegis-wielding Zeus, ye both are dear."

To whom replied the many-counselled man :
"O Nestor Neleus' son, Achaia's pride,
A god with ease, if so he willed, could give
E'en better steeds than these be, for the gods
Are mightier far. But, father, for these steeds
Whereof thou askest, they are newly come,
Of Thracian strain ; and him who was their lord
Stout Diomedes slew, and by his side
Twelve comrades, good men all. And one to boot
Thirteenth we took hard by our ships, a scout,
Whom to spy out our army was sent forth
By Hector and the noble sons of Troy."

So spake he, and across the trench he drove
The firm-hoofed steeds, loud laughing : and with him
Followed Achaia's sons rejoicing all.

But when Tydides' well-framed tent they reached,
The horses by the well-cut reins they tied
Fast to the rack, where stood the fleet-foot steeds
Of Diomedes eating sweet-grained wheat.

But Dolon's bloody spoils Odysseus stowed
Safe in his vessel's stern, that they therefrom
An offering to Athené might prepare.

Then entered they the sea, and there washed off
The copious sweat from knees and neck and thighs.
And when the salt sea wave had washed their skin
Of copious sweat, and much refreshed their heart ;
Then stepped they into polished bathing tubs
Of water sweet, to cleanse them of the brine.
And so, their bathing done, with olive oil
The twain anointed them and sate to meat ;
And to Athené from the brimming bowl
Drew out and duly poured the honeyed wine.

ΙΛΙΑΔΟΣ Λ.

Ἄγαρέμνονος ἀριστεία.

Ἡδὲ δὲ λεχέων παρ' ἀγανοῦ Τιθωνοῖο
ἄρνιο, ὃν ἀθανάτοισι φόνι φέροι ηδὲ βροτοῖσι.
Ζεὺς δὲ Ἐρίδα προταλλε θοὸς ἐπὶ νῆας Ἀχαιῶν
ἀργαλέην, πολέμοιο τέρας μετὰ χερσὶν ἔχουσαν.
στὴ δὲ π' Ὀδυσσῆος μεγακήτει νηὶ μελανῃ,
ἢ δὲ μεσσάτῳ ἐσκε γεγωνόμεν ἀμφοτέρωσε,
ημὲν ἐπ' Λαντος κλισίας Τελαμωνιάδαο
ηδὲ ἐπ' Ἀχιλλῆος, τοί δὲ ἐσχατα νῆας ἐσαν
εἵρυσαν, ἦνορέη πίσυνοι καὶ κάρτει χειρῶν.
ἔνθα στᾶσ' ἦνσε θεά μέγα τε δεινόν τε
δρθί, Ἀχαιοῖσιν δὲ μέγα σθένος ἐμβαλέπιστῳ
καρδίῃ, δλληκτον πολεμιζέμεν ηδὲ μάχεσθαι.
τοῖσι δὲ ἀφαρ πόλεμος γλυκίων γένετ' ηὲ νέοσθαι
ἐν πηνοὶ γλαφυρῆσι φίλην ἐς πατρίδα γαῖαν.

Ἄτρετον δὲ ἐβόησε ἴδε ζώννυσθαι ἀναγεν
Ἄργειον ἐν δὲ αὐτὸς ἐδύσσετο νέροτα χαλεόν.
κινητίδαι μὲν πρῶτα περὶ κυήμησιν ἔθηκεν
καλός, ἀργυρόισι ἐπισφυρίοις ἀραρύλας.
δεύτερον εἰ θερηκα περὶ στήθεσσιν ἐδύνεν,
τόν τοτέ οἱ Κινύρης δῶκε ξενήιον εἶναι.

ILIAS XI.

The prowess of Agamemnon, and his wounding.

MORN from her bed and from Tithonus' side,
Her noble spouse, uprose, to bring the light
To gods immortal and to mortal men,
When Discord to the swift Achaian ships
Was sent of Zeus, fell power, bearing in hand
Dread sign of war. And by Odysseus' ship
She stood, that midmost lay, black-hulled and huge,
Whence either way a voice might well be heard,
Or to the tent of Ajax Telamon,
Or to Achilleus' tent—those twain who ranged
Last of the line their balanced ships, secure
In their bold manhood and their mighty hands.
There stood the goddess, and gave forth a shout
Loud terrible and shrill, whereby she breathed
A mighty strength in each Achaian heart
Unceasingly to battle and to fight.
And war they now deemed sweeter than to sail
In hollow ships to their own fatherland.

Then did the son of Atreus cry aloud,
Bidding his Argives gird their armour on,
The while himself he clad in dazzling mail.
First put he round his legs the greaves so fair
With silver ankle-clasps made fast and sure ;
The corslet next around his breast he drew,
That Cinyras once had given, a gift from far,

πάθετο γάρ Κύπρονδε μέγα κλέος, οὐνεκ' Ἀχαιοί
ἐς Τροίην γῆσσιν ἀναπλεύσεσθαι διμελλον·
τούνεκά οἱ τὸν δόνακε, χαριζόμενος βασιλῆς.

τοῦ δὲ τοι δέκα οἷμοι ἦσαν μέλανος κυάνοιο,
δώδεκα δὲ χρυσοῦ καὶ εἴκοσι κασσιτέροιο·
κυάνοιο δὲ δράκοντες δρωρέχατο προτὶ δειρήν
τρεῖς διάτεροι, Ἱρισσοὶ δοικότες δε τε Κρονίαν
ἐν νέφει στήριξε τέρας μερόπων ἀνθρώπων.

ἀμφὶ δὲ ἄρ' ἄμμοισιν βάλετο ξίφος· ἐν δέ οἱ ἥλοι
χρύσουιοι πάρμαφαινον, ἀτὰρ περὶ κουλεδνὸν ἦν
ἀργύρεον, χρυσέοισιν δορτήρεσσιν ἀρηρός.

ἀν δὲ δλετὸν ἀμφιβρότην πολυδαιδαλον ἀσπίδα θούριν,
καλήν, ἦν τέρει μὲν κύκλοις δέκα χάλκεοις ἦσαν,
ἐν δέ οἱ διμφαλοὶ ἦσαν εἴκοσι κασσιτέροιο
λευκοί, ἐν δὲ μέσοισιν ἦτορ μέλανος κυάνοιο.

τῇ δὲ τεί μὲν Γοργὸν βλοσυρώπις ἀστεφάνωτο
δεινὸν δερκομένη, περὶ δὲ δαιμός τε φόβος τε.
τῆς δὲ ἐξ ἀργύρεος τελαμονὸν ἦν· αὐτὰρ ἐπὶ αὐτοῦ
κυάνοιο διδόμετο δράκων, κεφαλαὶ δέ οἱ ἦσαν
τρεῖς ἀμφιστρεφέες, ἐνδος αὐλχένος διπεφυνίαι.
κρατὶ δὲ ἐπὶ ἀμφίφαλον κυνέην θέτο τετραφάληρον
ζητουριν· δεινὸν δὲ λόφος καθύπερθεν ἀνειν.

εἶλετο δὲ ἀλκιμα δούρε δίω, κεκορυθμένα χαλκῷ,
όξεα· τῇλε δὲ χαλκὸς ἀπὸ αὐτόφει οὐρανὸν εἰσὼ
λάμπει. ἐπὶ δὲ γδουμπησαν Ἀθηναίη τε καὶ Ἡρη,
τιμῶσαι βασιλῆα πολυχρύσοιο Μικήνης.

ἡμίχφρ μὲν ἀπειτα ἐφ ἀπέτελλε ἔκαστος
ζητουντες εὖ κατὰ κόσμον ἐρυκέμενοι αὐθὶ ἐπὶ τάφρῳ,
αὐτοὶ δὲ πρυλάες σὺν τεύχεσι θωρηχθέντες
ράσσοντες· δισβεστοι δὲ βοηγένετες τὸν πρό.
φθάνει δὲ μέγιστη ἀπτήσιν ἐπὶ τάφρῳ κοσμηθέντες.

For Cyprus heard the mighty fame that now
Achaia's ships would sail the seas to Troy.
Wherefore he gave this gift to please the king.
Ten stripes of dark-blue metal there were wrought
With twelve of gold, and twenty more of tin.
And snakes of dark-blue metal stretched them up
Toward the wearer's neck, three on each side,
Like to the rainbow-lines, that Cronos' son
Sets in the cloud, a sign to speaking men.
Around his shoulders then his sword he slung
Gleaming with studs of gold, in silver sheath,
But bright with gold the gear by which it hung.
Then took he up his lightly-wielded targe,
The body's ample guard, fair, richly-wrought,
Round which ten brazen circles ran ; within
Were twenty bosses white of tin, and one
Midmost of dark-blue metal. Rose thereon
A grim-faced Gorgon of terrific glance,
With Terror and with Flight on either side.
And from the shield was stretched a silver strap
With dark-blue serpent wreathed thereon, whose heads
Three turning either way from one neck grew.
Then on his head a helm of double cone
He set, four-plumed, with horse-hair crest above
That nodded terrible : two mighty spears
He took withal brass-tipped and keen, whose blaze
Flashed far to deepest heaven. A thundering sound
Athené then and Heré gave, to grace
The sovereign of Mycenae's golden town.

Now to his charioteer each chief gave charge,
There by the trench to hold his horses back
In order due ; but all in armour clad
Themselves moved on afoot ; and quenchless rose
Their shout before the dawn. They with the horse
Took order, at the trench ; then went they first,

ιππῆες δ' ὄλιγον μετεκίαθον. ἐν δὲ κυδοιμόνι
ώρσε κακὸν Κρονίδης, κατὰ δ' ὑψόθεν ἥκεν ἐέρσας
αἷματι μυδαλέας ἐξ αἰθέρος, οὐνεκ' ἔμελλεν
πολλὰς ἴφθιμους κεφαλὰς "Αἴδε προϊάψεων.

55

Τρῶες δ' αὐτὸν ἐτέρωθεν ἐπὶ θρωσμῷ πεδίοιο,
"Εἰπορά τὸν ἀμφὶ μέγαν καὶ ἀμύμονα Πουλυδάμαντα
Αἰνελαν θ', δις Τρωσὶ θεὸς ὡς τίτο δήμῳ,
τρεῖς τὸν Ἀντηνορίδας, Πόλυβον καὶ Ἀγήνορα δῖον
ἡΐθεον τὸν Ἀκάμαντ', ἐπιείκελον ἀθανάτοισιν.

60

"Εἰπορ δὲ ἐν πρώτοισι φέρεται ἀσπίδα πάντοστ' ἐτοην.
οἷος δὲ ἐκ νεφέων ἀναφαίνεται οὐλιος ἀστήρ
παμφαίνων, τοτὲ δὲ αὐτις ἐδυ νέφεα σκιόεντα,
ὡς "Εἰπορ δὲ μέν τε μετὰ πρώτοισι φάνεσκεν
ἄλλοτε δὲ ἐν πυράτοισι κελεύων· πᾶς δὲ ἄρα χαλκῷ 65
λάμφεται τε στεροπὴ πατρὸς Διὸς αἰγιόχοιο.

οἱ δὲ, ὡς τὸν ἀμητῆρας ἐναντίοις ἀλλήλοισιν
δύμον ἐλαύνωσιν ἀνδρὸς μάκαρος κατὰ ἄρουραν
πυρῶν τὴν κριθέων· τὰ δὲ δράγματα ταρφέα πίπτει
ὡς Τρῶες καὶ Ἀχαιοὶ ἐπὶ ἀλλήλοισι θορόντες
δήσουν, οὐδὲ ἔτεροι μνώονται ὀλοσοί φόβοι,
ἴσας δὲ ὑσμίνη κεφαλὰς ἔχονται δὲ λύκοις ὡς
θῦνον. "Ερις δὲ ἄρεται ἔχαιρε πολύστονος εἰσορόσα·

70

οἰη γάρ ῥα θεῶν παρετύγχανε μαρναμένοισιν,
οἵ δὲ ἄλλοι οὐ σφιν πάρεσται θεοί, ἄλλα ἔκηλοι
σφοῖσιν ἐνὶ μεγάροισι καθείλατο, τὴν ἐκάστῳ
δώματα καλέσαται πτύχας Οὐλύμποιο.
πάντες δὲ ὑγιόωντο κελαινεφέα Κρονίωνα,
οὐνεκ' ἄρα Τρώεσσιν ἐβούλετο κύδος ὀρέξαι.
τῶν μὲν δέ τοιούτου πατήρ· δὲ δὲ νόσφι λιασθεὶς 80
τῶν ἄλλων ἀπάνευθε καθέζετο κύδει γαίων,
εἰσορόσαν Τρώων τε πόλιν καὶ νῆας Ἀχαιῶν

75

The horsemen following on nor far behind.
 And Cronides with tumult fell inspired
 Their host, and from on high sent down a dew
 Of dripping blood, in token that he willed
 To hurl to Hades many a valiant head.

But o'er 'against them on the rising ground
 Mustered the sons of Troy, around their chiefs,
 Hector the great, blameless Polydamas,
 Æneas, whom the Trojan folk revered
 Ev'n as a god, Antenor's scions three,
 Polybus, with Agenor the divine,
 And youthful Acamas, of immortals peer.
 And Hector foremost bare his orbèd shield.
 And as from clouds fell Sirius all ablaze
 Now sudden bursts, now hides him in their shade,
 So Hector now shone foremost in the van,
 Now, hidden, urged the rear, in flashing mail
 Bright as the bolt of th' aegis-wielding sire.

The hosts—as reapers in two facing rows
 Work the long swathe in wealthy owner's field
 Of barley or of wheat, from whose full hands
 The severed stalks fall fast—so in firm line
 The Trojans and Achaians dealing death
 Each at the other leapt, nor either thought
 Of baneful flight, but in the conflict still
 Held even heads, and wolf-like rushed and raged.
 Then woful Discord joyed the sight to see,
 For she alone was present at the fight,
 Nor other gods were there; but undisturbed
 In their own halls they sat, where a fair home
 Was built for each within Olympus' glena.
 These all on cloud-veiled Cronides cast blame,
 That glory thus to Troy he willed to grant.
 Yet nought the Father recked of them, but turned
 Apart and sate alone in pride of power
 Troy's town beholding, and Achæa's ships,

χαλκοῦ τε στεροπήν, ὅλλυντας τ' ὅλλυμένους τε
 δόφρα μὲν ἡώς ἦν καὶ ἀέξετο ἵερὸν ἡμαρ,
 τόφρα μάλ' ἀμφοτέρων βέλε' ἤπτετο, πῶπτε δὲ λαός· 8;
 ἡμος δὲ δρυτόμος περ ἀνήρ ὠπλίσσατο δεῖπνον
 οὔρεος ἐν βῆσσογειν, ἐπεὶ τ' ἐκορέσσατο χεῖρας
 τάμνων δένδρεα μακρά, ἄδος τέ μιν ἴκετο θυμόν,
 σίτου τε γλυκεροῦ περὶ φρένας ἴμερος αἴρει,
 τῆμος σφῆς ἀρετῆς Δαναοὶ φήξαντο φάλαγγας, 90
 κεκλόμενοι ἐτάροισι κατὰ στίχας. ἐν δέ Ἀγαμέμνων
 πρῶτος ὅρουσ', ἐλε δέ ἄνδρα Βιήνορα ποιμένα λαῶν,
 αὐτόν, ἐπειτα δέ ἑταῖρον Ὁιλῆα πλήξεππον.
 η τοι δ γ' ἐξ ἵππων κατεπάλμενος ἀντίος ἔστη·
 τὸν δέ ιθὺς μεμαῶτα μετάπτιον ὀξεῖ δουρὶ 95
 πίξ, οὐδὲ στεφάνη δόρυ οἱ σχέθε χαλκοβάρεια,
 ἀλλὰ δέ αὐτῆς ἥλθε καὶ ὄστέον, ἐγκέφαλος δέ
 ἔνδον ἀπας πεπάλακτο· δάμασσε δέ μιν μεμαῶτα.
 καὶ τοὺς μὲν λίπειν αὐθὶς ἄναξ ἄνδρῶν Ἀγαμέμνων,
 στήθεσι παρφαίνοντας, ἐπεὶ περίδυσε χιτῶνας· 100
 αὐτὰρ δέ βῆ Πισόν τε καὶ Ἀντιφόν ἔξεναρίζειν,
 νῦν δύο Πριάμοιο, νόθον καὶ γυήσιον, ἀμφω
 εἰν ἐνὶ δίφρῳ ἔοιτας. δέ μὲν νόθος ἥνιόχεινε,
 Ἀντιφόν αὖ παρέβασκε περικλυτός· ὃ ποτ' Ἀχιλλεύς
 ποιμαίνοντ' ἐπ' ὄεσσι λαβών, καὶ ἔλισσεν ἀποινων. 105
 δῆ τότε γ' Ἀτρετῶντος εὐρυκρείων Ἀγαμέμνων
 τὸν μὲν ὑπὲρ μαζοῦ κατὰ στήθος βάλε δουρὶ,
 Ἀντιφόν αὐτε παρ' οὐς ἔλασε ξίφει, ἐκ δέ ἔβαλ· ἵππων.
 στεφχόμενος δέ ἀπὸ τοῦτο ἀσύλα τεύχεα καλά, 110

The sheen of brass, the slayers and the slain.

While yet 'twas morning tide, and day divine
Still grew, so long the spears of either host
Found mark and warriors fell. But at the hour
When in a forest glade the woodman spreads
His mid-day meal—for loathing now the work
His spirit feels desire of pleasant food—
Ev'n at that hour the Danaans' prowess brake
The opposing squares, as in their ranks they urged
Each one his comrade. Agamemnon first
Dashed in, and slew a man, Bienor named,
A people's shepherd, then his comrade true
Oileus slew he, smiter of his steeds.
Who from the car leapt down and faced the foe,
But him, as eager on he pressed, the king
With pointed spear full in the forehead pierced,
Nor did the helmet-rim of heavy brass
Turn back the spear, which through the metal passed
And through the bone, that all the brains within
Were scattered, and his eager spirit quelled.
And these the son of Atreus king of men
Left there to lie with breasts all bare and bright
Stript of their shirts of mail; and hied him on
To slay two sons of Priam, Isus named
And Antiphus, a bastard and a true,
Both in one car. The bastard held the reins,
While noble Antiphus fought by his side.
These twain Achilleus once on Ida's slope
Took as they fed their sheep, and bound them fast
With willow bands, and then for ransom loosed.
But now did Agamemnon, mighty king,
The son of Atreus, cast his spear and strike
The one above the nipple on the breast,
And Antiphus he smote beside the ear
With cut of sword, and hurled him from his car.
Then hasted he to strip from off the twain

γηγενάσκων· καὶ γάρ σφε πάρος παρὰ νησὸν θοῆσιν
εἶδεν, ὅτε ἐξ Ἰδης ἀγαγεν πόδας ὥκνε 'Αχιλλεύς.

ὡς δὲ λέων ἐλάφοιο ταχείης νήπια τέκνα

ρηιδίως συνέαξε λαβὼν κρατερούσιν ὁδοῦσιν,

ἐλθὼν εἰς εὐνήν, ἀπαλόν τέ σφ' ἡτορ ἀπηύρα·

113

ἡ δὲ εἰ πέρ τε τύχησι μάλα σχεδόν, οὐ δύναται σφιν

χραισμεῖν αὐτὴν γάρ μν ὑπὸ τρόμος αἰνὸς ἵκανε·

καρκαλίμως δὲ ἡιξε διὰ δρυμὰ πυκνὰ καὶ ὑλην

σπεύδουσ' ἴδρωσιντα κραταιοῦ θηρὸς ὑφ' ὄρμῆς·

ὡς ἄρα τοῖς οὖς τις δύνατο χραισμῆσαι ὄλεθρον·

120

Τρώων, ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτοὶ ὑπ' Ἀργείοισι φέβοντο.

αὐτὰρ δὲ Πείσανδρὸν τε καὶ Ἰππόλοχον μενεχάρμην,

νιέας Ἀντιμάχοιο δαίφρονος, διὰ δὲ μάλιστα

χρυσὸν Ἀλεξάνδροιο δεδεγμένος, ἀγλαὰ δῶρα,

οὐκ εἴσαχ· Ἐλένην δόμεναι ξανθῷ Μενελάῳ,

125

τοῦ περ δὴ δύο παῖδες λάθεν κρείων Ἀγαμέμνων

εἰς ἐνὶ δίφρῳ ἔοντας, δμοῦ δὲ ἔχον ὥκέας Ἰππούς·

ἐκ γάρ σφεας χειρῶν φύγον ἡνία συγαλδεντα,

τὰ δὲ κυκηθήτην. δὲ δὲ ἐναντίον ὥρτο λέων ὡς

Ἀτρεῖδης τῷ δὲ αὐτῷ ἐκ δίφρου γουναζέσθηρ·

130

"ζώγρε, Ἀτρέος νιέ, σὺ δὲ ἄξια δέξαις ἄποινα·

πολλὰ δὲ ἐν Ἀντιμάχοιο δόμοις κειμήλια κεῖται,

χαλκός τε χρυσός τε πολύκμητός τε σίδηρος,

τῶν κέν τοι χαρίσαιτο πατήρ ἀπερείστις ἄποινα,

εἰ νῶι ζώους πεπύθοιτε· ἐπὶ νησὸν Ἀχαιῶν."

135

Ως τώ γε κλαίοντε προσαυδήτην βασιλῆα

μελιχίοις ἐπέεσσιν ἀμεδαικτον δὲ δπ' ἀκονσαν

"εἰ μὲν δὴ Ἀντιμάχοιο δαίφρονος νιέεις ἐστόν,

δε ποτέ ἐνὶ Τρώων ἀγορῇ Μενέλαον ἀνωγεν,

Their goodly arms, well knowing those whom erst
By the swift ships he saw when captive brought
From Ida by Achilleus fleet of foot.
And as a lion to his lair returned
Finds in his covert laid the weakling young
Of nimble hind, whom in his powerful teeth
With ease he crunches, of their tender life
Bereaving them—but she, their dam, hard by
Yet cannot save them, for with trembling dread
Herself is touched, and swift she speeds away
Through tangled copse and wood, in haste and sweat,
To 'scape the onset of the mighty beast—
So these from doom the Trojans could not save,
But fled themselves before their Argive foes.

Then on Pisander and Hippolochus,
A warrior staunch, Atrides came—the sons
Of brave Antimachus, who most of all,
Bribed by rich gifts of Alexander's gold
To Menelaus of the yellow hair
Forbade to give back Helen—on his sons
King Agamemnon came, two in one car,
As they toward him drove their fleet-foot steeds ;
For from their hands the shining reins escaped,
And all confused they strayed. Against them rose
Atrides, as a lion ; whom the twain
From out the car addressed with suppliant prayer :
“ Give quarter, son of Atreus ! and receive
A worthy ransom. With Antimachus
Lie many treasures stored, both brass and gold
And well-wrought iron : and of these our sire
Would give unstinted ransom, should he learn
That at the Achaian vessels yet we live.”

Thus weeping they addressed the king with words
Of softness, but no soft reply they heard :
“ If truly sons of brave Antimachus
Ye be, who once in Trojan council urged

ἀγγελήν εἰθόντα σὺν ἀντιθέφῳ Ὀδυσσεῖ,
αὐτοὶ κατακτεῖναι μηδὲ ἔξεμεν ἀψὲ τοῖς Ἀχαιοῖς,
τὸν μὲν δὴ τοῦ πατρὸς ἀεικέα τίσετε λόβην.”

ἥ, καὶ Πείσανδρον μὲν ἀφ’ ἵππων ὡςε χαμᾶξε,
δουρὶ βαλανὸν πρὸς στῆθος· δὲ δὲ ἵππιος οὐδεὶς ἐρεσθη·
Ἴππολοχος δὲ ἀπόρουσα. τὸν αὖ χαμαλὸνάριξε, 145
χεῖρας ἀπὸ διέφει πλήξας ἀπό τὸν αὐχένα κόψα,
δλυμον δὲ ὡς ἔσσενε κυλίνδεσθαι διέ οὐδειν.

τοὺς μὲν ἔσασ’, δὲ δὲ, διθεὶς πλεῖστας κλονέοντο φάλαργες,
τῷ δὲ ἐνόρουσ’, ἄμα δὲ ἄλλοι εὔκυνήμιδες Ἀχαιοί.
πεζοὶ μὲν πεζοὺς ὄλεκον φεύγοντας ἀνάγκη,
ἴππην δὲ ἴππην—ὑπὸ σφίσις δὲ ὀρτο κονίη
ἢ πεδίου, τὴν ὠρσαν ἐργυδουποιοι πόδες ἵππων—
χαλκῷ δηισαντες. ἀτὰρ κρείσων Ἀγαμέμνων
αἰὲν ἀποκτείνων ἔπειτα, Ἀργείοισι κελεύων.

ὡς δὲ ὅτε πῦρ ἀΐδηλον ἐν ἀξύλῳ ἐμπέσῃ ὑλῆ·
πάντη τὸν εἰλυφόνων ἄνεμος φέρει, οἱ δέ τε θάμνοι
πρόρριζοι πίπτουσιν ἐπειγόμενοι πυρὸς ὄρμη·
ὡς ἀρ’ ὑπὸ Ἀτρετῷ Ἀγαμέμνονι πῖπτε κάρηνα
Τρέσσων φευγόντων, πολλοὶ δὲ ἐριαύχενες ἵπποι
καὶ δύσας κροτάλιζον ἀνὰ πτολέμοιο γεφύρας,
ἡμίσχους ποθίσαντες ἀμύμονας. οἱ δέ ἐπὶ γαίη
κείσατο, γύγνεσσοι πολὺ φίλτεροι ή ἀλόχοισιν.

“Εἰπορα δὲ βελέων ὑπαγεῖ Ζεὺς ἐκ τε κονίης
ἐκ τοῦ ἀνδροκτασίης ἐκ θεοῦ αἴματος ἐκ τε κυδομοῦ·
Ἀτρετῆτη δὲ ἔπειτα σφεδανὸν Δαναοῖσι καλεύων. 165
οἱ δὲ παρ’ Ἰλον σῆμα παλαιοῦ Δαρδανίδαο,
μέσσον καὶ πεδίον, παρ’ ἐρινεδὺ δοσεύοντο

That Menelaus, when in embassy
He with divine Odysseus came, should there
Be slain, nor to Achaia free return ;
Your father's outrage vile ye now shall pay."

He spake, and from the chariot to the ground
Pisander hurled, with spear-wound on the breast,
Who backward struck the earth. Then fled away
Hippolochus ; and him on foot he slew,
Severing his hands and sweeping off the neck
With stroke of sword, and as a bowling stone
The limbless trunk sent spinning through the throng.

These there he left, and where the thickest squares
Fled in confused rout there dashed he in,
And with him all Achaia's well-greaved host.
Foot slaughtered foot, as now perforce they fled,
Horse upon horse, while 'neath them rose the dust
Stirred by the thundering hoofs from off the plain,
Dealt death with weapons keen. And he, the king,
Great Agamemnon, followed ever close
Slaying the foes, and urged his Argives on.
And as when wasting fire some forest dense
Invades, and by the wind is onward rolled,
Burnt to the roots the saplings prostrate fall
Pressed by the furious flame, so in their flight
The Trojan heads before Atrides fell.
And many were the steeds of arching neck
That roamed with empty clattering cars across
The battle bridge, lacking the guiding hands
Of blameless charioteers, who prostrate lay
A daintier sight for vultures than for wives.

But Hector from the spears, and from the dust,
And from the carnage and the blood and din,
Zeus kept apart, while Atreus' son pressed on
Furious and fast, urging his Danaan host.
Whose foemen past the tomb of Ilus old
The son of Dardanus, o'er the mid plain

ιέμενοι πόλεις· δὲ δὲ κεκληγός ἔπειτ' αἰεὶ¹⁷⁰
 Ἀτρεΐδης, λύθρῳ δὲ παλάσσετο χεῖρας ἀπόπους·
 αλλ' δὲ δὲ Σκαιός τε πύλας καὶ φηγὸν Ἰκοντο,¹⁷⁵
 ἐνθ' ἄρα δῆ Ἰσταντό καὶ ἀλλήλους ἀνέμιμνοι.
 οὐ δὲ ἔτι καὶ μέσσον πεδίον φοβέοντο, βόες μὲν
 ἂν τε λέων ἐφόβησε μολὼν ἐν νυκτὶς ἀμολγῷ
 πάσσος· τῇ δέ τ' ἵη ἀναφαίνεται αἰπὺς δλεθρος·
 τῆς δὲ εὖ αὐχέν' ἔστι λαβῶν κρατεροῖσιν ὁδοῦσιν¹⁸⁰
 πρῶτον, ἔπειτα δέ θ' αἷμα καὶ δύκατα πάντα λαφύσσει.
 ὡς τοὺς Ἀτρεΐδης ἐφεπειρέων Ἀγαμέμνον,
 αἰεὶ ἀποκτείνων τὸν διπλοτάτον· οὐ δὲ φέβοντο.
 πολλοὶ δὲ πρηνεῖς τε καὶ ὄπτιοι ἐκπεσοντες Ἰππῶν
 Ἀτρεΐδεων ὑπὸ χεροῦ· περιπρὸν γάρ δύχει θύει.¹⁸⁵
 ἀλλ' δὲ δὴ τάχ' ἐμελλον ὑπὸ πτόλιν αἰπύ τε τεῖχος
 ἔζεσθαι, τότε δὴ ἡρα πατήρ ἀνδρῶν τε θεῶν τε
 Τίδης ἐν κορυφῇσι, καθέζετο πιδηέσσοης
 οὐρανόθεν καταβάσ· διχε δὲ ἀστεροπῆν μετὰ χερούς·¹⁹⁰
 Ἰρις δὲ ἀτρυνει χρυσόπτερον ἀγγελέουσαν·
 "Βάσκε" Ιθί, "Ιρι ταχεῖα, τὸν Ἐκτορι μῦθον ἔνισπε.
 δόφρον μὲν κεν ὄρῳ Ἀγαμέμνονα ποιμένα λαῶν
 θύειον· ἐν προμάχοισιν, ἐναρροτα στίχας ἀνδρῶν,
 τόφρον ἀναγκωρέτει, τὸν δὲ ἄλλον λαὸν ἀνάχθε
 μάρτυρασθαι δηλοισι κατὰ κρατερῆν ὑσμίνην.¹⁹⁵
 αὐτῷρ δέπει κέ η δουρὸ τυπεῖς η βλήμενος ἵψ
 εἰς Ἰπποντ ἀλοται, τότε οἱ κράτος ἐγγυαλίξει,
 κτείνειν εἰς δὲ τῆςτ εἴσσελμοντ ἀφίκηται
 δύρ τ' ἡδιος καὶ ἐπὶ κνέφας ἴερδον δλεθρο."
 ἀτ δέ φατ', οὐδὲ ἀπίθησε ποδήμος ὥκεια Ἰρι,²⁰⁰

Past the wild fig-tree, fled in eager haste
To gain the town : Atrides following still
With shrilling cry, his hands invincible
All stained with gore. But when the Scaean gates
And oak-tree they had reached, the foremost there
Stood firm, their fleeing comrades to await.
Who o'er the middle plain still fled, as kine
By lion coming in the dead of night
Flee all affrighted, but destruction dire
For one is seen, whose neck with powerful teeth
The beast first seizing breaks, then drains the blood
And all the flesh devours—ev'n so on these
King Agamemnon son of Atreus pressed,
And slew each hindmost foe, as still they fled.
And many fell beneath Atrides' hands,
Face forward from their cars or backward thrown,
For foremost and most furious raged his lance.

But when beneath the town and beetling wall
He now full soon had come, then from high heaven
The sire of gods and men descending sate
On Ida's peak, that mount of many rills,
With levin-bolt in hand : and thus he urged
Iris his courier of the golden wings :
" Hie thee, swift Iris, and to Hector speak
This word of mine : So long as he shall see
Great Agamemnon shepherd of his host
Rushing amid the van and dealing death
On ranks of men, so long let him retire
Himself, but bid the rest, the common throng,
In stubborn conflict with their foemen fight.
But when the king by spear or arrow smit
Leaps on his car, then grant I strength to him
To slay till to the well-benched ships he come,
And sun be set and sacred darkness fall."

He spake : nor disobedient to his word
Swift windfoot Iris gat her down in haste

βῆ δὲ κατ' Ἰδαῖον ὄρεων εἰς Ἰλιον ἥρην.
 εὐρ' οὐδὲν Πριάμοιο δαΐφρονος, Ἐκτορα διον,
 ἀσταότ' ἐν θ' ἵπποισι καὶ ἄρμασι κολλητοῖσιν.
 ἀγχοῦ δὲ ἵσταμένη προσέφη πόδας ὥκεα Ἰρις
 Ἐκτορ οὐδὲ Πριάμοιο, Διὸς μῆτιν ἀτάλαντε, 200
 Ζεὺς με πατήρ προέηκε τεῦν τάδε μυθῆσασθαι.
 δόφρ' ἀν μὲν κεν δρῆτις Ἀγαμέμνονα ποιμένα λαῶν
 θύνοντις ἐν προμάχοισιν, ἀναίροντα στίχας ἀνδρῶν,
 τόφρ' ὑπόσκεις μάχης, τὸν δὲ ἄλλον λαὸν ἀνωχθε
 μάρνασθαι δηλοισι κατὰ κρατερὴν ὑσμάνην. 205
 αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ καὶ οὐδεὶς τυπεῖς οὐ βλήμενος ἵψ
 εἰς ἵππους ἀλεταί, τότε τοι κράτος ἐγγυαλίζει,
 ατείνεις εἰς δὲ καὶ οὐτας ἐνσσέλμους ἀφίκησαι
 δύη τὸν ἡέλιον καὶ ἐπὶ κυνέφας οἱρὸν ἔλθη. 210
 οὐ μὲν ἀρέτης εἰποῦστος ἀπέβη πόδας ὥκεα Ἰρις,
 Ἐκτορ δὲ δεξὶ ὀχέων ξὺν τεύχεσιν ἀλτο χαμάζε,
 πάλλων δὲ δεξέα δούρε κατὰ στρατὸν φέρετο πάντη,
 ὀτρύνων μαχέσασθαι, ἔγειρε δὲ φύλοπιν αἰνήν.
 οἱ δὲ διελέχθησαν καὶ ἐναντίοις ἀσταν Ἀχαιῶν. 215
 Ἀργεῖοι δὲ ἐτέρωθεν ἐκαρτίναντο φάλαγγας.
 ἡρτύνθη δὲ μάχη, στὰν δὲ ἀντίοις ἐν διαδικανον
 πρώτος δροντις, ἀθελεν δὲ πολὺ προμάχεσθαι ἀπάντων.
 δοκετε τὸν μοι μοῦσαν, Ὁλύμπια δόματα ἔχουσαν,
 οὐ τις δὴ πρώτος Ἀγαμέμνονος ἀντίον ἦλθεν
 η αὐτῶν Τρώων ηὲ κλειστῶν ἐπικούρων. 220
 Ἰφιδάμας Ἀντηνορίδης ηύτε μέγας τε,
 δε τράφη ἐν Θρήκη ἐριβώλακε, μητέρι μήλων.
 Κισσῆρ τόν γέ ἔθρευψε δόμοις ἐνι τυτθὸν ἐόντα
 μητροπάτωρ, οὐς ἔτικτε Θεανὸν καλλιπάργον.
 αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ δέ τοις ἡβῆς ἐρικυδέος ἵκετο μέτρον,
 αὐτοῦ μη κατέρυκε, δίδου δὲ δέ τοις θυγατέρα δέ. 225

From Ida's peaks to sacred Ilion.
There godlike Hector warlike Priam's son
Standing she found, with steeds and well-framed car:
And near him fleet-foot Iris stood and spake:
"Hector, thou son of Priam, peer of Zeus
In counsel, Zeus the father sent me forth
These words to bear thee: Long as thou shalt see
Great Agamemnon shepherd of his host
Rushing amid the van and dealing death
On ranks of men, so long do thou retire
Thyself, but bid the rest, the common throng,
In stubborn conflict with their foemen fight.
But when the king by spear or arrow smit
Leaps on his car, then grants he strength to thee
To slay till to the well-benched ships thou come,
And sun be set and sacred darkness fall."

Thus fleet-foot Iris spake, and went her way;
But Hector from his chariot to the ground
Armed as he was down leapt. Two lances keen
He brandished high, and went through all the host
Urging to fight, and roused the furious fray.
Round turned they all and faced the Achaian foe;
While on the other side the Argive host
Made strong their squares. The battle thus arrayed,
Line fronted line: and Agamemnon first
Dashed in, and far in front was bold to fight.

Ye Muses, in Olympian halls who dwell,
Say now who first 'gainst Agamemnon came,
Of Troy's own sons or of renowned allies.
Iphidamas Antenor's son, a man
Both brave and tall, bred up in deep-soiled Thrace,
Mother of flocks. Him Cisseus in his home
Bred from a child, Cisseus his mother's sire,
He who begat Theano, fair-cheeked dame.
But when to glorious manhood he attained,
His daughter gave he him to wife, and there

γήμας δ' ἐκ θαλάσσαιο μετὰ κλέος ἴκετ' Ἀχαιῶν
ἔννοι δυοκαΐδεκα τηνσὶ κορωνίσιν, αἱ οἱ ἀποντο.
τὰς μὲν ἔπειτ' ἐν Περικότη λίπε τῆς εἰσας,
αὐτάρ δὲ πεζὸς ἀδὲν εἰς Τίλιον εἰληλούθει.

δε ρά τότε Ἀτρεΐδεων Ἀγαμέμνονος ἀντίον ἥλθεν.
αἱ δὲ δῆ σχεδὸν ἥσαν ἐπ' ἀλλήλοισιν ἰόντες,
Ἀτρεΐδης μὲν ἀμαρτε, παρὰ δέ οἱ ἀτράπετ' ὅγχος,
Τιφιδάμας δὲ κατὰ ζώνην, θώρηκος ἐνερθεν,

τύξ, ἐπὶ δὲ αὐτὸς ἔρεισε, βαρείη χειρὶ πιθῆσας.
οὐδὲ ἔτορε ζωστῆρα παναίδολον, ἀλλὰ πολὺ πρὸν
ἀργύρῳ ἀντομένη, μοδιθεος ὡς, ἀτράπετ' αἰχμῆ.
καὶ τό γε χειρὶ λαβὼν εὐρυκρεῶν Ἀγαμέμνων

ἔλαξ ἐπὶ οἱ μεμασὼς ὡς τε λίς, ἐκ δὲ ἀρα χειρός
σπάσσατο· τὸν δὲ ἀρτι πληῆς αὐχένα, λῦσε δὲ γυῖα.
ὡς δὲ μὲν αὖθις πεσὼν κοιμήσατο χάλκεον ὑπνον
οἰκτρός, ἀπὸ μυηστῆς ἀλόχου, ἀστοῖσιν ἀρήγων,
κουρδίης, ἣς οὐ τι χάριν ἴδε, πολλὰ δὲ ἔδωκεν·
πρῶθ' ἐκατὸν βοῦς δῶκεν, ἔπειτα δὲ χίλια ὑπέστη,

εὐχατὸς δέ μοι καὶ δίει, τά οἱ ἀσπετα ποιμαίνοντο.
δῆ τότε γ' Ἀτρεΐδης Ἀγαμέμνων ἔξενάριξεν,
βῆ δὲ φέρων ἀν' δμιλον Ἀχαιῶν τεύχεα καλά.

τὸν δὲ οὖν ἐνόησε Κόων ἀριδείκετος ἀνδρῶν,
πρεσβυγενῆς Ἀντηνορίδης, κρατερόν ρά ἐπένθος
όφθαλμοις ἐκάλυψε καστυγήτοιο πεσόντος.
στῇ δὲ εὐράξ σὺν δουρὶ, λαβὼν Ἀγαμέμνονα διον,
τύξε δέ μιν κατὰ χεῖρα μέσην, ἀγκάνος ἐνερθεν,
ἀστυκρὺς δὲ διέσχε φαεινοῦ δουρὸς ἀκωκή.
ρέγγησέν τ' ἄρ' ἔπειτα ἀναξ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγαμέμνων·

Was fain to keep him. But, the marriage made,
Led by the rumour of Achaian war
The new-made bridegroom from his chamber went
With the twelve beaked ships that followed him.
These balanced ships he at Percote left,
And came by land to Ilion : where now
He fronted Agamemnon Atreus' son.
And to each other when they now drew near,
Atrides missed his mark, his erring spear
Turning aside ; but him Iphidamas
Beneath the corslet on the girdle struck,
And followed up the blow with all his weight
Reliant on his heavy hand ; yet so
Pierced not the supple belt ; ere that might be,
By silver met the point like lead was turned.
Then Agamemnon, mighty king, the spear
Grasped and with lion's fury toward him drew
Wrenched from his foeman's hand, whom with the sword
He smote upon the neck, and loosed his limbs.
So fell he there, and slept a brazen sleep,
Ah ! hapless one ! away from wedded wife
Aiding his townsmen—far from that young bride
Of whom he saw no joy tho' much he gave.
First gave he kine fivescore, then fifty score
Promised to follow, mingled goats and sheep
From the vast flocks that grazed on his domain.
Him now Atrides slew, and bare away
His goodly armour through Achaia's throng.
Whom soon as Cœon saw, a man of mark,
Antenor's eldest-born, a mighty grief
Darkened his eyes for this his brother's fall.
And with his spear he took his stand, unseen
Of godlike Agamemnon, at the side,
And in mid arm beneath the elbow-joint
So smote him that the glittering point passed on
Right through. Then Agamemnon king of men

ἀλλ' οὐδὲ ὡς ἀπέληγε μάχης ηδὲ πτολέμοιο,
ἀλλ' ἐπόρουσε Κόωνι ἔχων ἀνεμοτρεφὲς ἔγχος.

255

ἡ τοι ὁ Ἰφιδάμαντα καστηνητον καὶ διπατρον
ἔλκε ποδὸς μεμαώς, καὶ ἀύτει πάντας ἀρίστους·
τὸν δὲ ἔλκοντ' ἀν' ὅμιλον ὑπ' ἀσπίδος διμφαλοέσσης
οὔτησε ξυστῷ χαλκήρει, λῦσε δὲ γυῖα·

260

τοῦ δὲ ἐπ' Ἰφιδάμαντι κάρη ἀπέκοψε παραστάς.
ἔνθ' Ἀντήνορος υἱες ὑπ' Ἀτρεῖδη βασιλῆς
πότμον ἀναπλήσαντες ἔδυν δόμον "Ἄιδος εἴσω.

αὐτάρ δὲ τῶν ἄλλων ἐπεπωλεῖτο στίχας ἀνδρῶν
ἔγχει τ' ἄορί τε μεγάλοιστε τε χερμαδίοισιν,
ἔφρα οἱ αἷμ' ἔτι θερμὸν ἀνήνοθεν ἐξ ὀτειλῆς.
αὐτάρ ἐπεὶ τὸ μὲν ἔλκος ἐτέρσετο, παύσατο δὲ αἷμα,
οἵξεις δὲ ὁδύναι δύνον μένος Ἀτρεῖδαο.

265

ὡς δὲ δτ' ἀν ὁδίνουσαν ἔχη βέλος ὁξὺ γυναικα,
δρυμύ, τό τε προΐεισι μογοστόκοις Εἰλείθυιαι,
"Ηρης θυγατέρες πικρὰς ὁδῶνας ἔχουσαι,
ὡς ὁξεῖς ὁδύναι δύνον μένος Ἀτρεῖδαο.

270

ἔτι δίφρον δὲ ἀνόρουσε, καὶ ἡνιόχῳ ἐπέτελλεν
ηνσὶν ἔπι γλαφυρῆσιν ἐλαυνέμεν· ηχθετο γὰρ κῆρ.
ἥνσεν δὲ διαπρύσιον, Δαναοῖσι γεγωνώς·
"ὦ φίλοι Ἀργείων ἡγήτορες ηδὲ μέδοντες,
νῦμεν μὲν τῦν ηνσὶν ἀμύνετε ποντοπόροισιν
φύλοπις ἀργαλέην, ἐπεὶ οὐκ ἐμὲ μητιέτα Ζεύς
εἴσετε Τρώεσσι πανημέριον πολεμίζειν."

275

ὦς ἔφαθ', ἡνιοχος δὲ ἴμασεν καλλίτριχας ἵππους
ηῆς ἔπι γλαφυράς· τῷ δὲ οὐκ ἀέκοντε πετέσθην·
δίφρον δὲ στήθεα, ράνοντο δὲ νέρθε κονίη,
τειρόμενον βασιλῆα μάχης ἀπάνευθε φέροντες.

280

Shuddered indeed, yet stayed not even so
From fight and battle, but on Cœon rushed
Waving a spear of tempest-hardened wood.
He in hot haste was dragging by the foot
Iphidamas his brother and sire's son,
Calling the best to aid: but, through the throng
As thus he dragged him, 'neath the bossy shield
His foeman smote him with a brass-shod lance
And loosed his limbs, then standing near cut off
Over Iphidamas his brother's head.
From king Atrides there Antenor's sons
Found their due fate and sought the nether gloom.

Then ranged he through the other warrior ranks
With sword and spear and ponderous boulder stones,
While yet the blood gushed warm from out his wound.
But when 'twas dried, and blood had ceased to flow,
Sharp pains then racked the mighty Atreus' son.
And as a woman travailing doth feel
That arrow sharp and piercing which is sped
By Hera's daughters, Ilithyiae named,
The queens of child-birth labour who control
The bitter travail's pangs, so sharp the pains
That then did rack the mighty Atreus' son.
Up leapt he on his chariot, and gave charge
That to the carvèd ships his charioteer
Should drive, for he was sick at heart. But first
To all the Danaans his shrill shout he sent:
"Friends, kings and captains of our Argive host,
Now from the seaborne ships the direful fray
Ward ye; for Zeus the counsellor forbids
That I all day should fight the Trojan foe."

He spake: and straight his charioteer lashed on
The fair-maned steeds to seek the carvèd ships.
Who not unwilling flew, with foam-flecked breasts,
And dust-besprinkled from beneath, as thus
Far from the field they bore the suffering king.

“Εκτερ δ' ὡς ἐνόησ' Ἀγαμέμνονα νόσφι κιόντα,
Τρωτὶ τε καὶ Λυκίοισιν ἐκέλετο μακρὸν ἀντας.” 285

“Τρῶες καὶ Λύκιοις καὶ Δάρδανοι ἀγχιμαχηταὶ,
ἀνέρες ἔστε, φίλοι, μνήσασθε δὲ θεούριδος ἀλκῆς.
οἵχετ' ἀπὸ τριστος, ἐμοὶ δὲ μέγ' εὐχος ἔδωκεν
Ζεὺς Κρονίδης. ἀλλ' ίθὺς ἀλαύνετε μάνυχας ἵππους
ἴφθιμων Δαναῶν, οὐ' ὑπέρτερον εὐχος ἄρησθε.” 290

Ἄς εἰπὲν ἄτρυνε μένος καὶ θυμὸν ἐκάστου.
Ἄς δ' ὅτε πού τις θηρητὴρ κύνας ἀργιόδοντας
σεύγε ἐπ' ἀγροτέρῳ συντὶ καπρίῳ τὴν λάοντι,
Ἄς ἐπ' Ἀχαιοῖσιν σεῦντες Τρῶας μεγαθύμους
“Εκτερ Πριαμίδης, βροτολογύφ ίσος Ἀρης. 295
αὐτὸς δέ εν πράτοισι μέγα φρονέων ἐβεβήκει,
ἐν δέ ἐπεστὶ ὑσμίνη ὑπερατὶ ίσος ἀέλλῃ,
ἢ τε καβαλλομένη ίσαιδέα πόντοις ὄρλιει.

Ἐνθα τίνα πρῶτον τίνα δέ ὑστατον ἔξενάριξεν.
“Εκτερ Πριαμίδης, ὅτε οἱ Ζεὺς κῦδος ἔδωκεν; 300
Ἄσαιον μὲν πρῶτα καὶ Αὐτόνοον καὶ Ὁπίτην
καὶ Δόλοτα Κλυτίδην καὶ Ὁφέλτιον τὸ δέ Ἀγέλαον
Αἴσουμαδόν τ' Ὁρόν τε καὶ Ἰππόνοον μενοχόρμην.
τοὺς ἄρ' δέ γ' ἡγεμόνας Δαναῶν δένει, αὐτὰρ ἐπειτα
πληθύνει, ἀς διπότε νέφεα Ζέφυρος στυφελίζει 305
ἀργεστᾶς Νότοιο, βαθείη λαῖλαπι τύπτων
πολλὸν δὲ τρόφι μῆμα κυλίνδεται, ὑψόσε δέ δάχνη
σκέδασται ἐξ ἀνέμοιο πολυπλάγκτοιο ίσης.
Ἄς δρα πυκνὰ καρῆαθ' υφ' Ἔκτορι δάμνατο λαῶν.

Ἐνθα καὶ λουγδός ἦν καὶ ἀμήχανα ἔργα γένοντα,
καὶ τό καὶ ἐν τήσσε πέσον φεύγοντες Ἀχαιοί,
εἰ μὴ Τινδετῶν Διομήδει πέλεστ' Ὁδυσσεύτ.

But Hector, when retiring thus he spied
 King Agamemnon, shouted loud, and called
 To all the Trojan and the Lycian host :
 " Ye Trojans, Lycians, and ye Dardans good
 In closest fight, quit you like men, my friends,
 And of impetuous valour be your thought.
 Gone is the bravest man ; and now to me
 Zeus Cronides great glory grants. But drive
 Right at the Danaans stout your firm-hoofed steeds,
 That so a higher glory ye may win."

He spake, and stirred the heart and soul of each.
 And as some hunter urges on the prey—
 A lion or a tusky forest boar—
 The white-toothed dogs, so Hector Priam's son,
 In semblance as the War-god, mortals' bane,
 Urged the bold Trojans on the Achaian foe.
 Himself full proudly strode amid the first,
 And burst upon the fight, as bursts a storm
 With forceful gust, that sudden leaping down
 Confounds the billows of the darkling main.

Whom first, whom last did Hector Priam's son
 There slay, when Zeus gave glory to his arm ?
 First was Asaeus, then Autonoüs,
 Ophites, Dolops (son of Clytus he),
 Opheltius, Agelas, Æsymnus then,
 And Orus and Hippoñoüs staunch in fight.
 These Danaan chiefs he slew : then meaner men
 Full many ; as clouds that of the white south bred
 Are by the west wind driven, what time he smites
 With headlong squall—On rolls the swelling wave,
 High flies the scattered spray beneath the force
 Of the wide-wandering wind—So frequent fell
 Vanquished by Hector's might his foemen's heads.

And havoc there and deeds irreparable
 Had been, and to their ships Achaia's sons
 Had headlong fled, had not Odysseus thus
 To Diomedes son of Tydeus cried :

“Τιδεῖδη, τί πεθώστε λελάσμενα θυέριδος ἀλιτῆς;
ἀλλ' ἀγε δεῦρο, πέπον, παρ' ἐμ' Ἰστασο· δὴ γάρ ἀλεγχος
δοσταῖ, εἴ καν νῆας δῆρ κορυθαίολος “Εἰκτωρ.”

315

τὸν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη κρατερὸς Διομήδης·
“ἢ τοι δύο μηνέων καὶ τλήσομαι· ἀλλὰ μίνυθα
ἡμέων δοταὶ ἡδος, ὅπει νεφεληγερέτα Ζεύς
Τρωῶν δὴ βάλεται δοῦναι κράτος ηὲ περ ἡμῖν.”

ἥ, καὶ Θυμβραῖον μὲν ἀφ' Ἰππων ὥστε χαμάζε, 320
δουρὶ βαλλεῖ κατὰ μαζὸν ἀριστερόν, αὐτὰρ Ὁδυσσεὺς
ἀντίθεον θεράποντα Μολίονα τοῖον ἀνακτος.

τούτῳ μὲν ἐπειτ' εἴασσαν, ὅπει πολέμου ἀπέπαυσσαν·
τὸν δ' αὐτὸν ἴόντε κυδοίμεον, ὡς ὅτε κάπρῳ
ἔτι κυνὶ θηρητῆρος μέγα φρονέουτε πέσητον· 325
Ἄλλον Τρῶας πάλιν ὀρμένω. αὐτὰρ Ἀχαιοί
ἀσπασίας φεύγοντες ἀνέπνεον “Εἰκτορα δίον.

Ἱνθ' ἀλέτην δίφρον τε καὶ ἀνέρε δήμου ἀρίστων,
οὐδὲ δύο Μέροτος Περκασίου, δις περὶ πάντων
γῆδη μαυτοσύνας, οὐδὲ οὐδὲ παιδας δασκεν
στείχειν ἐπι πόλεμον φθισθῆρα. τὸ δέ οἱ οὐ τι
πειθέσθην· εῆρες γάρ ἄγον μέλανος θανάτου.
τούτῳ μὲν Τιδεῖδης δουρικλεετὸς Διομήδης,
βίμοιν καὶ ψυχῆς κεκαδών ελυτὰ τεύχε' ἀπηύρα,
Ἴππόδαμον δ' Ὁδυσσεὺς καὶ Ὄπειροχον ἔξενάριξεν.

335

Ἱνθα σφιν κατὰ ίσα μάχην ἐτάνυσσε Κρονίου
δὲ “Ιδης καθορῶν· τοι δ' ἀλλήλους ἐνάριξον.
ἥ τοι Τιδέος νιός Ἀγάστροφον οὐτασσε δουρὶ
Παιονίδην ἡρεια κατ' Ισχλον· οὐδὲ γάρ Ἰππων
ἀργὺτ δουλιν προφυγεῖν, ἀσσατο δὲ μέγα θυμῷ.

340

"Tydides, what doth all us to forget
 Impetuous valour? Hither come, sweet friend,
 Stand thou by me; surely 'twere shame our ships
 Should fall to Hector of the glancing plume."

To whom stout Diomedes made reply:
 "I truly will remain and dare the fight:
 Yet short will be our pleasure; for 'tis Zeus,
 Cloud-gathering god, who to the sons of Troy
 And not to us determines strength of war."

He spake, and forced Thymbraeus to the ground
 From out his car, by spear-throw stricken sore
 On the left breast. Odysseus then laid low
 That monarch's godlike squire, Molion named.
 And these they left when once from battle stayed:
 Then through the throng spread havoc, as two boars
 High-couraged charge upon the hunter pack;
 So turned they and dealt death to sons of Troy.
 And welcome breathing-space Achaia's host
 Thus found, as they from godlike Hector fled.

There did these twain a car and warrior pair
 O'ertake, the bravest of their folk, two sons
 Of Merops of Percote, him who knew
 Above all other each prophetic art;
 Whereby he still forbade his sons to seek
 The warrior-wasting war, but they no whit
 Obeyed, for fates of black death led them on.
 These spear-famed Diomedes Tydeus' son
 Reft of their breath and life, and bare away
 Their glorious arms, while by Odysseus' hand
 Were slain Hippodamus and Hypeirochus.

There Cronos' son from Ida looking down
 Balanced so evenly the tug of war
 That either slew their foes. Tydides smote
 Agastrophus a hero, Paeon's son,
 By spear-thrust on the hip: to aid whose flight
 No steeds were near—most foolish thought! for these

τοὺς μὲν γὰρ θεράπων ἀπάνευθ' ἔχεν, αὐτὰρ ὁ πεζός
θῦνε διὰ προμάχων, εἴως φίλον ὥλεσε θυμόν.

"Εκτῷρ δ' ὁξὺ νόησε κατὰ στήχας, φρτο δ' ἐπ' αὐτούς
κεκληργώς· ἅμα δὲ Τρέσων εἴποντο φάλαγγες.

τὸν δὲ ἴδεν ῥέγησε βοὴν ἀγαθὸς Διομήδης, 345

αἷψα δ' Ὁδυσσῆα προσεφώνεεν ἐγρυντα·

"νῦν δὴ τόδε πῆμα κυλίνδεται, ὅβριμος" Εκτῷρ.
αλλ' ἀγε δὴ στέωμεν καὶ ἀλεξώμεσθα μένοντες."

ἡ ρά, καὶ ἀμπεπαλῶν προτῇ δολιχόσκιον ἔγχος,
καὶ βάλεν, οὐδὲ ἀφάμαρτε, τιτυσκόμενος κεφαλῆφιν, 350
ἄκρην καὶ κόρυθα. πλάγχθη δ' ἀπὸ χαλκόφι χαλκός,
οὐδὲ ἵκετο χρόα καλόν· ἐρύκακε γὰρ τρυφάλεια
τρέπτυχος αὐλῶπις, τὴν οἱ πύρε Φοῖβος Ἀπόλλων.

"Εκτῷρ δ' ὡς' ἀπέλεθρον ἀνέδραμε, μῆκτο δ' ὀμβλῷ,
στῇ δὲ γνὺξ ἐριπών, καὶ ἐρείσατο χειρὶ παχεῖη
γαίης· ἀμφὶ δὲ δσσε κελαινῇ νὺξ ἐκάλυψεν. 355

δῆρα δὲ Τυδεῖῶν μετὰ δούρατος φέρετ' ἐρωήν
τῆλε διὰ προμάχων, δθι οἱ καταείσατο γαίης,
τόφρος" Εκτῷρ ἀμπινυτο, καὶ ἀψ ἐς δίφρον ὄρούσας
ἐξέλασ' ἐς πληθύν, καὶ ἀλεύατο κῆρα μέλαιναν. 360

δουρὶ δ' ἐπαίσσων προσέφη κρατερὸς Διομήδης·

"ἔξ αὐτὸν ἔφυγες θάνατον, κύον. η τέ τοι ἀγχε
ῆλθε κακόν· νῦν αὐτέ σ' ἐρύσατο Φοῖβος Ἀπόλλων,
φι μέλλεις εὑχεσθαι ἴων ἐς δοῦπον ἀκόντων.

η θήν σ' ἔξανύω γε καὶ ὑστερον ἀντιβολήσας,
εἴ πού τις καὶ ἐμοί γε θεῶν ἐπιτάρροθος ἐστίν.
νῦν αὖ τοὺς ἄλλους ἐπιείσομαι, δν κε κιχεῖω." 365

η, καὶ Παιωνίδην δουρικλυτὸν ἔξενάριζεν.
αὐτὰρ Ἀλέξανδρος, Ἐλάνης πόσις τὴν κόμοιο,

His squire apart still held, while he afoot
Rushed through the vanguard till he lost his life.
But Hector quickly spied among the ranks
These chiefs, and 'gainst them rose with shrilling shout,
His Trojan squares close following. At whose sight
Then shuddered Diomedes good in fray
And quick addrest Odysseus standing near :
" On us now rolls this woe, Hector the strong.
Come, stand we, and abiding beat him back."

He spake, and brandished his long-shadowed lance
And threw, nor missed the head whereat he aimed
Upon the topmost casque ; where brass met brass
And glanced aside, nor reached the comely skin ;
For by the helm 'twas checked, of triple plate
And crested ridge, Phoebus Apollo's gift.
Quick darted Hector back—a long way back—
And mingled with the throng : then to his knee
He fell, and rested with broad hand on earth,
And o'er his eyes a veil of night was spread.
And while Tydides through the van afar
Followed his rushing spear, where to the ground
He marked 'it fall, so long gat Hector breath,
Sped to his chariot back, to the main host
Drove off, and shunned black fate. Then with his spear
On rushing stalwart Diomedes spake :
" Death now thou 'scapest, hound ! though near indeed
The evil came. Phoebus Apollo now
Hath rescued thee, to whom belike thou prayest
When 'mid the hurtling spears thou dar'st to go.
Truly hereafter I shall meet thee yet
And work thy end, if, as I ween, some god
By me too stands a ready help. But now
Others I'll seek, whome'er my feet may find."

He spake, and slew the spear-famed Paon's son.
Then at Tydides, shepherd of his folk,
Did Alexander long-haired Helen's lord

Τιδεῖογ ἐπὶ τόξα τιταίνετο, ποιμένι λαῶν,
στήλῃ κεκλιμένος ἀνδροκυήτῳ ἐπὶ τύμβῳ
"Πλού Δαρδανίδας, παλαιοῦ δημογέροντος.
ἢ τοι δὲ μὴ θάρηκα 'Λγαστρόφου Ιφθίμοιο
εἴνετο" ἀπὸ στήθεσφι παναιόλον ἀσπίδα τὸ ὄμαν
καὶ κόρυθα βριαρίν· δὲ τόξου πῆχυν ἀνελκεν
καὶ βάλεν, οὐδὲ ἄρα μιν ἀλιον βέλος ἐκφυγε τοιρός,
ταρσὸν δεξιοτεροῦ ποδὸς· διὰ δὲ ἀμπερὲς ἵστ
ἐν γαλη κατέπηκτο. δὲ μάλα ήδυν γελάσσας
ἐκ λόχου ἀμτήδησε, καὶ εὐχόμενος ἔπος ηῦδα.
"Βέβληαι, οὐδὲ ἀλιον βέλος ἐκφυγεν. εἰς δφελὸν τοι τῷ
νελατον ἐτικενέντα βαλάντες εκ θυμὸν ἀλέσθαι.
οὕτω καὶ Τρῶες ἀνέπνευσαν κακότητος,
οἵ τέ σε πεφρίκαστο λιονθ' ὡς μηκάδες αἴγες."

τὸν δὲ οὐ ταρβήσας προσέφη κρατερὸς Διομήδης·
"τοξότα λαοβητήρ, κέραι ὄγλασι, παρθενοπίπα,
εἰ μὲν δὴ ἀντίβιον ξὺν τεύχεσι πειρηθεῖης,
οὐκ ἀν τοι χραίσμησι βιδες καὶ ταρφές ιοί·
τὸν δέ μὲν ἐπιγράψας ταρσὸν ποδὸς εὐχεαί αἴτως.
οὐκ ἀλέγω, οὐδὲ εἰ με γυνῆ βάλοι η τάις ἀφρον·
καφδες γάρ βέλος ἀνδρὸς ἀνάλκιδος οὐτιδανοῦ.
ἢ τὸ ἄλλως ὑπὸ ἐμεῖο, καὶ εἰ κ' ὀλέγον περ ἀπαύρη.
οἶντος πέλεται, καὶ ἀκήριον αἴψα τίθησιν·
τοῦ δὲ γυναικὸς μέν τὸ ἀμφιδρυφοί εἰσι παρειαί,
παιδες δὲ ὄρφανικοι· δὲ δέ θ' αἴματος γαῖαν ἀρεύθαν
πύθεται, οἰνον δὲ περὶ πλέοντος η γυναικες."

ὣς φάτο. τοῦ δὲ Ὀδυσσεὺς δουρικλυτὸς ἀγγύθεν ἀλθών
ἀστη πρόσθ· δὲ δὲ ὅπισθε καθεξόμενος βέλος ὥκι
ἐπε ποδὸς δλεκ', δδύση δὲ διὰ χροὸς ηλθ' ἀλεγειαή.
ἢ δίφρον δὲ ἀπέρουντε, καὶ θριόχῳ ἀπέτελλεν

Bend full his bow, as half-concealed he leant
Against the pillar set upon the mound
Raised by man's hand to mark old Ilus' tomb
The son of Dardanus, that greybeard chief
Tydides now of stout Agastrophus
The supple corslet from the breast, the shield
From off the shoulders, and the heavy helm
Was stripping, when his foeman drew the bow
Grasped by the centre-piece, nor from his hand
Escaped the shaft in vain, but struck the sole
Of his right foot. Full sweetly then he laughed,
Leapt from his lurking-place, and boastful spake:
"Thou'rt hit, no vain shaft 'scaped me. O I would
The wound were 'neath the ribs to reave thy life.
So had the sons of Troy got breathing-space
From their sad stress, who shuddering quake at thee
As at the lion quake the bleating goats."

To whom stout Diomedes, nought affrayed:
"Bowman, insulting braggart, bright-curled fop,
Girl-ogler! would'st thou try me, might to might,
With arms, then were thy bow of no avail,
Or arrows thickly showering. Now no more
Than marking but a scratch upon my foot
Thou boastest. I, as if by woman hit
Or silly child, nought heed it. Blunt and foiled
The weapon of the worthless coward flies.
Far otherwise from me, though it but graze,
Speeds the keen shaft, and quickly stills his heart,
Whomso it strike—a widowed wife laments
With cheeks all torn, children are fatherless,
Reddening the soil with blood his body rots,
Nor women there but carrion vultures throng."

He spake. Spear-famed Odysseus then came near
And stood before him: he, thus sheltered, sat
And drew from out his foot the rapid shaft,
While sore pain thrilled his flesh. Then to his car
He leapt, and bade his charioteer drive back

ηησίν ἔπει τηλαφυρῆσιν θλαυτέμεν· ἥχθετο γάρ εἴρ. 400
οἰώθη δὲ Ὁδυσσεὺς δουρικλιτός, οὐδὲ τις αὐτῷ
Ἄργειν παρέμενεν, ἔπει φόβος ἐλλαβε πάντας.
όχθησας δὲ ἄρα εἶπε πρὸς δὲ μεγαλήτορα θυμόν·
“Ἄ μοι δύν, τί πάθω; μέγα μὲν κακόν, εἰ καὶ φέβωμαι
πληθὺν ταρβήσας, τὸ δὲ φρύγιον, εἰ καὶ ἀλόω 405
μούνος· τοὺς δὲ ἄλλους Δαναοὺς ἐφόβησε Κρονίαν.
ἄλλα τίη μοι ταῦτα φίλος διελέξατο θυμός;
οἶδα γάρ δέττε κακοὶ μὲν ἀποίχονται πολέμοιο,
ὅτε δὲ καὶ ἀριστεύγοι μάχη ἔνι, τὸν δὲ μᾶλα χρεό
έσταμενας κρατερῶς, η τὸ ἔβλητον η τὸ ἔβαλον ἄλλον.” 410
εἰσ δὲ ταῦθι ὄρμαινε κατὰ φρένα καὶ κατὰ θυμόν,
τόφρα δὲ τὸν Τρέαν στίχεις ἥλυθον ἀσπιστάων,
ἔλσαν δὲ μέσσοισι, μετὰ σφίσι πῆμα τιθέντες.
Ἄτ δὲ δέτε κάπριον ἀμφὶ κύνες θαλεροὶ τὸν αἰξηρό
σεύνωνται· δὲ τὸν εἰσι βαθεῖταις ἐκ ξυλόχοιο 415
θήγρων λευκὸν ὁδόντα μετὰ γυαμπτῆσι γένυσσιν,
ἀμφὶ δέ τὸν ἀσσονται, ὑπαλ δέ τε κόμπος ὁδόντων
γήγεται· οὐ δὲ μένουσιν ἄφαρ δεινόν περ ἔόντα·
Ἄτ δέ τότε ἀμφὶ Ὁδυσῆα διέφιλον δοσεύοντο
Τρῆς· δὲ δέ πρωτον μὲν ἀμύμονα Δηιωπέτην 420
οὔτασεν θρόνον ὑπερθεν ἐπάλμενος ὀξεῖ δουρή,
αὐτῷ δέπειτα Θόενα καὶ Ἐννομον ἔξενάριζεν.
Χερσιδάμαντα δὲ δέπειτα, καθ' ἵππων ἀλέαντα.
δουρή κατὰ πρότυπησιν ὑπὸ ἀσκίδος ὁμφαλοέσσης
νύξεν· δὲ δὲν κονίγοις πεσεῖν ἐλε γαῖαν ἀγοστῷ. 425
τοὺς μὲν δαστρούς, δὲ δέρη Ἰππασίδην Χάροπον οὔτασε δουρή,
αὐτοκασθημητον εὐηγενέος Σάκοιο.
τῷ δὲ ἐπαλεξήσαν Σάκος κλεί, Ισόθεος φέος,
στῷ δὲ μᾶλον φρύγιον ιάν, καὶ μην πρὸς μέθον διπτερό·
“Ἄ μεν Ὁδυσσεὺς πολέμαιε, δόλων ἀτένδε πόνοιο, 430

To the hollow ships, for he was sick at heart.
Spear-famed Odysseus thus alone was left,
Nor any Argive with him staid, for all
Were swept away in flight. Then did the chief
Indignant commune with his mighty soul :
“O woe is me ! What may I do ? To fly
By numbers cowed were evil great. Yet worse
The horror, be I taken, thus alone,
For Cronos’ son hath turned the rest to flight.
Yet wherefore thus debates my mind ? I know
That cowards from the battle-field may run,
But whoso boasts him brave in fight, he still
Must stoutly stand to take or give the blow.”

While thus he pondered in his heart and mind,
The shielded Trojan ranks came swiftly on,
And hemmed him in their midst, a dangerous foe.
And as the hounds and lusty hunters press
Around a boar—who comes from covert deep
Whetting the white tusks in his curvèd jaws,
And all around are hurrying, while of teeth
Is heard a gnashing, and his foes await,
Tho’ terrible, his onset—so around
Odysseus loved of Zeus the Trojans pressed.
But he on blameless Deiopites first
With keen spear leapt, and smote him from above
Upon the shoulder. Thoön then he slew,
And Ennomus ; and then Chersidamas,
Who from his steeds had hasted down, with spear
Full in the navel, ‘neath the bossy shield,
He pierced : who fell in dust and gripped the ground
With hollow hand. These left he : then with lance
He wounded Charops son of Hippasus—
Own brother he to Socus nobly-born.
To succour whom came Socus, godlike wight,
And drawing near him stood, and thus addressed.
“O much-bepraised Odysseus, man of wiles,

σήμερον ἡ δοιοῖσσω ἐπεύξεαι Ἰππασίδησιν,
τοιοῦδε ἀνδρες κατακτείνας καὶ τεύχε' ἀπούρας,
ἢ τεν ἐμῷ ὑπὸ δουρὶ τυπεῖς ἀπὸ θυμὸν ὀλέσσογε."

Ἄντεν εἰπὼν οὔτησε κατ' ἀσπίδα πάντος ἔτοην.

διὸ μὲν ἀσπίδος ἡλθε φαεινῆς διβριμον ὄγχος, 433
καὶ διὸ θάρηκος πολυδαιδάλου ἡρήρειστο,
πάντα δὲ ἀπὸ πλευρῶν χρόα ἔργαθεν οὐδέ τέ ζασεν
Παλλὰς Ἀθηναίη μιχθήμεναι ὄγκασι φωτός.

γνῶ δὲ Ὁδυσσεὺς δοιοῖσσω τε τέλος κατακαίριον ἡλθεν,
ἄψ δὲ ἀναχωρήσας Σάκον πρὸς μῆδον ἔειπεν 440
"Ἄ δεῖλ", η μάλα δὴ σε κιχάνεται αἰπὺς δλεθρος.
ἢ τοι μέν δέ ἐμού ἔπαινας ἐπὶ Τρώεσσι μάχεσθαι·
σοι δέ ἐγὼ ἐνθάδε φημὶ φόνον καὶ κῆρα μέλαιναν
ἡματι τῷδε ἔσσεσθαι, ἐμῷ δὲ ὑπὸ δουρὶ δαμέντα
εὐχος ἐμοὶ δώσειν, ψυχὴν δέ "Ἄϊδι κλυτοπώλῳ" 445

ἢ, καὶ δὲ μὲν φύγαδ αὐτις ὑποστρέψας ἐβεβήκει,
τῷ δὲ μεταστρεφθέντι μεταφρένῳ ἐν δόρυ πῆξεν
ἄμμον μεσσηγύν, διὸ δὲ στήθεσφιν ἐλασσεν.
δούτησεν δὲ πεσών· δοιοῖσσω δέ ἐπεύξατο διος Ὁδυσσείν·
"Ἄ Σάχ" Ἰππάσου νιὲ δαίφρονος ἴπποδάμοιο, 450
φθῆ σε τέλος θανάτοιο κιχήμενον, οὐδὲ ὑπάλυξες.
Ἄ δεῖλ", οὐ μήν σοι γε πατήρ καὶ πότνια μήτηρ
δοσσε καθαιρήσουσι θανόντι περ, ἀλλ' οἰωνοί
ώμηροταν ἐρύουσι, περὶ πτερὸς πυκνὰ βαλόντες·
αὐτάρ δέ, εἰ κε θάνω, κτεριοῦσί γε διος Ἀχαιοί." 455

Ἄντεν Σάκοιο δαίφρονος διβριμον ὄγχος
δέξω τε χροὸς δλακε καὶ ἀσπίδος δμφαλούσσοης·
εἴμα δέ οἱ σπασθέντος ἀνέσσοντο, κῆδε δὲ θυμόν.

Insatiate as of toil, to-day thy boast
Shall be o'er both the sons of Hippasus,
For two such warriors slain and armour spoiled,
Or stricken by my spear thy life thou'l lose."

He spake, and smote upon his orbèd shield.
Through shield resplendent came the forceful spear,
Through corslet richly-wrought pressed firmly on,
And from the ribs tare all the flesh: beyond
Pallas Athéné suffered not the point
To touch the inner vitals. And at once
Odysseus knew no mortal blow was there,
And stepping back to Socus thus he cried:
"Ah! wretched man! surely destruction dire
Doth now o'ertake thee. Me indeed from fight
Against Troy's sons thou stay'st awhile: but thou
Shalt here, I ween, find death and gloomy fate
Upon this very day, and by my spear
Vanquished and slain shalt yield me proud renown,
And Hades lord of noble steeds thy life."

He spake: the other turned him round and fled,
But in his back thus turned his foe the spear
Between the shoulders fixed, and drove it through
Out at the breast. With heavy sound he fell,
And o'er him thus the godlike chief made boast:
"O Socus, son of warlike Hippasus
Steed-tamer, thee too fast the end of death
Outran and overtook, nor could'st escape.
Ah! wretched man! thine eyes nor father now
Nor queenly mother e'er in death shall close:
But flesh-devouring birds shall pluck at thee,
Close shrouding all thy corse with flapping wings.
But I—e'en tho' I die—shall find due rites
Of burial from Achæa's godlike sons."

With that the warlike Socus' weighty spear
Out from his flesh and from his bossy shield
He drew; and when 'twas drawn the blood gushed forth

Τρῶες δὲ μογάδινοι ὅπεις ίδον εἰμί 'Οδυσσῆος,
κεκλόμενοι καθ' ὅμιλον ἐπ' αὐτῷ πάντες ἔβησαν. 460
αὐτάρ δὲ γένεταις ἀνεγάζετο, αὖτε δὲ ἀταύρους.
τρὶς μὲν ἔπειτ' ἤντεν, δύον κεφαλὴ χάδε φωτός,
τρὶς δὲ δύον ίδχοντος ἀρηίφιλος Μενέλαος.
εἶψα δὲ ἄρ' Αἴαντα προσεφάνεεν ἐγγύς δόντα.
"Αἴαν διογενὲς Τελαμώνιε, κοίραν λαῶν, 465
ἀμφὶ μὲν 'Οδυσσῆος ταλασίφρονος ἔστ' ἀντί,
τῷ ίκελῃ ὡς εἰ δὲ βιφάτο μοῦνον ἔόντα
Τρῶες ἀποτμήξαντες ἐνὶ κρατερῷ ὑσμίνῃ.
ἄλλ' ίσομεν καθ' ὅμιλον· ἀλεξέμεναι γὰρ ἄμεινον.
δεῖδιν μή τι πάθησιν ἐνὶ Τρῳσσοι μονωθεῖς, 470
ἔσθλος δέν, μεγάλη δὲ ποθὴ Δαναοῖσι γένηται"
Ἄς εἰπεῖν δὲ μὲν ἥρχ', δὲ δὲ μὲν ἔσπειτο ίσόθεος φάει.
εὖρον ἔπειτ' 'Οδυσσῆα διέφιλον, ἀμφὶ δὲ ἄρ' αὐτόν·
Τρῶες διπονθ' ὡς εἰ τε δαφοινοὶ θῶες δρεσφιν
ἀμφὶ διλαφον κεραδν βεβλημένον, ὃν τ' ἔβαλ' ἀνήρ 475
ἰφ' ἀπὸ πευρῆς· τὸν μέν τ' ἡλυκὲ πόδεσσιν
φεύγων, δῆρ' αἷμα λιαρδὸν καὶ γούνατ' ὄφωρη·
αὐτάρ ἐπεὶ δῆ τὸν γε δαμάσσεται ὥκὺς ὁῖστος,
ἀμοφάργοι μην θῶες ἀν οὔρεσι δαρδάπτουσιν
ἐν τέμει σκιερῷ· ἐπὶ τε λίνη ἥγαγε δαίμων 480
σύντηρος· θῶες μέν τε διέτρεσαν, αὐτάρ δὲ δάπτει.
Ἄς δέ τότε ἀμφὶ 'Οδυσσῆα δαΐφρονα ποικιλομήτην
Τρῶες ἔποι πολλοί τε καὶ ἀλκιμοί, αὐτάρ δὲ γένεταις 485
αἴσσων φέγγεις ἀμύνετο πηλεὺς ἥμαρ·
Αἴας δὲ ἐγγύθεν ἥλθε φέρων σάκος ἡύτε πύργον, στῆ δὲ παρέξ, Τρῶες δὲ διέτρεσαν ἀλλυδις ἄλλος.
ἡ τοι τὸν Μενέλαος ἀρήιος ἔξογὸς ὅμιλον

And made his spirit sink. But when they saw
Odysseus' blood, the high-souled sons of Troy
Cheered on each other through the throng, and all
Bore on him. He retiring backwards cried
For comrades' aid. Thrice cried he, all the voice
That his head held forth uttering : and his shout
Thrice Menelaus, loved of Ares, heard,
And spake at once to Ajax standing near :
" O Zeus-born Ajax, son of Telamon,
Prince of thy people, comes to me the cry
Of patient-souled Odysseus ; 'tis a cry
As if the Trojans press'd him now alone
Cut off from others in the stubborn fight.
But go we through the throng : to bear him aid
Were well : I fear lest he should suffer harm,
Single among his foes, that gallant wight,
And to the Danaans be a mighty loss."

He spake, and led ; the other godlike chief
Close followed. And Odysseus loved of Zeus
Soon found they ; whom the Trojans pressed around,
Evn as the tawny jackals in the hills
Around an antlered stag, stricken by shaft
From hunter's bowstring—whom by speed of foot
He 'scapes, while warm his blood and stirred his limbs
By motion, but when soon the arrow swift
Has quelled his life, his flesh in shady glen
The carrion jackals tear, till heaven that way
A ravening lion sends ; then scattered wide
The jackals flee, and he alone devours—
So now around Odysseus, warlike wight
Of cunning wiles, pressed on the sons of Troy
Many and valiant, but the hero quick
With flashing lance warded the day of doom ;
Till Ajax came anigh with tower-like targe,
And by him stood ; then scared the Trojans fled.
But warlike Menelaus from the throng

χειρὸς ὅχων, εἶναι θεράπων σχεδὸν ἥλαστεν ἵππουν.

Αἴας δὲ Τρώεσσιν ἐπάλμενος εἶδε Δρυκλὸν
Πριαμίδην, νόθον νιόν, ἔπειτα δὲ Πάνδοκον οὗτα, 479
οὐτα δὲ Λύσανδρον καὶ Πύρασον ἥδε Πυλάρτην.
ἄτ δ' ὀπήτε πλήθων ποταμὸς πεδίονδε κάτεισι
χειμάρρουν κατ' ὄρεσφιν, ὀπαζόμενος Διὸς δμβρφ,
πολλὰς δὲ δρῦς ἀξαλέας πολλὰς δέ τε πεύκας
ἔσφερται, πολλὸν δέ τ' ἀφινογετὸν εἰς ἀλα βάλλει, 485
ἄτ ἔφεπεν κλονίων πεδίον τότε φαῖδιμος Αἴας,
δαίζων ἵππους τε καὶ ἀνέρας. οὐδέ πω "Εκτορ
πείθετ", ἐπεὶ ἂν μάχης ἐπ' ἀριστερὰ μάρνατο πάσην,
ὅχθας πάρ ποταμοῦ Σκαμάνδρου, τῇ δέ μάλιστα
ἀνδρῶν πῖπτε κάρηνα, βοη δέ δασβεστος δρώρει 500
Νέστορά τ' ἀμφὶ μέγαν καὶ ἀρήιον Ἰδομενῆα.
"Εκτορ μὲν μετὰ τοῖσιν δμίλεα μέρμερα ρέζων
δηγχει θ' ἵπποσιν γ τε, νέων δέ ἀλάπαξε φάλαγγας"
οὐδέ ἀν πω χάζοντο κελεύθουν δῖοι Ἀχαιοί,
εἰ μὴ Ἀλέξανδρος, "Ελένης πόσις ἡγιόμοιο, 505
παῦσεν ἀριστεύοντα Μαχάσιν ποιμένα λαῶν,
ἴφε τριγλάσχινι βαλλεῖν κατὰ δεξιὸν ὄμον.
τῷ δέ περιδδεισαν μάνεα πνεοντες Ἀχαιοί,
μή τάς μιν πολέμοιο μετακλινθέντος δλοιεν.
αὐτίκα δέ Ἰδομενεὺς προσεφώνεε Νέστορα δῖον 510
"Ἄ Νέστορ Νηληιάδη, μέγα κύδος Ἀχαιῶν,
ἄγρες, σῶν ὄχέων ἐπιβήσεο, πάρ δὲ Μαχάσιν
βαυκτέω, ἐς τῆας δὲ τάχιστ' ὅχε μάνυχας ἵππους.
ἴητρδες γάρ ἀνήρ πολλῶν ἀντάξιος δλλων
δούς τ' ἀκτάμενος ἐπεὶ τ' ἥπια φάρμακα πάσσειν." 515

Led out the wounded chieftain by the hand,
Till his esquire had driven his horses near.

Ajax the while leapt on the Trojan lines,
And slew Doryclus, Priam's bastard son ;
Then Pandocus he smote, Lysander next,
And with Pylartes smote he Pyrasus.
As when a brimming river to the plain
Comes swirling down, a torrent mountain-born
Forced on by rains of Zeus, that sweeps along
Dry oaks and pines full many, and to the sea
Much mud and refuse casts, so o'er the field
Bright Ajax rushed, and routed horse and man.
But Hector of this work not yet had heard :
For on the left of all the fray he fought
Beside Scamander's banks, where by that stream
Most frequent fell the heads of men, and shouts
Rose quenchless round great Nestor, and around
Warlike Idomeneus. Mingled with these
Was Hector, doing deeds of dread with spear
And horse-craft, wasting wide the youthful squares.
But not yet had Achaia's godlike sons
Yielded their foeman way, had it not happed
That Alexander long-haired Helen's lord
Now stayed Machaon in his valorous course,
That shepherd of his people, whom he hit
On the right shoulder with a three-barbed shaft.
For whom Achaia's valour-breathing sons
Feared much, lest haply, as the battle turned,
His foes might slay him : wherefore thus in haste
Idomeneus to godlike Nestor spake :
" O Nestor Neleus' son, Achaia's boast,
Be stir thee, mount thy car, and with thee take
Machaon ; then drive quickly to the ships
Thy firm-hoofed steeds. Worth many another man
Is he of healing art, who from our wounds
Cuts arrows out, and spreads the soothing salves."

ώς ἔφατ', οὐδ' ἀπίθησε Γερήνιος ἵππότα Νέστωρ.
αὐτίκα ών ὄχέων ἐπεβήσετο, πάρ· δὲ Μαχάων
βαῖν', Ἀσκληπιοῦν οὐδὲ ἀμύμονος ἵππορος.

μάστιξεν δὲ ἵππους, τῷ δὲ οὐκ ἀέκοντε πετέσθην
νῆας ἐπει γλαφυράς· τῇ γάρ φίλον ἐπλεστο θύμφα. 520

Κεφριόνης δὲ Τρῶας ὀριωμένους ἐνόησεν
"Εκτορί παρβεβαώς, καὶ μν πρὸς μῦθον ἔειπεν.

"Εκτορ, νῷι μὲν ἐνθάδ' ὄμιλέομεν Δαναοῖσιν,
ἐσχατιῆ πολέμου δυσηχέος· οἱ δὲ δὴ ἄλλοι
Τρῶες ὀρίνονται ἐπιμίξ, ἵπποι τε καὶ αὐτοί. 525

Αἴας δὲ κλονέει Τελαμώνιος. εὐ δέ μν ἔγνων·
εὐρὺ γάρ ἀμφ' ὄμοισιν ἔχει σάκος. ἀλλὰ καὶ ἡμεῖς
κεῖσ' ἵππους τε καὶ ἄρμ' ἰθύνομεν, ἐνθα μάλιστα
ἵππῆς πεζοί τε, κακὴν ἔριδα προβαλόντες,
ἄλληλους ὀλέκουστε, βοή δὲ ἀσβεστος ὅρωρεν." 530

ώς ἀρα φωνήσας ἴμασεν καλλίτριχας ἵππους
μάστιγι λιγυρῆ· τοὶ δὲ πληργῆς ἀτοντες
ρήμφ' ἔφερον θοὸν ἄρμα μετὰ Τρῶας καὶ Ἀχαιούς,
στειβούτες νέκυας τε καὶ ἀσπίδας. αἴματι δὲ ἀξων
νέρθεν ἄπας πεπάλακτο καὶ ἄντυγες αἱ περὶ δίφρον, 535
ἄς ἀρ' ἀφ' ἵππειων ὄπλέων ῥαθάμυγγες ἔβαλλον
αἱ τ' ἀπ' ἐπισσώτρων. δὲ δὲ ἵπποι δύναι ὄμιλον
ἀνδρόμεον ρῆξαι τε μετάλμενος· ἐν δὲ κυδοιμόν
ήκε κακὸν Δαναοῖσι, μίνυνθα δὲ χάζετο δουρός.
αὐτάρ δὲ τῶν ἄλλων ἐπεπωλεῖτο στίχας ἀνδρῶν
ἔγχει τὸ διορί τε μεγάλοισι τε χερμαδίοισιν,
Αἴαντος δὲ ἀλέεινε μάχην Τελαμωνιάδαο.

Ζεὺς δὲ πατήρ Αἴανθ' ὑψίζεν γος ἐν φόβον ἀρσεν.
στῇ δὲ ταφών, ὅπιθεν δὲ σάκος βάλον ἐπταβέσιον, 545
τρέσσε δὲ παπτήνας ἐφ' ὄμιλον, θηρὶ ἐουκάς,

He spake: Gerene's knight obeyed; his car
He mounted straight, Machaon by his side:
Then lashed the steeds, who nothing loth flew on
To the hollow ships, for thither they were fain.

But now Cebriones had marked afar
The Trojans suffering rout, ev'n as he rode
By Hector's side, and to his chief he spake:
"Hector, we twain mix with the Danaans here
At the far verge of the harsh-roaring fray,
While all the other Trojans suffer rout,
Horses and men. Ajax of Telamon
Is he that works the scathe: I know him well,
For on his shoulders is his ample targe.
But thither guide we too our steeds and car,
Where chiefly now the lines of horse and foot
Eager in evil strife are dealing death
Each upon each, and quenchless swells the cry."

So spake he, and lashed on his fair-maned steeds
With whistling whip; who heard the blow, and swift
Bore on the rapid chariot to the fray
Of Trojans and Achaians, treading down
Bodies and bucklers. From beneath with blood
Reeked all the axle, and the rails that fenced
The chariot-seat, whereon the gory drops
Were showered from hoof of horse and tire of wheel.
And he that rode therein was keen to pierce
And leaping in to break the throng of men.
Disastrous tumult in the Danaan lines
He cast, and seldom rested from his spear.
But while the other warrior ranks he ranged
With spear and sword and mighty boulder-stones
He shunned to fight with Ajax Telamon.

And now the Father Zeus enthroned on high
In Ajax roused a panic fear. He stood
Astounded, and behind him cast his targe
Of sevenfold hide, and trembled as he glared

άντροπαλιξόμενος, ὄλγον γόνυ γουνὸς ἀμείβων.

ὣς δὲ αἰθωνα λέοντα βοῶν ἀπὸ μεσσαύλοιο

έσσεναντο κύνες τε καὶ ἀνέρες ἀγροιῶται,

οἵ τέ μη σὺν εἰώσι βοῶν ἐκ πῦρ ἀλέσθαι 550

πάντυχοι ἐγρήσσοντες· δὲ κρειῶν ἐρατίζων

ἴθιει, ἀλλ' οὐ τι πρήσσει· θαμέεις γάρ ἀκοντες

ἀντίον ἀλέσσοντες θρασειάων ἀπὸ χειρῶν,

καιόμενα τε δεταί, τάς τε τρεῖς ἐσσύμενός περ·

ηῶθεν δὲ ἀπονόσφιν ἔβη τετιηότι θυμῷ· 555

ὣς Αἴας τότε ἀπὸ Τρώων τετιημένος ἦτορ

ἥιε πόλλον ἀέκων· περὶ γάρ διέ νησὶν Ἀχαιῶν.

ὣς δὲ δύος περὶ ἀρουραν ἵλιν ἐβιήσατο παιδας

τυθῆς, φέ δὴ πολλὰ περὶ βόπαλον ἀμφὶς ἐάγη,

κείρει τέ εἰσελθὼν βαθὺ λήιον· οἱ δέ τε παιδες 560

τύπτουσιν βοπάλοισι, βίη δέ τε νηπίη αὐτῶν·

σπουδῆ τέ ἐξηλασσαν ἐπει τέ ἐκορέσσατο φορβῆς·

ὣς τότε ἐπειτεί Αἴαντα μέγαν, Τελαμώνιον νίόν,

Τρώες ὑπέρθυμοι τηλεκλειτοί τέ ἐπίκουροι

νύσσοντες ξυστοῖσι μέσον σάκος αἰὲν ἔποντο. 565

Αἴας δὲ ἄλλοτε μὲν μητσάσκετο θούριδος ἀλκῆς

αὐτις ὑποστρεφθείς, καὶ ἐρητύσασκε φάλαγγας

Τρώων ἵπποδάμων, ὅτε δὲ τρωπάσκετο φεύγειν.

πάντας δὲ προέεργε θοάς ἐπὶ οῆς ὁδεύειν,

αὐτὸς δὲ Τρώων καὶ Ἀχαιῶν θῦνε μεστηγύς 570

ιστάμενος. τὰ δὲ δούρα θρασειάων ἀπὸ χειρῶν

ἄλλα μὲν ἐν σάκει μεγάλῳ πάγεν ὄρμενα πρόσσω,

πολλὰ δὲ καὶ μεστηγύ, πάρος χρόα λευκὸν ἐπαυρεῖν,

ἐν γαίῃ ισταντο, λιλαιόμενα χροὸς ἀστα.

τὰς δὲ οὖν ἐνόηστε Εὐάλμονος ἀγλαδεις νίός 575

Εὐρύπυλος πυκινοῖσι βιαζόμενον βελέσσων,

Upon the throng wild-beast-like, turning oft,
As knee with knee slow shifting on he stepped.
As tawny lion from a cattle-yard
Is forced by troop of dogs and farmer folk,
Who watch all night nor suffer him to take
The fatness of the kine—he keen for flesh
Charges, but naught effects, for thick the darts
Fly at him from bold hands, with fagots' blaze,
That daunts him tho' impetuous, till at morn
Sullen and sad at heart he goes his way—
So Ajax yielding from his Trojan foes
With sadness gat him back, against his will,
Full sorely fearing for the Achaian ships.
And as an ass beside a corn-field led
Forces his boyish guides (dull brute on whom
Stout cudgels have been broken not a few),
And entering crops the tall corn, while with sticks
The urchins smite him, but their strength is naught;
And hardly when he now has browsed his fill
Drive they him out: so on great Ajax then,
The son of Telamon, the Trojans bold
And their allies from distant lands did press,
And with their lances pricked his middle targe.
But Ajax now would wheel him round again,
Bethinking him of valorous might, and check
The squares of Troy's steed-tamers; now again
Would turn to fly. Yet alway to all foes
The way to the swift ships he barred, as still
Between the Trojan and Achaian lines
Standing he raged. And spears from daring hands
Some in his mighty targe were fixed and checked
From onward flight, many in mid space fell
Nor reached his fair white skin, but in the ground
Stood fast and spent in vain their greed of blood.
Him when Evaemon's glorious son perceived,
Eurypylus, by frequent shafts hard pressed,

στῇ δὲ παρ' αὐτὸν ἵν, καὶ ἀκόντιος δουρὶ φασινθῇ,
καὶ βάλε Φανσιάδην Ἀπισάνον, ποιμένα λαῶν,
ἥπαρ ὑπὸ πρωτίδαιον, εἴθαρ δὲ ὑπὸ γούνατ' ἔλυσεν.
Εὐρύπυλος δὲ ἐπέρουσε, καὶ αἴνυτο τεύχε' ἀπ' ὕμεν. 580
τὸν δὲ ἀς αὖν ἐνόησεν Ἀλέξανδρος θεοειδῆς
τεύχε' ἀπανύμενον Ἀπισάνονος, αὐτίκα τόξον
ἔλυετ' ἐπ' Εὐρύπυλον, καὶ μιν βάλε μηρὸν ὄστρῳ
δεξιῶν· ἀκλάσθη δὲ δόναξ, ἐβάρυνε δὲ μηρόν.
ἄψ δὲ ἐτάρεν ἐς ἔθνος φχάζετο κῆρ' ἀλεείνων, 585
ῆνεσσε δὲ διαπρύσιον, Δαναοῖσι γεγωνός.
“Ἄς φίλοις Ἀργείων ἡγήτορες ηδὲ μέδοντες,
στῆτ' ἀλειχθάντες καὶ ἀμύνετε πηλεὺς ημαρ
Αἴανθ, δὲ βελέεσσι βιάζεται· οὐδέ εἰ φημὶ
φείξεσθ' ἐκ πολέμου δυσπῆχέος. ἀλλὰ μάλ' αὐτῷ 590
ἴστασθ' ἀμφ' Αἴαντα μέγαν, Τελαμώνιον νίσν.”
Ἄς δέ φατ' Εὐρύπυλος βεβλημένος· οὐ δὲ παρ' αὐτὸν
πλησίοις ἐστησαν, σάκοί ὕμοισι πλίναντες,
δαύρατ' ἀπασχόμενοι. τῶν δὲ ἀντίος ἔλυθεν Αἴας,
στῇ δὲ μεταστρεφθεὶς, ἐπειδὴ τοιοῦτος ἐτάρεν. 595
Ἄς οὐ μὲν μάρναντο δέμας πυρὸς αἰθομένοιο.
Νέστορα δὲ πολέμου φέρον Νηλήιας Ἰπποι
ἱδράνεντος, ἦγεν δὲ Μαχάσονα ποιμένα λαῶν.
τὸν δὲ ιδὼν ἐνόησε ποδάρκης δῖος Ἀχιλλεὺς·
ἐστήκει γάρ επὶ πρυμνῇ μογακῆτεῖ τηῖ,
εἰσορόων πόνον αἰπὺν ἵνα κα τε δακρυόεσσαν. 600
αἴψα δὲ ἐτάρεν δὲν Πατροκλῆς προσέειπεν,
φθεγξάμενος παρὰ τηότε· δὲ κλισθήθεν ἀκούσας
ἔκρεδε Ιστον Ἀργεῖ, κακοῦ δὲ ἄρα οἱ πέλεν ἀρχή·

He sought his side, and stood, and cast a spear
Bright-glittering, which the son of Phausias
King Apisaon, shepherd of his folk,
Beneath the midriff in the liver struck,
And loosed his limbs. Then rushed the victor on
The armour from his shoulders to despoil.
But him when godlike Alexander spied
Stripping the arms from Apisaon slain,
Quick at Eurypylus his bow he drew,
And in his right thigh fixed an arrow point,
Whose reed shaft broke, and to the thigh yet hung
A painful burden. To his comrade band
He gat him back and shunned the fate of death,
Then to the Danaans shouted loud and shrill :
"Friends, kings and captains of our Argive host,
Wheel round and stand, and ward the ruthless day
From Ajax, who by shafts is sore beset :
Nor deem I now that from harsh-roaring war
He will escape. Yet face the foe, and stand
Around great Ajax son of Telamon."

Wounded Eurypylus thus spake : and they
Stood by him close, shield upon shoulder laid,
And spears aloft. Drew Ajax near, then turned,
And stood, when to his comrade band he came.

Thus fought they there with rage of burning fire.
Nestor the while forth from the battle bare
The mares of Neleus, bathed in sweat : with whom
Machaon rode, the shepherd of his folk.
Him saw and knew Achilleus fleet of foot,
The godlike chief, for he upon the stern
Of his huge ship had taken stand, to gaze
On the dread labour and the tearful rout.
At once his friend Patroclus he addressed,
Loud calling from the ship : who in the tent
Heard and came forth, the very god of war
In semblance, and herewith began his bane.

τὸν πρότερος προσέειπε Μενοιτίου ἀλκιμος νιός. 605
 “τόπτε με κικλήσκει, Ἀχιλλεῦ; τί δέ σε χρεῶ ἐμεῖο;”
 τὸν δὲ ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη πόδας ὡκὺς Ἀχιλλεύς.
 “διε Μενοιτιάδη, τῷ ἐμῷ κεχαρισμένε θυμῷ,
 τὸν δέ περὶ γούνατ’ ἐμὰ στήσεσθαι Ἀχαιούς
 λασσομένους· χρεῖα γάρ ίκάνεται οὐκέτ’ ἀνεκτός. 610
 ἀλλ’ οὐδὲ τὸν, Πάτροκλε διέφιλε, Νέστορ’ ἔρειο
 ὃ τὰ τοῦτον ἔγει βεβλημένον ἐκ πολέμου.
 ἢ τοι μὲν τά γ’ δπισθε Μαχάονι πάντα ἔοικεν
 τῷ Ἀσκληπιάδῃ, ἀτὰρ οὐκ οἶδον δηματα φωτός.
 οὐπος γάρ με παρήιξαν πρόσσω μεμανῖαι.” 615

ὡς φάτο, Πάτροκλος δὲ φίλῳ ἐπεκείθεθ ἀταίρῳ,
 βῆ δὲ θέει παρὰ τε κλισίας καὶ νῆας Ἀχαιῶν.
 οἱ δὲ δὴ κλισίην Νηληιάδεω ἀφίκοντο,
 αὐτοὶ μέν δὲ ἀπέβησαν ἐπὶ χθόνα πουλυβότειραν,
 ἵππους δὲ Εύρυμέδων θεράπων λύε τοῦ γέροντος 620
 ἐξ ὀχέων. τοὶ δὲ ιδρῷ ἀπεκύρχοντο χιτώνων,
 στάστε ποτὶ πνοιὴν παρὰ θῦν ἀλός· αὐτὰρ ἐπειτα
 δὲ κλισίην ἀλθόντες ἐπὶ κλισμοῖσι καθίζον.
 τοῖσι δὲ τεῦχε κυκεῶ ἐπιλόκαμος Ἐκαμήδη,
 τὴν δρετὸν ἐκ Τενέδοιο γέρων δτε πέρσαν Ἀχιλλεύς, 625
 θυγατέραν Ἀρσιών μογαλήτορος, ἦν οἱ Ἀχαιοί
 ἔξελον οὐνεκα βουλῆ ἀριστεύεσκεν ἀπάντων.
 ἢ σφιν πρῶτον μὲν ἐπιπροσῆλε τράπεζαν
 καλὴν κυανόπεζαν ἐνξον, αὐτὰρ ἐπ’ αὐτῆς
 χάλκειον κάνεον, ἐπὶ δὲ κρόμυον ποτῷ δήνον 630
 ηδὲ μὲν χλωρόν, παρὰ δὲ ἀλφίτου ἱεροῦ ἀκτήν,
 πάρ δὲ δέπτες περικαλλές, δὲ οἰκοθεν ἦγ’ δὲ γεραιός

And thus spake first Menoetius' valiant son :
" Why call'st thou me, Achilleus ? what thy need ? "
To whom replied Achilleus fleet of foot :
" O godlike offspring of Menoetius,
Most pleasant to my soul, now, as I deem,
Achaians round my knees will stand with prayer,
For need no longer to be borne is theirs.
But hie thee now, Patroclus loved of Zeus,
Ask Nestor who is this whom from the field
Wounded he bears. Behind indeed the man
Like to Machaon shows, Asclepius' son,
In all ; but eyes and face I did not see,
So swift in onward haste the steeds swept by."

He spake : obedient to his comrade dear
Patroclus started him to run, and passed
The tents and vessels of Achaia's host.

Now when they reached the tent of Neleus' son,
Themselves stept down upon the fruitful earth,
The steeds Eurymedon the greybeard's squire
Loosed from the car. And from their tunics first
The twain cooled off the sweat, out in the breeze
Standing upon the sandy shore, then came
Within the tent and on the couches sate.
For whom a posset Hecamede mixed—
That bright-haired handmaid, whom the greybeard won
From Tenedos, when Achilleus sacked the isle :
Daughter of mighty-souled Arsinoüs
Was she, and her Achaia's sons chose out
His worthy meed for counsels passing wise—
She first toward them moved a table fair
Footed with dark-blue metal, polished clear,
Whereon a brazen tray she set, and there
An onion to lend flavour to the draught,
With honey pale and flour of sacred meal.
And by them was a bowl exceeding fair
Brought by the greybeard from his home, set o'er

χρυσείσι τήλοισι πεπαρμένον· οὖτα δ' αὐτοῦ
τέσσερ' ἡσαν, δοιαὶ δὲ πελειάδες ἀμφὶ ἕκαστον
χρύσειαι περιέβοντο, δύο δὲ ὑπὸ πυθμένες ἡσαν. 635
Ἄλλοι μὲν μορέων ἀποκατήσασκε τραπέζης
πλεῖστοι δέν, Νέστωρ δὲ ὁ γέρων ἀμογητὶ δειρεν.
εἰ τῷ δέ σφι κύκησε γυνὴ εἰκοῦσα θεῖσεν
οἶνος Πραμνεῖφ, ἐπὶ δὲ αὐγειον κνῆ τυρόν
κτήστι χαλκεύη, ἐπὶ δὲ ἀλφίτα λευκὰ πάλιντεν, 640
πανέμεναι δὲ δεῖλουσσεν, ἐπειδὲ δὲ πτλισσε κυκειῶ.
τὰ δὲ ἐπειδὲ οὖν πένοντ' ἀφέτην πολυκαγκέα δίψαν,
μύθουσιν τέρκοντο πρὸς ἄλλήλους ἐνέποντες,
Πάτροκλος δὲ θύρησιν ἐφίστατο, ἵσθεος φώτι.
τὸν δὲ ἕδεν δὲ γεραιὸς ἀπὸ θρόνου ὀρτο φαεινοῦ, 645
δε δὲ ἄγε χειρὸς ἔλαν, κατὰ δὲ ἐδριάσθαις ἀνωγεν.
Πάτροκλος δὲ ἐτέρωθεν ἀναίνετο, εἰπέ τε μῦθον.
"οὐχ ἔδος ἔστι, γεραιὸς διοτρεφές, οὐδὲ με πείσεις.
εἰδοῖς νεμεσητὸς δὲ με προέηκε πυθέσθαι
ἢ τινα τούτον ἄγεις βεβλημάνον. ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτὸς 650
γυρνάσκω δρόσος δὲ Μαχάσαν ποιμένα λαῶν.
τὸν δὲ ἐπος ἀρέων πάλιν ἀγγελος εἶμ' Ἀχιλῆι.
εὐ δὲ σὺ οἰσθα, γεραιὸς διοτρεφές, οἶος ἔκεινος,
δεινὸς ἀνήρ· τάχα καν καὶ ἀναίτιον αἰτιόφτο." 655
τὸν δὲ ἡμεῖςτερ ἐπειτα Γερήνιος ἵππότα Νέστωρ·
"τίπτε τ' ἀρ' ὦδὲ Ἀχιλεὺς ἀλοφύρεται υἱὸς Ἀχαιῶν,
δεσμοι δὴ βέλεσιν βεβλήσαται; οὐδέ τι οἶδεν
πένθεος δεσμον δρωρε κατὰ στρατόν· οἱ γὰρ ἀριστοι
ἐν τηντὸν κέσται βεβλημένοι οὐτάμενοι τε.
βέβλησται μὲν δὲ Τυδεῖδης κρατερὸς Διομήδης, 660
εὐταστοι δὲ Ὁδυσσεὺς δουρικλυτὸς ηδὲ Ἀγαμέμνων·

With golden studs. Four ears it had: two doves
On either side each ear bent down to feed:
Two bases underneath upheld its weight.
When filled, to move it from the board was toil
To other hand, but, as he lift it up,
To Nestor, tho' a greybeard, toil was none.
In this the godlike dame their posset mixed
Of Pramnian wine, and goat cheese grated in
With brazen grating-knife, white barley meal
Sprinkling upon the surface: this to drink
She bade them, when the posset was prepared.
But when by drink their burning thirst was stayed,
With interchange of words their hearts they cheered.
And now Patroclus in the tent-door stood,
That godlike wight; whom when the greybeard saw,
From his bright chair he rose, and took his hand,
And led him in, and bade him sit. The seat
Refusing thus in turn Patroclus spake:
"No seat, O Zeus-born greybeard, is for me:
Thou'l not persuade me. Awe and fear he claims
Who sent me forth to ask thee whom thou bring'st
Thus wounded back. But of myself I know
And see Machaon, shepherd of his folk:
So now will hie me back again with word
Of message to Achilleus. Well thou know'st
O Zeus-born greybeard, what he is, a man
Of dread, who might perchance the blameless blame."

To whom made answer thus Gerene's knight:
"And wherefore doth Achilleus make this moan
Over Achaia's sons, such as by shafts
Have gotten wounds? He knoweth not how great
The mourning through our host aroused. Our best
Lie at the ships, sore hurt by throw or thrust.
By shaft stout Diomedes Tydeus' son,
By thrust spear-famed Odysseus hath his hurt,
And Agamemnon: then Eurypylus

βέβληται δὲ καὶ Εύρυτυλος κατὰ μηρὸν δῖστρι.

τοῦτον δὲ ἄλλον ἔγω ὑέον τῆγανον ἐκ πολέμοιο

ἰφ. ἀπὸ νευρῆς βεβλημένον. αὐτὰρ Ἀχιλλεύς

ἔσθλὸς ἐών Δαναῶν οὐ κήδεται οὐδὲ ἐλεαίρει

665

ἡ μένει εἰς ὃ κε δὴ τῆς θοαὶ ἀγχιθαλάσσης,

Ἀργείων ἀέκητε, πυρὸς δηίοιο θέρωνται,

αὐτοί τε κτενώμεθ ἐπισχερό; οὐ γάρ ἐμὴ ἵς

ἔσθρον οἴη πάρος ἔσκεν ἐνὶ γναμπτοῖσι μέλεσσι.

εἴθε τοις ηβάσσοις, βίη δέ μοι ἔμπεδος εἴη,

670

ὡς ὅπότε Ἡλείοισι καὶ ἡμῶν νεῦκος ἐτύχθη

ἀμφὶ βοηλασίῃ, ὅτε ἔγω κτάνον Ἰτυμονῆα

ἔσθλὸν Ἄγρειροχίδην, ὃς ἐν Ἡλιδὶ ναιετάσκεν,

ρύσις ἀλανόμενος. ὃ δέ ἀμύνων γῆσι βόεσσι

ἔβλητος ἐν πρώτοισιν ἐμῆς ἀπὸ χειρὸς ἄκοντε,

καὶ δέ ἔπεσεν, λαοὶ δὲ περίτρεσαν ἀγροιῶται.

675

ληίδα δὲ ἐκ πεδίου συνελάσσαμεν ἥλιθα πολλήν,

πεντήκοντα βοῶν ἀγέλας, τόσα πώεα οἰῶν,

τόσα συῶν συβόσια, τόσον αἰπόλια πλατέοντας αἰγῶν,

ἴππους δὲ ξανθὰς ἑκατὸν καὶ πεντήκοντα,

680

πᾶσας θηλείας, πολλῆσι δὲ πῶλοι ὑπῆσαν.

καὶ τὰ μὲν ἡλασάμεσθα Πύλον Νηλήιον εἴσω

ἐπούχιοι προτὶ ἄστυ, γεγήθει δὲ φρένα Νηλεύς

οἶνεκά μοι τύχε πολλὰ νέφω πόλεμόνδε κιόντες.

κήρυκες δέ ἐλίγανον ἀμέντοις ησοὶ φαινομένηφιν

685

τοὺς ἴμεν οἰσιν χρεῖος ὄφειλετος ἐν Ἡλιδὶ διη.

οἵ δὲ συναγρόμενοι Πυλίων τῆγάτορες ἄνδρες

δαιτρευονται, πολέσσιν γάρ Ἐπειοὶ χρεῖος διφειλον,

ὡς ἡμεῖς παῦροι κεκακωμένοι ἐν Πύλῳ ἡμεῖς.

ἄλιθον γάρ ρέονται βίη Ἡρακληεῖ

690

τῶν προτέρων ἀτέων, κατὰ δέ ἔκταθεν δύσσοις ἀριστοῖς.

By arrow in the thigh. And late I bring
This other from the field, stricken by shaft
From bowstring. But Achilleus, warrior brave,
For Danaans' loss no care nor pity feels.
What I waits he till our swift ships by the sea,
Despite the Argives, glow with foeman's fire,
And one upon another we be slain.
For truly now no more that force is mine
That was of old in supple-jointed limbs.
Ah! could I but be young, with strength as firm,
As when with men of Elis once we strove
About a cattle-raid: what time I slew
Hypeirochus' brave son Itymoneus,
Who dwelt in Elis. As reprisals I
Drove off his herds, he in his kine's defence
Struck 'mid the first by javelin from my hand
Fell prone, and all his farmer people fled.
Then from the plain we drove together spoil
In store unstinted: fifty herds of kine,
As many flocks of sheep, of swine no less,
As many of goats wide-spreading, steeds withal
One hundred and two-score and ten, in hue
Chestnut, all mares, and many suckling foals.
All these we drove to Pylos, Neleus' home,
Entering by night the town: and glad at heart
Was Neleus at my happy chance who went
So young to war and yet so much had won.
With beam of dawn shrill proclamation made
The heralds, that in Elis' land divine
Those should come forward who a debt could claim:
And so the Pylian chieftains gathered them
And made division, for the Epeans owed
Debts to full many, since in Pylos we
Were few in number and in evil plight.
For years before came Hercules the strong
And wrought us evil, and our best were slain:

διδεκα γάρ Νηλῆος ἀμύμονος νέες ὥμεν
τὸν εἰος λοπόμην, οἱ δὲ ἄλλοι πάντες διοντα
ταῦθ' ὑπερηφανέστες Ἐπειοὶ χαλκοχήτωντες,
ήμειας ὑβρίζοντες, ἀτάσθαλα μηχανέοντο.

695
εἰς δὲ ὁ γέρων ἀγέλην τε βοῶν καὶ πῶν μέγ' εἰῶν
εἴλετο, κριώμενος τριπόδοις ἡδὲ νομῆας.

καὶ γάρ τῷ χρείος μέγ' ὄφελετ' ἐν Ἡλιδὶ δίῃ,
τέσσαρες ἀθλοφόροι ἵπποι αὐτοῖσιν δχεσφι,
διθόντες μετ' ἀεθλα περὶ τρίποδος γάρ ἔμελλον 700
θεύσσεοθαι· τούς δὲ αὐθὶς ἀναξ ἀνδρῶν Λιγύειας
κάσχεθε, τὸν δὲ διατήρη ἀφίη ἀκαχήμενος ἵππων.
τῶν δὲ γέρων ἐπέων κεχολωμένος ἡδὲ καὶ δρυγον
ἔξελετ' δοτετα πολλά· τὰ δὲ ἄλλα ἐς δῆμον διδικτ
διατρεύειν, μή τις οἱ ἀτεμβόμενος κλειστῆς. 705

ήμεια μὲν τὰ ἀκαστα διείπομεν, ἀμφὶ τε δοτι
ἔρδομεν ἴρα θεοῖς· οὐ δὲ τρίτῳ ἡματὶ πάντες
ἡλθον ὁμῶς αὐτοὶ τε πολεῖς καὶ μάνυχες ἵπποι,
πασσυδίῃ μετὰ δέ σφι Μολὸν θωρήσσοντο
παιδὸς ἐπ' ἐόντ', οὐ πω μάλα εἰδότε θούριδος ἀλεήη. 710

δοτὶ δέ τις Θρυσσα πόλις, αἰπεῖα κολώνη,
τηλοῦ ἐπ' Ἀλφειῷ, νεάτη Πύλου ἡμαθέεντος·
τὴν ἀμφεστρατόντο διαρράισαι μεμαῶτες·
ἄλλ' ὅτε πᾶν πεδίον μετεκλαδον, ἀμμὶ δὲ Ἀθήνη
φύγειλος ἡλθε θέουσ' ἀπ' Ὀλύμπου θωρήσσεοθαι 715
διηνύχος, οὐδὲ ἀέκοντα Πύλου κάτα λαὸν ἀγειρει
ἄλλα μάλ' ἀσυμένους πολεμίζειν. οὐδέ με Νηλεὺς
εἰς θωρήσσεοθαι, ἀπέκρυψεν δέ μοι ἵππους·
οὐ γάρ πώ τι μέρη ιδειν πολιμήια δρυα.

ἄλλα καὶ οὗ ἵππους μετέπρεπον ἡμετέραισιν.

Twelve sons of blameless Neleus we had been,
But only I was left, the rest were slain.
Wherefore the mailed Epeans in contempt
Outraging us devised presumptuous deeds.
And now the greybeard for himself chose out
A herd of kine and ample flock of sheep,
Three hundred set apart, with men to tend.
For a great debt in Elis' land divine
Was owed to him—four steeds, prize-bearers they,
With cars complete, which for a tripod urn
To run were destined, but the king of men
Augeias kept them in his land, and sent
Their driver back sad for his horses lost.
But at such words and deeds the greybeard wroth
Took payment full and large: the rest he gave
For fair division to the common crowd,
That none might go defrauded of his right.
Such settlement we made, and through the town
To gods paid sacrifice; but they, our foes,
On the third day came all, a numerous host,
Of men and firm-hoofed steeds, in hottest haste.
And with them armed were two from Molus sprung,
Mere boys, unskilled as yet in furious war.
There is a city, Thryoessa named,
On a steep hill, beside Alpheus' stream,
Afar on sandy Pylos' utmost verge.
This camped they round right eager to destroy.
But when the wide plain they had crossed, then came
Athené from Olympus speeding fast,
A nightly messenger to bid us arm,
Gathering in Pylos no unwilling host,
But men full keen for war. Yet me to arm
Neleus forbade, and hid my steeds away:
Not yet, he said, knew I the works of war.
Yet even thus I shone conspicuous forth
Among our horsemen, tho' myself afoot,

καὶ τεξός περ ἔάν, ἐπεὶ ὡς ἀγε νεῖκος Ἀθήνη.
 οὐτε δέ τις ποταμὸς Μανῆς εἰς ἄλλα βάλλει
 ἐγρύθει Ἀρήνης, δθι μεναμεν ἥω διαν
 ἵππης Πυλίων, τὰ δὲ ἐπέρρης ἔθνα πεζῶν.
 ἔνθεν πασσιδίη σὺν τεύχεσι θωρηχθέντες
 ἄνδιοι ἐκβρεσθ' ἵερὸν βόον Ἀλφειοῖα.
 ἔνθα Διὶ βέξαντις ὑπερμενεῖ ἵερα καλά,
 ταῦρον δὲ Ἀλφειῷ, ταῦρον δὲ Ποσειδάνει,
 αὐτὰρ Ἀθηναῖ γλαυκόπιδι βοῦν ἀγελαίην,
 δόρπον ἐπειθ' ἐλέμεσθα κατὰ στρατὸν ἐν τελέσσων. 730
 καὶ κατεκοιμήθημεν ἐν ἔπτεσι οἵσι ἔκαστοι
 ἀμφὶ βοῶς ποταμοῖο. ἀτάρ μεγάθυμοι Ἐπειοί
 ἀμφότοι δὴ δοτού διαπραθέειν μεμαῶτες.
 ἄλλα σφιν προπάροιθε φάνη μέγα δρυον Ἀρησ.
 εὗτε γάρ ηέλιος φαίθων ὑπερέσχεθε γαῖης, 735
 συμφερόμεσθα μάχη, Διὶ τ' εὐχόμενοι καὶ Ἀθήνη.
 ἄλλ' οὐδὲ δὴ Πυλίων καὶ Ἐπειῶν ἐπλετο νεῖκος,
 πρώτος διεῖν δλον ἄνδρα, κόμισσα δὲ μάνυχας ἵππους,
 Μούλιον αἰχμητήν· γαμβρὸς δὲ ἡν Λύγεια,
 πρεσβυτάτην δὲ θύγατρ' εἶχε ξανθὴν Ἀγαμήδην, 740
 ἡ τόσα φάρμακα γέδη δσα τρέφει εύρεια χθών.
 τὸς μὲν διεῖν προσιόντα βάλλον χαλκήρει δουρή,
 οἵριπε δὲ κονίζοις διεῖν δὲ δίφρον δρούσσας
 στῆν βα μετὰ προμάχοισι. ἀτάρ μεγάθυμοι Ἐπειοί
 ἐπρεσσαν ἄλλυδις ἄλλος, ἐπεὶ ίδον ἄνδρα πεσόντα 745
 ἄργεμέν ἵππηων, ὃς ἀριστεύεσκε μάχεσθαι.
 αὐτάρ διεῖν ἐπόρουσα κελαινῆ λαΐλατι ίσος,
 παντήκοντα δὲ δλον δίφρους, δύο δὲ ἀμφὶ ἔκαστον
 φάτει ὁδαῖς δλον οὐδας, ἐμῷ μπὸ δουρὶ δαμέντες.
 τοι τό περ Ἀλεπόντε Μολίον παιᾶ ἀλόπαξ, 750

For so Athené ruled the chance of strife.
A river Minyeius meets the sea
Near to Arené ; there we Pylian horse
Waited the dawn divine, and to us flowed
The tribes of footmen. Thence in hottest haste
Harnessed in arms we journeyed on, and came
By noontide to Alpheus' holy flood.
There goodly victims to almighty Zeus
We slew ; a bull Alpheus claimed, a bull
Poseidon ; and Athené, stern-eyed power,
A heifer of the herd : then supped we, ranged
Throughout our army by our companies,
And laid us down to rest, each with his arms,
Beside the river stream. But now our foes,
High-souled Epeans, stood around the town
Eager to sack it : but, ere that might be,
A mighty work of warfare they beheld.
For as the sun rose bright above the earth
We closed in battle, uttering prayers to Zeus
And to Athené. Then, as rose the strife
Twixt Pylians and Epeans, I the first
A warrior slew, and won his firm-hoofed steeds—
The spearman Milius. Of Augeias he
Was son-in-law, his eldest daughter's lord,
Fair Agamedé of the yellow hair,
Who knew all herbs that earth's broad bosom bears.
Him, as he onwards came, with brass-tipped spear
I smote, that in the dust he fell, but I
Leapt on his car, and with the vanguard stood.
Then the high-souled Epeans broke and fled,
Seeing him fall, the leader of their horse,
Their bravest in the fight : but I rushed in
Like a black storm-wind ; chariots there I took
Two-score and ten, and warriors twain by each
Vanquished beneath my spear bit hard the ground.
And now those children twain from Molus sprung,

εἰ μὴ σφις πατήρ εὐρυκρείων ἐνοστίχθων
ἐκ πολέμου ἐσάωσε, καλύψας ἡέρι πολλῆ.
Ἐνθα Ζεὺς Πυλλοισι μέγα κράτος ἐγγυάλιξεν·
τόφρα γάρ οὖν ἐπόμεσθα διὰ σπιδέος πεδόοιο,
κτενοῦστές τ' αὐτοὺς ἀνά τ' ἔντεα καλὸν λέγοντες, 735
οφρὸς ἐπὶ Βουπρασίου πολυπύρου βήσαμεν ἵππους
πέτρης τ' Ὀλευτῆς, καὶ Ἀλεισίου ἐνθα κολώνη
κέκληται· δόθεν αὐτις ἀπέτραπε λαὸν Ἀθήνη.
Ἐνθ' ἄνδρα κτείνας πύματον λίπον· αὐτὰρ Ἀχαιοί
ἄψ ἀπὸ Βουπρασίου Πύλου δὲ ἔχον ὠκέας ἵππους, 760
πάντες δὲ εὐχετόωντο θεῶν Διὸς Νέστορι τὸν ἄνδρῶν.
Ως οὖν, εἰ ποτ' οὖν γε, μετ' ἄνδρασιν. αὐτὰρ Ἀχιλλεύς,
οἰος τῆς ἀρετῆς ἀπονήσεται· η τέ μιν οἴω
πολλὰ μετακλαύσεσθαι, ἐπει τὸν καὶ ἀπὸ λαὸς δλητας.
Ως πέπον, η μὴν οοι γε Μενολτιος ὁδὸς ἐπέτελλεν 765
ῆματι τῷ δτε σὸν ἐκ Φθίης Ἀγαμέμνονι πέμπεν·
νῶι δέ τ' ἐνδον ἐόντες, ἐγὼ καὶ διος Ὀδυσσεύς,
πάντα μάλιστα μεγάροις ἡκούομεν ὡς ἐπέτελλεν.
Πηλῆος δὲ ἵκεμεσθα δόμους εὐ ναστάσαντας
λαὸν ἀγείροντες κατ' Ἀχαιΐδα καλλιγύναικα. 770
Ἐνθα δὲ ἐπειδὴ θρωα Μενολτιον εῦρομεν ἐνδον
ηδὲ σέ, πάρ δὲ Ἀχιλῆα· γέρων δὲ ἵππηλάτα Πηλεύς
πίονα μηρὸς ἔκαιε βοδε Διὸς τερπικεραύνῳ
αὐλῆς ἐν χόρτῳ, ἔχε δὲ χρύσειον ἀλεισον,
σπένδων αἰθοπα οίνον ἐπ' αἰθομένοις Ἱεροῖσιν. 775
σφῶι μέντοι βοδε ἐπετον κρέα, νῶι δὲ ἐπειτα
στῆμεν εὐνὶ προθύροισι· ταφῶν δὲ ἀνόρουσεν Ἀχιλλεύς,
ει δὲ μηγε χειρὸς ἐλών, κατὰ δὲ ἐδριάσθαις ἀναγεν,

Deemed sons of Actor, I had rest of life,
Had not their truer sire, th' Earth-shaking king,
Veiled in thick mist and saved them from the war,
There Zeus vouchsafed a mighty victory
To us of Pylos: for we followed on
Through the broad plain, slaying and gathering spoil
Of goodly arms, till on Buprasium's lands
Wheat-laden trode our steeds, and reached the rock
Olenian, and the hill that bears a name
Drawn from Aleius. There Athené turned
Our people back: there left I him whom last
I slew: and from Buprasium all drove back
To Pylos their swift steeds, and prayerful owned
Zeus was the god who saved, Nestor the man.
Such was I once, if e'er indeed I was,
'Mid fellow warriors. But himself alone
Achilleus' might will profit: yet, I ween,
The host once lost with many tears he'll rue.
Dear friend, to thee Menoetius surely gave
This charge, on that day when he sent thee forth
From Phthian land to Agamemnon's aid—
For we were in the hall and heard each word,
Godlike Odysseus and myself, how then
He gave thee charge. To Peleus' well-built house
We twain had come, as gathering troops we ranged
Achaja's fruitful land: and there within
Menoetius we found, thy hero sire,
With thee and with Achilleus, while the knight
Old Peleus in the courtyard burned to Zeus
The lightning-lord the fat thighs of an ox,
Holding a golden beaker, whence he poured
The bright wine on the flaming sacrifice.
To the ox-flesh ye both gave heed, when we
Stood in the entrance. Up Achilleus leapt
Amazed, and took our hands, and led us in,
And bade be seated, hospitable cheer

ξείνιά τ' εὐ παρέθηκεν, ἃ τε ξείνοις θέμις ἔστιν.
 αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ τάρπημεν ἐδητύος ηδὲ ποτῆτος, 780
 θῆρχον ἀγώ μύθοιο, κελεύων ὅμηρ' ἄμ' ἐπεσθαί.
 σφῶ δὲ μάλ' ηθέλετον, τὰ δ' ἀμφοτε πόλλα ἐπέτελλον.
 Πηλεὺς μὲν φέταδί γέρων ἐπέτελλ' Ἀχιλῆς
 αὖτε ἀριστεύειν καὶ ὑπέροχον διμενας ἀλλων·
 οὐδὲ δ' αὖθ' αὖδ' ἐπέτελλε Μενοίτιος Ἀκτορος νιός. 785
 'τέκνον ἐμόν, γενεῆ μὲν ὑπέρτερος ἔστιν Ἀχιλλεύς,
 πρεσβύτερος δὲ σύ ἔστι. βίη δ' οὐ πολλὸν ἀμείνων.
 ἀλλ' εὐ οἱ φάσθαι πυκινὸν ἐπος ηδ' ὑποθέσθαι
 καὶ οἱ σημανεῖν· δὲ δὲ πεισταὶ εἰς ἀγαθὸν περ.
 ὡς ἐπέτελλ' ὁ γέρων, σὺ δὲ λήθεας. ἀλλ' ἔτι καὶ νῦν 790
 τὰ εἴποις Ἀχιλῆς δαΐφρονι, αἴ κε πίθηται.
 τίς οὖδ' εἴ κέν οἱ σὺν δαίμονι θυμὸν ὀρίνας
 παρεπών; ἀγαθὴ δὲ παραΐφασίς ἔστιν ἐταίρου.
 εἴ δέ τινα φρεσὶ γῆστι θεοπροπίην ἀλεείνεις
 καὶ τινά οἱ πάρ Ζηνὸς ἐπέφραδε πότνια μίτιρ, 795
 ἀλλὰ σέ περ προέτω, ἄμα δὲ ἄλλος λαὸς ἐπέσθω
 Μυρμιδόνων, εἴ κέν τι φόνες Δαναοῖσι γένησι.
 καὶ τοι τεύχεα καλὰ δότω πόλεμόνδε φέρεσθαι,
 αἴ κέ σε τῷ ἵσκοντες ἀπόσχωνται πολέμοιο
 Τρῶες, ἀνάπνευστοι δέ ἀρήιοι υἱες Ἀχαιῶν
 τειρόμενοι· ὀλέγη δέ τ' ἀνάπνευστοι πολέμοιο. 800
 ἥπια δέ κ' ἀκμῆτες κεκμηότας δυνδρας αἴτη
 ἀσαισθε προτὶ δοτυ νεῶν δέπο καὶ κλισιάων."
 οὐ φάτο, τῷ δέ ἄρα θυμὸν εὐ στήθεσσιν δρινει,
 βῆ δὲ θέως παρὰ τῆς ἐπ' Αλακίδην Ἀχιλῆα. 805

Setting before us such as guests may claim.
But when of meat and drink we had our fill,
I first began the word, bidding you both
To follow with us. Ye right willing were;
And both your sires then gave you fullest charge.
His son Achilleus greybeard Peleus charged
Ever to be the best, excelling all:
But thee thus charged Menoetius, Actor's son:
'My child, of nobler birth Achilleus is,
But thou art elder. He again in strength
Excels thee far; but be it thine to speak
Shrewd word suggesting, and to warn him well;
And for his good be surely will obey.'
Such charge the greybeard gave, but thou forgetst.
Yet even now this counsel thou may'st tell
The warlike prince, if haply he will hear.
Who knows but, with a god to help, thou may'st
Stir and persuade his soul? for alway good
Persuasion is that cometh from a friend.
But if some god-sent warning in his mind
He shuns to slight, and if some words from Zeus
His queenly mother spake, yet let him send
Thee forth, with all the Myrmidonian host
Following behind, if haply thou may'st dawn
To Danaan ranks a light. His goodly arms
Let him but give thee to the field to bear;
The Trojans may in thee his image see
And slack their battle; and some breathing-space
Achaia's warlike sons now sore distrest
May find. Short breathing-space doth war allow.
But ye thus fresh and whole the weary-worn
Charging with battle-cry may lightly drive
Back from our ships and tents to yonder town.'

So spake he; but the other's soul was stirred
Within his breast. Along the ships he ran
To seek Achilleus son of Æacus.

ἀλλ' ζτε δὴ κατὰ νῆας Ὄδυσσηος θείοιο
ἴξε θέων Πάτροκλος, ἵνα σφ' ἀγορή τε θέμις τε
ἥητ, τῇ δὴ καὶ σφι θεῶν ἐτετεύχατο βωμοί,
ἔνθα οἱ Εύρύπυλος βεβλημένοις ἀντεβόλησεν,
διογενῆς Εὐαιμονίδης, κατὰ μηρὸν ὁῖστῳ,
σκάζων ἐκ πολέμου· κατὰ δὲ νότιος ῥέεν ίδρως
ἄμων καὶ κεφαλῆς, ἀπὸ δ' ἐλκεος ἀργαλέοιο
αἷμα μέλαν κελάρυζε, νόος γε μὲν ἔμπεδος ἦεν.
τὸν δὲ ίδων φύκτειρε Μενοιτίου ἄλκιμος υἱός,
καὶ ἦρ' ὄλοφυρόμενος ἔπει πτερόεντα προσηύδα·
“Ἄ δειλοί Δαναῶν ἡγήτορες ηδὲ μέδουτες,
Ἄς ἄρ' ἔμέλλετε, τῇλε φίλων καὶ πατρίδος αἵης,
Ἄσεω ἐν Τροίη ταχέας κύνας ἀργέτι δημῳ.
ἀλλ' ἄγε μοι τόδε εἰπέ, διοτρεφὲς Εύρύπυλ' ἥρως,
ἢ ἦρ' ἔτι που σχήσουσι πελώριον “Ἐκτορ' Ἀχαιοί,
ἢ ηδη φθίσονται ὑπ' αὐτοῦ δουρὶ δαμέντες.”

τὸν δ' αὐτ' Εύρύπυλος πεπνυμένος ἀντίον ηῦδα·
“σύκέτε, διογενὲς Πατρόκλεες, ἄλκαρ Ἀχαιῶν
ἔσσεται, ἀλλ' ἐν νησὶ μελαίνησιν πεσέονται·
οἱ μὲν γὰρ δὴ πάντες, οἵσοι πάρος ησαν ἄριστοι,
ἐν νησὶν κέαται βεβλημένοις οὐτάμενοι τε
χερσὶν ὑπὸ Τρώων, τῶν δὲ σθένος δρυνται αἰεῖ.
ἀλλ' ἐμὲ μὲν σὺ σάωσον ἄγων ἐπὶ νῆα μέλαιναν,
μηροῦ δ' ἔκταμ' ὁῖστόν, ἀπ' αὐτοῦ δ' αἷμα κελαινόν
νῖζ' ὑδατὶ λιαρῷ, ἐπὶ δ' ἦπια φάρμακα πάσσε
ἔσθλά, τά σε προτί φασιν Ἀχιλλῆος δεδιδάχθαι,
ἢ Χείρων ἐδίδαξε, δικαιότατος Κενταύρων.
ἰητροὶ μὲν γὰρ Ποδαλείριος ηδὲ Μαχάων,
τὸν μὲν δὲν κλισίγσω δέομαι δλκος ἔχοντα,
χρηζόντα καὶ αὐτὸν ἀμύμονος ἵητήρος,

810

815

820

825

830

835

But in his running when Patroclus reached
The vessels of Odysseus godlike chief—
Where was the place of gathering and of law,
And where were built the altars of the gods—
Wounded Eurypylus there crossed his way,
Zeus-born Evaemon's son, whose thigh the shaft
Had pierced. And he was limping from the war,
With sweat from head and shoulders streaming down,
While from the painful wound the black blood came
Forth trickling, but his senses still were firm.

Whom as he saw, Menoetius' valiant son
Much pitied, and in lamentation loud
Out-breaking thus with wingèd words addressed :
“Ah ! wretched wights, ye captains and ye kings
Of Danaans ! was it then your foredoomed fate
Far far away from friends and fatherland
To glut with rich white fat swift dogs of Troy ?
But prithee tell me this, Eurypylus
Thou Zeus-born hero : will Achaia's sons
Yet stay perchance the giant Hector's force,
Or perish all subdued beneath his spear ?”

And wise Eurypylus thus made reply :
“Zeus-born Patroclus, of defence no more
Achaia's sons will show, but headlong fall
On their black ships : for all who once were best
Lie at the ships sore hurt by throw or thrust
From Trojan hands, whose strength is rising still.
But save thou me, and to my black ship lead,
And from my thigh cut out the arrow, and wash
Therefrom with water warm the purple blood,
And spread thereon those soothing wholesome salves
By thee—so say they—from Achilleus learnt,
Whom Chiron, justest of the centaurs, taught.
For Podalirius and Machaon both—
Our leeches—are away : one in his tent
Lies wounded sore, and needs himself, I ween,

καίσθαις· οὐδὲ δὲ πεδίῳ Τραδων μένει ὁξὺν "Αρηα."

τὸν δὲ αὐτε προσέειπε Μενοιτίου ἀλκιμος νιός·
"πῶς καν δοι τάδε ἔργα; τι δέξομεν, Εὐρύπυλος ἥρως;
ἔργομαι δέρρος Ἀχιλῆι δαΐφρονι μῆθον ἐνίσπει
οὐ Νέστωρ ἀπέτελλε Γερήνιος, οὐρος Ἀχαιῶν. 840
ἀλλ' οὐδὲ δις περ σεῖο μεθήσω τειρομένουο."

ἥ, καὶ ὑπὸ στέρνου λαβὼν ἀγε ποιμένα λαῶν
εἰ κλεσίην· θεράπων δὲ ιδὼν ὑπέχειν βοεῖς.
ἴδια μητερίσσας ἐκ μηροῦ τάμνε μαχαίρη
οὖν βέλος περιπεκές, ἀπ' αὐτοῦ δὲ αἷμα κελαιόν 845
τίκτει διδατε λιαρῷ, ἀπὸ δὲ ρίζας βάλε πικρήν
χερσὸν διατρίψας, ὁδυνήφατον, ἥ οἱ ἀπάστας
ἄσχη ὁδίνας. τὸ μὲν διλος ἀπέρσετο, πάνταστο δὲ αἷμα.

A blameless leech ; the other on the plain
Abides the furious brunt of Trojan war."

To whom Menoetius' valiant son replied :
" O how shall these works end ? what may we do,
Hero Eurypylus ? My errand is
Warlike Achilleus to inform of words
That Nestor of Gerene charged me with,
Achaia's bulwark. Yet not even thus
Will I desert thee in thy sore distress."

He spake, and 'neath the breast supporting led
To his own tent the shepherd of his folk.
At sight of whom th' esquire with ox-hides strewed
The floor ; and there Patroclus laid at length
The wounded chief, and with a knife cut out
The sharp and biting arrow from the thigh,
Washed off with water warm the purple blood,
And, powdered 'twixt his palms, a bitter root
Laid on, pain-killing, which his every ache
Assuaged. So dried the wound and ceased the blood.

ΙΛΙΑΔΟΣ Μ.

Τειχομαχία.

"Ως μὲν ἐν κλισίῃσι Μενοιτίου ἄλκιμος νίστ
ιάτ' Εύρύπυλον βεβλημένον· οἵ δὲ μάχοντο
Ἀργείοις καὶ Τρώεις ὅμιλαδόν. οὐδέ τέρτιον
τάφρος ἔτι σχήσει Δαναῶν καὶ τεῖχος ὑπερθεν
εύρυ, τὸ ποιήσαντο νεῶν ὑπερ, ἀμφὶ δὲ τάφρον
ηλασαν. οὐδὲ θεοῖσι δόσαν κλειτάς ἑκατόμβας,
ὅφρα σφιν νῆάς τε θοὰς καὶ ληῆδα πολλήν
ἐντὸς ἔχον ῥύσιτο, θεῶν δὲ ἀέκητι τέτυκτο
ἀθανάτων· τὸ καὶ οὐ τι πολὺν χρόνον ἔμπεδον ἦεν.
ὅφρα μὲν Ἔκτωρ ζωὸς ἦν καὶ μήνι 'Αχιλλεύς
καὶ Πριάμοιο ἀνακτος ἀπόρθητος πόλις ἐπλεν,
τόφρα δὲ καὶ μέγα τεῖχος 'Αχαιῶν ἔμπεδον ἦεν.
αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ κατὰ μὲν Τρώων θάνον δόσσοι ἄριστοι,
πολλοὶ δὲ 'Αργείων οἵ μὲν δάμεν οἵ δὲ λίποντο,
τέρβετο δὲ Πριάμοιο πόλις δεκάτῳ ἐνιαυτῷ,
Ἀργείοις δὲ ἐν νησὶ φίλην ἐς πατρὶδ' ἔβησαν,
δῆ τότε μητιόωντο Ποσειδάων καὶ 'Απόλλων
τεῖχος ἀμαλδῦναι, ποταμῶν μένος εἰσαγαγόντες
δόσσοις ἀπ' Ἰδαίων ὄρέων ἄλαδε προρέουσιν,
Ῥῆσός δὲ 'Επτάπορός τε Κάρησός τε 'Ροδίος τε

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ILIADE XII.

The storming of the Danaean wall.

THUS in the tent Menoetius' valiant son
Succoured Eurypylus the wounded chief:
The rest meanwhile, Argives and Trojans both,
Fought in dense throngs; nor now the Danaans' trench
Should serve to check the foe, nor should the wall
That broad above it rose; which they had made
To shield their ships, and girdled with a trench,
But gave the gods no glorious hecatombs.
Swift ships and plenteous spoil to enclose and save
'Twas built, but built in despite of the gods
Immortal, wherefore no long time it stood.
While Hector lived, while burned Achilleus' wrath,
While yet unsacked was royal Priam's town,
So long Achaia's mighty rampart stood.
But when of Trojans all the best were dead,
And many Argives slain, tho' some were left;
When Priam's city in the tenth year fell,
And to their fatherland the Argives sailed;
Then did Poseidon and Apollo scheme
That rampart to destroy, bringing thereon
The force of all the rivers that run down
Sea-ward from Ida's heights: Rhesus to wit,
Heptaporus, Caresus, Rhodius,

Γρήνικός τε καὶ Αἰσηπός δῖός τε Σκάμανδρος
καὶ Σιρόεις, ὅθι πολλὰ βιόγυρια καὶ τριφάλειαι
κάππεσσον ἐν κονίγσι καὶ ἡμιθέων γένος ἀνδρῶν.
τῶν πάντων διμόσσε στόματα τράπε Φοῖβος Ἀπόλλων,
ἐννῆμαρ δ' ἐς τεῖχος ἵη ρόον· ὃς δ' ἄρα Ζεύς 25
συνεχές, δφρα κα θῦσσον ἀλίπλοα τείχεα θείη.
αὐτὸς δ' ἐννοσύγαιος ἔχων χείρεσσι τρίαιναν
ῆγεῖτ', ἐκ δ' ἄρα πάντα θεμεῖλα κύμασι πέμπειν
φιτρῶν καὶ λάων, τὰ θέσαν μογέοντες Ἀχαιοί,
λεῖα δ' ἐποίησεν παρ' ἀγάρροον Ἐλλήσποντον, 30
αὗτις δ' ἡιόνα μεγάλην ψαμάθοισι κάλυψεν,
τεῖχος ἀμαλδύνας ποταμοὺς δὲ τρέψει νέεσθαι
καὶ ρόον, γὰρ περ πρόσθεν ιεν καλλίρροον ὄδωρ.

ως ἄρ' ἔμελλον ὄπισθε Ποσειδάων καὶ Ἀπόλλων
θησέμεναι· τότε δ' ἀμφὶ μάχη ἐνοπή τε δεδήει 35
τεῖχος ἐνδιμητον, κανάχιζε δὲ δούρατα πύργων
βαλλόμεν'. Ἀργεῖοι δὲ Διδε μάστυγι δαμέντες
ηησύλι ἐπει γλαφυρῆσι ἐελμένοι ισχανόωντο,
Ἐκτορα δειδιότες, κρατερὸν μῆστορα φόβοιο· 40
διντὰρ ὅ γ', ως τὸ πρόσθεν, ἔμάρνατο ίσος ἀελληγ.
ως δ' ὅτ' ἀν ἐν τε κύνεσσι καὶ ἀνδράσι θηρητῆρσιν
κάπριος τὴ λέων στρέφεται σθένει βλεμεαίνων,
οἱ δέ τε πυργηδὸν σφέας αὐτοὺς ἀρτύναντες
ἀντίοις ἰστασται, καὶ ἀκοντίζουσι θαμέλας
αιχμὰς ἐκ χειρῶν· τοῦ δ' οὐ ποτε κυδάλιμον κῆρ 45
ταρβεῖ οὐδὲ φοβεῖται, ἀγηνορίη δέ μιν ἔκτα·
ταρφέα τε στρέφεται στίχας ἀνδρῶν πειρητῶν·
ὅπη τ' ιθύση, τῇ εἴκουσι στίχεις ἀνδρῶν·
ως Ἐκτωρ ἀν διμελον ίών εἰλίσσεθ' ἑταίρους
τάφρον ἐποτρύνων διαβανέμεν. οὐδέ οἱ ἵπποι 50

Granicus, with *Aesepus*; and those twain,
Scamander, godlike stream, and Simois,
Where many a bull's-hide targe and many a helm
Fell in the dust, and many a mighty man
Of seed divine. To one united flood
Phoebus Apollo turned the mouths of all,
And for nine days against the rampart drove;
While Zeus incessant rained, the quicker so
In one wide sea the floating walls to whelm.
Himself withal, the Earth-shaker, led the way
Trident in hand, and to the waves heaved forth
All those foundations strong of beams and stones
Laid by much labour of Achaian hands,
And by the rushing stream of Hellespont
Made level plain, and now, the wall effaced,
Again with sand strewed the long line of shore:
The rivers then he turned, that in their beds
Fair flowing, as before, their waters ran.

Thus should Poseidon and Apollo work
Their will in days to come. But now fierce burned
Around the well-built wall the fight and cry,
Rattled with blows the timbers of the towers,
And by the scourge of Zeus the Argives quelled
Close at their hollow ships were penned, in fear
Of Hector mighty counsellor of flight,
Who still, as ever, like a storm-wind fought.
And as among the hounds and hunter throng
A boar or lion turns him, fierce in strength—
They massed in solid wall against him stand,
And frequent from their hands the javelins hurl,
Yet never daunt nor fright his valiant heart,
Whose courage proves his bane; and oft he turns
And tries the serried ranks, but wheresoe'er
He charges there the foemen's ranks give place—
So Hector moved and turned him in the throng,
Urging his comrades on to cross the trench.

τόλμων ὥκυποδες, μάλα δὲ χρεμέτιζον ἐπ' ἄκρῳ
χειλεις ἐφεσταότες· ἀπὸ γὰρ δειδίσσετο τάφρος
εὐρεῖ, οὐτ' ἀρ' ὑπερθορέειν σχεδὸν οὔτε περῆσαι
ρηιδίῃ· κρημνοὶ γὰρ ἐπηρεφέεις περὶ πᾶσαν
δοτασσαν ἀμφοτέρωθεν, ὑπερθεν δὲ σκολόπεσσιν
οὖξιν τήρηρει, τοὺς δοτασσαν υἱοὺς Ἀχαιῶν
πυκνοὺς καὶ μεγάλους, δηίων ἀνδρῶν ἀλεωρήν.
Ἐνθ' οὖ καὶ ῥέα ἵππος ἐντροχον ἀρμα τιταίνων
ἐσβαίη, πεζοὶ δὲ μενοίνεον εἰ τελέουσιν.

Δὴ τότε Πουλυνδύμας θρασὺν Ἐκτορα εἴπε παραστάς· 60
“Ἐκτορ τ' ηδ' ἄλλοι Τρώων ἄγον ηδ' ἐπικούρων,
ἀφραδέως διὰ τάφρον διαιύνομεν ὥκέας ἵππουν.
η δὲ μάλιστρα ἀργαλέη περάαν· σκόλοπες γὰρ εν αὐτῷ
οὖξις ἐστᾶσιν, προτὶ δὲ αὐτοὺς τεῖχος Ἀχαιῶν.
Ἐνθ' οὖ πως ἐστι καταβήμεναι οὐδὲ μάχεσθαι
ἵππεῦσι· στεῖνος γάρ, οὐθὲ τρώσεσθαι ὅτω.

εἰ μὲν γὰρ τοὺς πάγχυν κατὰ φρονέων ἀλαπάζει
Ζεὺς ὑψιβρεμέτης, Τρώεσσι δὲ ζετεῖ ἀρίγγειν,
η τὸν διηγόντας οὐδὲν εἴθελοιμεν καὶ αὐτίκα τοῦτο γενέσθαι,
πανύμνους ἀπολέσθαι ἀπ' Ἀργεος ἐνθάδε 'Αχαιούς· 70
εἰ δέ χρ' ὑποστρέψωσι, παλίωξις δὲ γένηται
ἐκ τηῶν καὶ τάφρῳ ἐνιπλήξωμεν ὄρυκτῷ,
οὐκέτ' ἐπειτ' οὖτος οὐδὲ ἀγγελον ἀπονέεσθαι
ἄφορρον προτὶ ἀστυν διεχθέντων ὑπ' Ἀχαιῶν.
ἄλλον διγενέα, οὐδὲ διηγόντας εἴπω, πειθώμεθα πάντες. 75
ἴππουν μὲν θεράποντες δρυκόντων ἐπὶ τάφρῳ,
αὐτοὶ δὲ πρυλάεις σὺν τεύχεσι θωρηχθέντες
Ἐκτορι πάστες ἀπόμεθ' ἀολλάεις. αὐτὸρ 'Αχαιοι·

Nor yet his fleet-foot horses dared the deed,
But loudly neighed as on the brink they stood,
Scared by the trench so broad, not lightly leapt—
How near so'er—nor light the task to climb
Or in or out, for steep round all its verge
O'erhung the rising banks on either-side ;
And sharpened stakes above Achaia's sons
Frequent and large had set, to ward their foes.
No easy entrance there for horse that drew
The wheeled car: but eager were the foot
If they might do it. Then Polydamas
Spake to bold Hector at whose side he stood :
" Hector, and all ye other chiefs of Troy
And of allies, we surely are but fools
To drive across yon trench our fleet-foot steeds.
Full dangerous is the passage; pointed stakes
Are set thereon, and close beyond them lies
Achaia's rampart. There dismount and fight
Our horsemen cannot; 'tis a narrow lane,
Where hurt and loss will, as I deem, be ours.
For if indeed the lofty-thund'ring Zeus
Desiring utter evil to our foes
Destroys them, and is bent to succour Troy,
I surely were full fain this end might come
At once, that so away from Argos here
Achaia's sons might find inglorious doom.
But if they wheel them round, and from the ships
Pursuit reversed roll back, and we be driven
On the deep trench, then nevermore, I ween,
Will ev'n a messenger regain the town
Escap'd from these Achaians' rallying charge.
But come, as I advise, obey we all :
Our steeds upon the trench our squires shall rein,
Ourselves afoot, armed and arrayed, in mass
Will follow Hector: then Achaia's sons

εὐ μενόυσ", εἰ δή σφιν δλέθρον πείρατ' ἀφῆπτας"

ὡς φάτο Πουλυδόμας, ἀδε δ' "Εκτορὶ μῦθος ἀπήμων, 80
αὐτίκα δ' οὐχέων ξὺν τεύχεσιν ἀλτο χαμᾶζε.

οὐδὲ μὲν ἄλλοι Τρῶες ἐφ' ἵππων ἡγερέθυντο,
ἀλλ' ἀπὸ πάντες ὄρουσαν, ἐπεὶ ίδον "Εκτορα δῖον.

ἡμόχρι μὲν ἔτειτα ἐφ' ἐπέτελλε ἀκαστος

ἵππους εὐ κατὰ κόσμον ἀρυκέμεν αὐθ' ἐπὶ τάφρῳ 85

οἱ δὲ διαστάντες, σφέας αὐτοὺς ἀρτύναντες,

πένταχα κοσμηθέντες ἀμ' ἡγεμόνεσσιν ἔποντο.

οἱ μὲν ἄμ' "Εκτορ' ἴσαν καὶ ἀμύμονι Πουλυδάμαντι,

οἱ πλειστοις καὶ ἄριστοι ἔσαν, μέμασαν δὲ μάλιστα

τεῖχος ρηξάμενοι κοιλὺς ἐπὶ ηνυσὶ μάχεσθαι. 90

καὶ σφιν Κεφριόνης τρίτος εἶπετο· πάρ δ' ἄρ' ὅχεσφιν

ἄλλον Κεφριόναο χερέονα κάλλιπεν "Εκτωρ.

τῶν δ' ἐτέρων Πάρις ἥρχε καὶ Ἀλκάθοος καὶ Ἀγήνωρ,

τῶν δὲ τρίτων "Ελενος καὶ Δηίφοβος θεοειδής,

νίσ δύο Πριάμοιο· τρίτος δ' ἦν "Ασιος ἥρως, 95

"Ασιος "Τρτακίδης, δυ 'Αρισβηθεν φέρον ἵπποις

αἰθανες μεγάλοις, ποταμοῦ ἀπὸ Σελλήνετος.

τῶν δὲ τετάρτων ἥρχεν ἐντος πάτις Ἀγχίσαο

Λίνειας, ἄμα τῷ γε δύο Αντήνορος νίσ,

Ἀρχέλοχός τ' Ἀκάμας τε, μάχητε εὐ εἰδότε πάσης. 100

Σαρπηδὼν δ' ἤγήσατ' ὀγκαλειτῶν ἐπικούρων,

πρὸς δὲ ἔλετο Γλαῦκον καὶ ἀρήιον Ἀστεροπαῖον·

οἱ γάρ οἱ εἰσαγόντες διακριδόντες εἶναι ἄριστοι

τῶν ἄλλων μετά γ' αὐτῶν· δὲ πρέπει καὶ διὰ πάντων.

Will not abide us, if indeed for them
The issue of destruction is ordained."

So spake Polydamas: whose wholesome words
Pleased Hector well. And straightway all in arms
Down leapt he from his chariot to the ground.
Nor now on steeds the other sons of Troy
Mustered their force, but lighted quickly down,
When godlike Hector thus on foot they saw.
Then to his charioteer each one gave charge
There by the trench to hold his horses back
In order due; but they, disparting them
To several bands, arrayed their solid ranks
In columns five, who followed each their chiefs.
First those with Hector and Polydamas,
That blameless wight, most numerous they and best,
And keenest bent to break the rampart through
And urge the battle at the hollow ships.
Third with these twain followed Cebriones,
Cebriones, than whom a weaker far
Had Hector with his chariot left behind.
The second band led Paris, and with him
Alcathous and Agenor: and the third
Godlike Deiphobus with Helenus,
Two sons of Priam, and a third with these
Asius the hero son of Hyrtacus,
Whom from Arisbe's town his horses drew,
Bright bay, large-limbed, bred by Selleis' stream.
The fourth band ruled Anchises' gallant son
Aeneas, and with him Antenor's sons
Were joined, Archelochus and Acamas,
A pair well-skilled in every wile of war,
Last the far-famed allies Sarpedon led,
And chose him Glaucus to his aid, and third
Warlike Asteropaeus; these he deemed
Of other chiefs pre-eminently best
Next to himself, who them and all outshone.

οἵ δέ τοις ἄλλοις δραρον τυκτῆσι βόεσσιν,
βάν ρέ ιθὺς Δαναῶν λελημένοι, οὐδέ τέ ξφαντο
σχήσεος ἄλλ' ἐν τηνὸι μελαίνησιν πεσέεσθαι.

ἔνθ' ἄλλοι Τρῶες τηλεκλειτοί τέ ἐπίκουροι
βουλῆ Πουλινδάμαρτος ἀμωμῆτοιο πίθοντο
ἄλλ' οὐχ "Τρακλῆς ἔθελ' "Ασιος, δρχαμος ἀνδρῶν, 110
αὐθὶς λεπεῖν ἵππους τε καὶ ἡνίοχον θεράποντα,
ἄλλα σὺν αὐτοῖσιν πέλασεν νῆσσαι θοῦσιν
νήπιος, οὐδέ δρέ τέ ξμελλε κακὰς ὑπὸ κῆρας ἀλύξεις,
ἵπποισιν καὶ ὅχεσφιν ἀγαλλόμενος παρὰ τηῶν
ἄψ ἀπονοστήσειν προτὶ Πλιον ἡνεμόεσσαν· 115
πρόσθεν γάρ μιν μοῖρα δυσάνυμος ἀμφεκάλυψεν
ἔγχει Ίδομενῆς ἀγανοῦ Δευκαλίδαο.

εἰσατο γὰρ τηῶν ἐπ' ἀριστερά, τῇ περ Ἀχαιοί
ἐκ πεδίου νίσσοντο σὺν ἵπποισιν καὶ ὅχεσφιν·
τῇ ρέ ἵππους τε καὶ ἄρμα διήλασεν, οὐδὲ πύλησιν 120
εὐρέ τεικελιμένας σανίδας καὶ μακρὸν ὄχῆς,
ἄλλ' ἀναπεπταμένας ἔχον ἀνέρες, εἴ τιν' ἑταῖρων
ἐκ πολέμου φεύγοντα σαύσειαν μετὰ νῆας.

τῇ ρέ ιθὺς φρονέων ἵππους ἔχε, τοι δέ ἀμέτηπο
δξέα κεκληγάντες· ξφαντο γὰρ οὐκέτ' Ἀχαιούς 125
σχήσεος ἄλλ' ἐν τηνὸι μελαίνησιν πεσέεσθαι·
νήπιοι. ἐν δὲ πύλησι δύο ἀνέρας εὐρος ἀρίστους,
νίστις ὑπερθύμους Λαπιθάων αἰχμητάων,
τὸν μὲν Πειριθόου νίσι κρατερὸν Πολυποίην,
τὸν δὲ Λεοντῆα βροτολοιχῷ ίσουν Ἀρηι. 130
τῷ μὲν ἄρα προτάροιθε πυλάων ὑψηλάσων
δυτισας ὡς δτε τε δρύετο οὔρεσιν ὑψηλάρηνοι,

And when with well-wrought bull's-hide shields their lines
Were locked, against the Danaans straight they went
Full eager: who, they deemed, no more would stay,
But headlong fall upon their hollow ships.

There Trojans and allies from distant lands
Obeyed the counsel of Polydamas
That blameless sage; but Asius, prince of men,
The son of Hyrtacus, willed not to leave
His horses and attendant charioteer:
But onward with them to the swift ships went,
Poor fool! who nevermore, his evil fates
Escaping, proud in chariot and in steeds,
Should back return to wind-swept Ilion.
For him inglorious destiny forestalled
With death's dark veil, by spear of noble king
Idomeneus the son of Deucalus.
Toward the ships' left wing he bent his course,
That way whereby Achaia's warriors came
With steeds and cars returning from the plain:
There drove he steeds and car across, nor found
The doors upon the gateway closed and barred
With the long beam: these open still were held,
That so each comrade flying from the fray
Might pass and at the ships safe refuge find.
Straight for this entrance Asius held his steeds
Resolved: whose warriors followed shouting shrill,
For now no more they deemed Achaia's sons
Would stay, but headlong on their black ships fall.
Poor fools! Two gallant champions in the gate
They found, of Lapithaeon spearmen sons
High-couraged: of Pirithoüs one was born,
Stout Polypoetes named; Leonteus one,
In semblance as the war-god, mortals' bane.
Before the lofty gate those champions twain
Stood as two oaks upon the mountain stand
Rearing their heads on high, that through all time

αῖ τ' ἀνεμον μίμηνοντι καὶ ὑετὸν ἥματα πάντα,
ῥέοντι μεγάλησι διηνεκέσσ' ἀφαρνῖαι·
μη ἄρα τῷ χείρεσσι πεποιθότες ηδὲ βίηφιν
μίμηνον ἐπερχόμενον μέγαν "Ἄσιον, οὐδὲ φέβοντα.
οὐδὲ δὲ οὐδὲ πρὸς τεῖχος ἐνδιμήτον, βόας αὖτις
ὑψόσ' ἀνασχόμενοι, δικιον μεγάλῳ ἀλαλητῷ
"Ἄσιον ἀμφὶ ἄνακτα καὶ Ταμενὸν καὶ Ὁρέστην
Ἄσιάδην τ' Ἀδάμαντα Θόωνδ' τε Οἰνόμαον τε.

οὐδὲ δὲ τοι εἶναι μὴ δύκυνήμιδας Ἀχαιούς
ἄρνινον ἔνδον δόντες ἀμύνεσθαι περὶ οὐηῶν·
αὐτῷ δὲ διῆ τεῖχος ἐπεσσομένους ἐνόησαν
Τρῶας, ἀτέρ Δαναῶν γένετο Ιαχή τε φόβος τε,
εἰς δὲ τῷ ἀδεῖαντε πυλάων πρόσθε μαχέσθην,
ἀγροτέροισι σύεσσι δουκότε, τῷ τ' ἐν δρεσσοῖς
ἀνδρῶν ηδὲ κυνῶν δέχαται κολοσσυρτὸν ἴωτα,
δοχμέ τ' ἀλεσσούστε περὶ σφίσι ἀγυντον ὅλην,
πρυμνήν ἀκτάμνοντες, ὑπαὶ δέ τε κόμπος δδόντων
γίγνεται, εἰς δὲ κέ τίς τε βαλαὸν ἐκ θυμὸν ἔληται.
μη τῶν κόμπει χαλκὸς ἐπὶ στήθεσσι φαεινός
ἄντην βαλλομένων· μάλα γάρ κρατερῶς ἀμάχοντο,
λαοῖσι καθύπερθε πεποιθότες ηδὲ βίηφιν.

οἱ δὲ ἄρα χειραδίοισιν ἐνδιμήτων ἀπὸ πύργων
βαλλον, ἀμυνόμενοι σφῖν τ' αὐτῶν καὶ ελισιάων
οὐηῶν τ' ἀκυπόρων. νιφάδες δὲ τῆς πίπτουν ἔραζε,
μη τὸ ἀνεμος ζαής, νέφεα σκιώστα δονήσας,
ταρφειδὸς κατέχεντες ἐπὶ χθονὶ πουλυβοτείρῃ.
μη τῶν δὲ χειρῶν βέλεα ῥέον, ημέν τ' Αχαιῶν
ηδὲ καὶ ἐκ Τρῶων· πόρυθες δὲ ἀμφὶ αὐτον ἀντεῖν
βαλλόμενας μυλάκεσσι καὶ ἀσπίδες ὄμφαλόεσσαι.
δέ τοι τότε φύωξεν καὶ μη πεπλήγετο μηρός

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160

Bide brunt of wind and rain, by mighty roots
Far spreading through the soil full firmly set.
So these on hand and strength reliant bode
Great Asius as he came, and fled him not.
Straight for the well-built rampart came the foes,
Their bull's-hide targes hard raised o'er their heads,
With mighty shout, round Asius the king,
Iamenus, Orestes, Adamas
Of Asius son, Thoön, Enomaüs.

Awhile the twain biding within had stirred
Achaia's well-greaved warriors to defend
Their ships ; but when they saw the sons of Troy
Charge at the wall, and in the Danaan lines
Confused cries and panic fear arose,
Then forth they rushed and fought before the gates,
Like two wild boars, who in their mountain home
Await advancing rout of men and dogs ;
And charging with a side-long rush they break
Snapt to the roots the copsewood all around ;
And of their teeth the gnashing sound is heard,
Till to some hunter's stroke they yield their life :
So on the heroes' breasts the brazen mail
Rang 'neath the downright blows ; for they did fight
Full stubbornly, reliant on their strength
And on the host that crowned the wall above.
These from the well-built towers hurled frequent stones,
Themselves, their tents, and swiftly-sailing ships
Defending. Thick as snow-flakes to the earth
Their missiles fell, flakes that a driving wind
Whirling the shadowy clouds sheds thick and fast
Upon all-nurturing earth : so from their hands,
Both Trojan and Achaian, streamed the shower.
And all around the helms and bossy shields
Beneath the pelting boulders rattled loud.
Then Asius son of Hyrtacus brake forth
With cry of woe, and both his thighs he smote,

"Ἄσιος Ὑρτακλόδης, καὶ ἀλαστήσας ἔπος ηῦδα·

"Ζεῦ πάτερ, η ῥά νυ καὶ σὺ φιλοψευδής ἐτέτυξο·
πάγχυ μάλ· οὐ γάρ ἐγώ γε φάμην ἥρωας Ἀχαιούς 165
σχήσεις ἡμέτερον γε μένος καὶ χεῖρας ἀπτους.

οἵ δ, ὡς τε σφῆκες μέσον αἰόλοις ηὲ μέλισσαι
οὐκέτι ποιήσωνται ὄδῳ ἔπι παιπαλοέσση,
οὐδὲ ἀπολείπουσιν κοῖλον δόμου, ἀλλὰ μένοντες
ἄνδρας θηριητῆρας ἀμύνονται περὶ τέκνων, 170
ὡς οἵδε οὐκέτι ἐθέλουσι πυλάσων καὶ δύ' ἐόντες
χάσσασθαι πρίν γ' ηὲ κατακτάμεν ηὲ ἀλῶναι."

ὡς ἔφατ', οὐδὲ Διὸς πεῖθεν φρένα ταῦτ' ἀγορεύων·

"Εκτορεὶς γάρ οἱ θυμὸς ἐβούλετο κῦδος ὀρέξαι.
ἄλλοι δὲ ἀμφ' ἀλλησι μάχην ἐμάχοντο πύλησι· 175

ἀργαλέον δέ με ταῦτα θεὸν ὡς πάντ' ἀγορεῦσαι·
πάντη γάρ περὶ τεῖχος ὄρώρει θεσπιδαῖς πῦρ
λάινον. Ἀργεῖοι δέ, καὶ ἀχνύμενοί περ, ἀνάγκη
ηῷον ημύνοντο. θεοὶ δὲ ἀκαχήσατο θυμόν
πάντες, δοσοὶ Δαναοῖσι μάχης ἐπιτάρροθοι ησαν. 180

σὺν δὲ ἐβαλον Λαπίθαι πόλεμον καὶ δηιοτῆτα.
ἔνθ' αὐτὸς Πειριθόου νίδος κρατερὸς Πολυποίτης
δουρὶ βάλεν Δάμασον κυνέης διὰ χαλκοπαρήσου·
οὐδὲ ἄρα χαλκείη κόρυς ἐσχεθεν, ἀλλὰ διαπρό
αἰχμὴ χαλκείη ρῆξ ὄστέον, ἐγκέφαλος δέ
ἔνδον ἀπας πεπάλακτο· δάμασσε δέ μιν μεμαῶτα.
αὐτὰρ ἔπειτα Πύλωνα καὶ Ὀρμενον ἐξενάριξεν. 185

υἱὸν δὲ Ἀντιψάχοιο Λεοντεὺς δέξος Ἀρηος

"Ιππόμαχον βάλε δουρὶ, κατὰ ζωστῆρα τυχήσας.
αὐτὶς δὲ ἐκ κολεοῦ ἐρυσσάμενος ξίφος ὄξύ

"Ἀντιφάτην μὲν πρῶτον, ἐπαῖξας δι' ὄμιλου,
πλῆξεν αὐτοσχεδίην· ὁ δὲ ἄρ' ὑπτιος οὐδεὶς ἐρείσθη·

And thus in wrath indignant utterance found :
"O Father Zeus ! thou too hast surely now
Turned thee to love a lie : for I had deemed
That these Achaian heroes would not check
Our onset bold and hands invincible ;
But they, as supple-waisted wasps or bees,
Who by a rocky road their homes have made,
Nor leave their hollow dwelling, but abide
The hunter's coming and defend their young,
So from the gates, tho' twain alone they be,
They give no ground, but stand to slay or fall."

So spake he ; but won not the mind of Zeus
With these his words ; for 'twas the Father's will
Glory on none but Hector to bestow.
Others at other gates maintained the fight.
But 'twere a toilsome task, needing a god,
Should I tell all ; for round the rampart rose
On every side a heaven-ekindled fire
Of stones ; wherein the Argives, tho' distrest,
Stood for their ships perforce ; and sad at heart
Were all the gods who helped the Danaan arms.

But here the war and gathering combat led
Those Lapithaeon twain. Pirithoüs' son
Stout Polypoetes here with flying spear
Smote Damasus right through the brazen helm
That fenced his checks ; nor stayed for brazen casque
The brazen point, but through and onwards passed
And brake the bone ; and all the brains within
Were scattered, and his eager spirit quelled.
Then Pylon next he slew, and Ormenus.
Meanwhile Leonteus, Ares' scion he,
Hippomachus son of Antimachus
Smote with a spear that lit upon his belt.
Then from the scabbard his keen sword he drew,
Rushed through the throng, and, closing with him, struck
Antiphates the first, who backward fell.

αὐτὸρ ἔπειτα Μένωνα καὶ Ἰαμενὸν καὶ Ὀρέστην
τάντας ἀπασσοντέρους πέλασι χθονὶ πουλυβοτελοῦ.

δόφρ' οὐ τοὺς ἀνάριζον ἀπ' ἀντεα μαρμαΐροντα, 195
τόφρ' οὐ Πουλυδάμαντι καὶ Ἐκτορὶ κοῦρος ἐποντο,
οὐ πλεῖστοι καὶ ἀριστοι ἦσαν μέμασαν δὲ μάλιστα
τεῖχός τε ῥήξειν καὶ ἀνιπρήσειν πυρὶ τῆς,
οὐδὲ δὲ μαρμήριζον ἀφεσταότες παρὰ τάφρῳ. 200
δρυς γάρ σφιν ἐπῆλθε περησέμεναι μεμαῶσιν,
αἰετὸς ὑψηπέτης ἐπ' ἀριστερὰ λαὸν ἔργων,
φουιήσατα δράκοντα φέρων ὀνύχεσσι πέλωρον
ζωόν, ἐπ' ἀσπαλφοντα· καὶ οὐ πω λήθετο χάρμης·
κόψει γάρ αὐτὸν ἔχοντα κατὰ στῆθος παρὰ δειρήν
ἴδωμεν ὄπιστο. οὐδὲ δὲ οὐδενὶ τίκε χαμάξει 205
ἀλγήσας ὀδύνησι, μέσφε δὲ ἐνὶ κάββαλ' ὄμηλφ,
αὐτὸς δὲ κλάγξας πέτετο πνοιῆς ἀνέμοιο.
Τρῶες δὲ ῥύγησαν, δπως ἴδον αἰόλον δφιν
κείμενον ἐν μέσσοισι, Διὸς τέρας αἰγιόχοιο.
δῆ τότε Πουλυδάμας θρασύν "Ἐκτορα εἴπε παραστάς" 210
"Ἐκτορ, ἀεὶ μέν πως μοι ἐπιπλήσσεις ἀγορῆσιν
ἔσθλὰ φραζομένῳ· ἐπεὶ οὐδὲ μὲν οὐδὲ δουκεν
δῆμος ἔστα παρὲξ ἀγορευμένεν, οὐτ' ἐνὶ βουλῇ
οὔτε ποτ' ἐν πολέμῳ, σὸν δὲ κράτος αἰὲν ἀλέξειν·
νῦν αὐτὸν δέξερέω ὡς μοι δοκεῖ εἶναι ἀριστα. 215
μηδὲ Ιομέντος Δαναοῖσι μαχησόμενος περὶ τηλῶν.
ἄλλει γάρ ἀκτελέσθαις ὄτομαι, εἰ ἐτεόν γε
Τρωσίν δέδη δρυς ηλθε περησέμεναι μεμαῶσιν,
αἰετὸς ὑψηπέτης ἐπ' ἀριστερὰ λαὸν ἔργων,
φουιήσατα δράκοντα φέρων ὀνύχεσσι πέλωρον 220

Upon the ground : then in succession swift
Menon, Orestes, and Iamenus,
Upon the fruitful earth he laid full low.

While they from these their glittering armour stripped,
Followed with Hector and Polydamas
Meanwhile a troop of youths, most numerous they
And bravest, and of all most hotly bent
To break the rampart down and fire the ships.
Who standing at the trench were yet in doubt :
For came to them in eager haste to cross
A bird, a soaring eagle, toward the left,
Parting their host midway, bearing a snake
Trussed in his talons blood-red, huge, alive,
Still struggling, nor forgetful yet of might,
For curling back he struck his ravisher,
Quick darting at his breast, beside his throat,
Who dropt him to the ground, stung with sharp pain,
Flinging him in mid throng, then with a scream
Adown the wasting breezes winged his way.
Shuddering the Trojans saw the writhing snake
Lie in their midst, of aegis-bearing Zeus
The portent dire. Then straight Polydamas
Spake to bold Hector, by whose side he stood :
"Hector, thou alway in assembly chid'st
My words of wholesome wit : for 'tis unmeet
(So thinkest thou) for common man to speak
Beside thy aims, in council or in war ;
But we must still support thy sovereign might.
Yet now again what seems me best I say.
Go we not on to fight the Danaan host
Who guard their ships : for thus, I ween, will end
Our venture—if indeed this bird of fate
Came to the Trojans while in eager haste
To cross, a soaring eagle, toward the left,
Parting our host midway, bearing a snake
Trussed in his talons blood-red, huge, alive ;

ζωόν· ἄφαρ δ' ἄφέηκε πάρος φίλα οἰκεῖ ίκέσθαι,
οὐδὲ ἐτέλεσσε φέρων δόμενα τεκέεσσι ἐοῖσιν.
Ἄντιοις, εἴ τέ πέρ τε πύλας καὶ τεῖχος Ἀχαιῶν
ρηξόμεθα σθένει μεγάλῳ, εἴξωσι δ' Ἀχαιοῖ,
οὐ κόσμῳ παρὰ ναῦφιν ἀλευσόμεθ' αὐτὰ κέλευθα· 115
πολλοὺς γάρ Τρώων καταλείψομεν, οὓς κεν Ἀχαιοῖ
χαλεψῷ δηώσουσιν, ἀμνόμενος περὶ νηῶν.
Ἄδε χ' ὑποκρίναιτο θεοπρόπος, ὃς σάφα θυμῷ
εἰδεῖ τεράων καὶ οἱ πειθολατοί λαοί·

τὸν δ' ἄρ' ὑπόδρα ίδων προσέφη κορυθαίολος· Ἔκτωρ· 120
"Πουλύδαμαν, σὺ μὲν οὐκέτ' ἐμοὶ φίλα ταῦτ' ἀγορεύεις·
οἰσθα καὶ ἄλλον μῦθον ἀμείνονα τοῦδε νοῆσαι.
εἴ δ' ἐτεὸν δὴ τοῦτον ἀπὸ σπανδῆς ἀγορεύεις,
ἔξ αρα δὴ τοι ἔπειτα θεοὶ φρένας ὠλεσσαν αὐτοῖ,
ὅς κέλεει Ζηνὸς μὲν ἀργυρούποιο λαθέσθαι· 135
βουλέων, ἀντί τέ μοι αὐτὸς ὑπέσχετο καὶ κατένευσεν·
τύνη δ' οἰωνοῖς τανυπτερύγεσσι κελεύειν
πειθεσθαί, τῶν οὖ τι μετατρέπομ' οὐδὲ ἀλεγύζω,
εἴ τ' ἐπὶ δεξὶ ἵωσι πρὸς ἥω τὸν ἡέλιον τε,
εἴ τ' ἐπ' ἀριστερὰ τοί γε ποτὲ ζόφον ἡερόεντα. 140
ήμεις δὲ μεγάλοιο Διὸς πειθώμεθα βουλῆ,
οε πᾶσιν θητοῖσι καὶ ἀθανάτοισι ἀνάσσει.
εἴς οἰωνὸς ἀριστος ἀμύνεσθαι περὶ πάτρης.
τίττε σὺ δεῖδοικας πόλεμον καὶ δηιοτῆτα;
εἴ περ γάρ τὸν ἄλλοι γε πεικτεινόμεθα πάντες· 145
τηγανὸν ἐπ' Ἀργείων, σοὶ δὲ οὐ δέοτε ἔστ' ἀπολέσθαις·
οὐ γάρ τοι πραδίη μενεδήιος οὐδὲ μαχῆμαν.
εἴ δὲ σὺ δηιοτῆτος ἀφέεις, ηέ τιν' ἄλλον
παρφάμενος ἐπέεσσιν ἀποτρέψεις πολέμοιο,
αὐτίκ' ἐμῷ ὑπὸ δουρὶ τυπεῖσι ἀπὸ θυμὸν ὀλέσσεις." 150
Θεοὶ ἄρα φωνήσας ἤγγήσατο, τοι δὲ ἄμ' ἀποντο

Which yet he sudden dropt or e'er he came
To his belovèd nest, nor to the end
Bare on, nor gave the booty to his brood—
So we, tho' gates and wall with mighty strength
We break amain, and tho' Achæans yield,
Shall in no seemly wise come from these ships
The self-same way; for many a son of Troy
We there shall leave, whom in their ships' defence
Achæa's warriors with the sword shall slay.
So would a seer interpret, skilled in lore
Of portents, whom his people would believe."

But plumèd Hector with stern glance replied :
" Polydamas, I like not now thy words.
Other and better speech by far than this
Thou knowest to devise. Or, if indeed
These be thy earnest words, then of a truth
The very gods have clean destroyed thy wits :
Who biddest me forget the will of Zeus
Loud thundering king—all that himself did pledge
And by his nod confirm. But thou dost bid
A blind belief in birds of spreading wing :
Whom I nor heed nor reck of, fly they east
Toward the right and seek the morning sun,
Or towards the left and misty western gloom.
Obey we now the will of mighty Zeus,
O'er mortals all and o'er immortals king.
One bird is best, to fight for fatherland.
And why at war and conflict tremblest thou?
For, tho' we others at the Argive ships
Be all around thee slain, yet fear not thou
To perish, for no heart to wait the foe
Or dare the fight is thine. Yet, if thou skulk
Away from conflict, or by words persuade
And turn back others from the work of war,
My spear at once shall strike and reave thy life."

With that he led the way : they followed on

τὴν θεοποιητὴν. ὅπις δὲ Ζεὺς τερπικέραυνος
ὢρσεν ἀπὸ Ἰδαίων ὄρέων ἀνέμοιο θύελλαν,
ἡ δὲ οὐδὲν τηλῶν καυτῆν φέρεν· αὐτὰρ Ἀχαιῶν
θέλητε πόσιν, Τρωσίν δὲ καὶ Ἐκτορὶ κῦδος δπαζεν. 255
τοῦ περ δὴ τεράσσεται πεποιθότες ηδὲ βίηφιν
ρίγγυνυσθαι μέγα τεῖχος Ἀχαιῶν παιρήτιζον.
κρόσσας μὲν πύργων ἔρυν, καὶ δρεπον ἐπάλξεις,
στῆλας τε προβλῆταις ἐμόχλεον, δις ἄρ' Ἀχαιοί²⁶⁰
πράτας ἐν γαιγ θέσαν ἔμμεναι ἔχματα πύργων.
τὰς οὖτος γένερον, δλποντο δὲ τεῖχος Ἀχαιῶν
ρήξειν. οὐδέν νύ πω Δαναοὶ χάζοντο κελεύθον,
ἄλλ' οὐ γε ῥίνοισι βοῶν φράξαντες ἐπάλξεις
βάλλον ἀπὸ αὐτάων δηίους ὑπὸ τεῖχος ξόντας.

ἀμφοτέρω δὲ Λάυτε κελευτιδῶντ' ἀπὸ πύργων 265
πάντοτε φοιτήτην, μένος ὀτρύνοντες Ἀχαιῶν.
ἄλλον μειλιχίοις ἄλλον στερεοῖς ἐπέεσσον
πείκεον, ὃν τινα πάγχυ μάχης μεθίέντα ἴδοιεν
“ὦ φίλοι, Ἀργείων ὃς τ' ἔξοχος ὃς τε μεσήεις
δε τε χερειότερος, ἐπει οὐ πω πάντες δροῖοι
ἀνέρες ἐν πολέμῳ, νῦν ἐπλεπτο δρυον ἄπασιν 270
καὶ δὲ αὐτοὶ τόδε που γυργύσκετε. μή τις δπέσσω
τετράφθιω προτὶ νῆας ὁμοκλητῆρος ἀκούσσας,
ἄλλὰ πρόσσω ξεσθε καὶ ἀλλήλοισι κέλεσθε,
εἰ καὶ Ζεὺς δώγσιν Ὁλύμπιος ἀστεροπηγής
πεῖκος ἀπωσαμένον δηίους προτὶ ἀστυ δίεσθαι.”

ὦ τά γε προβοῶντα μάχην ἄτρυνον Ἀχαιέν.
τῶν δὲ, ὃς τε πιφάδες χιόνος πίπτωσι θαμεῖαι
ηματι χαιμερίφ, δτε τ' ὄρετο μητιέτα Ζεύς
πιφέμεν, ἀνθράποισι πιφαντκόμενος τὰ ἀκῆλα. 280

With wondrous shout. But Zeus the lightning-lord
From Ida's heights a storm-wind roused, that drove
Straight for the ships the dust: and thus the sire
Made weak the spirit of Achaia's sons,
But gave renown to Hector and to Troy.
Bold in his portents and their own strong arms
These strove to breach Achaia's mighty wall,
As at the stony courses of the towers
They tugged, and tore the battlements adown,
Heaving with levers at the buttresses,
Those jutting piles set by Achajan hands
In front, and fast in earth, to shore the towers.
At these they tugged with hope to breach the wall.
Nor did the Danaans yet give ground, but lined
The battlements with fence of ox-hide shields,
Wherfrom they plied with missile shower their foes
As 'neath the wall they came. And on the towers,
Urging them on, strode ever to and fro
The Ajaces twain and roused Achaian might.
Soft words to one they gave, one sternly chid,
Whomso all negligent of fight they saw:
"O friends, O Argives, rated howsoe'er,
Or high, or low, or middle—since in war
Never were all men equal—now is work
For all alike; and this, I ween, ye know
E'en of yourselves. Disheartening counsellor
Let no man hear and backward to the ships
Turn him, but press ye forward, and urge on
Each one his friend: so may the lightning-lord
Olympian Zeus vouchsafe us to repel
Assault, and chase our foemen to their town."

Thus they with shout Achaia's battle roused.
And as the falling flakes come thick and fast
Upon a winter's day, when Zeus all-wise
Bestirreth him to snow, his feathered shafts
To mortals dealing forth—He lulls the wind

κοιμήσας δ' ἀνέμους χέες ἐμπεδον, ὅφρα καλύψῃ
ὑψηλῶν ὄρέων κορυφὰς καὶ πρόνας ἄκρους
καὶ πεδία λωτοῦντα καὶ ἀνδρῶν πίονα ἔργα,
καὶ τ' ἐφ' ἀλὸς πολιῆς κέχυται λιμέσιν τε καὶ ἀκταῖς,
κῦμα δέ μν προσπλάζον ἐρύκεται· ἀλλα δὲ πάντα 285
εἰλύαται καθύπερθ, ὅτε ἐπιβρίση Διὸς δύμβρος·
ὡς τῶν ἀμφοτέρωσε λίθοις πωτῶντο θαμεῖαι,
αὐτὸν ἄρ' ἐς Τρῶας, αὖ δὲ ἐκ Τρώων ἐς Ἀχαιούς,
Βαλλομένων· τὸ δὲ τεῖχος ὑπερ πᾶν δοῦπος δρώρεν.

οὐδὲ ἄν πω τότε γε Τρῷες καὶ φαῖδιμος Ἐκτῷρ 290
τείχεος ἐρρήξαντο πύλας καὶ μακρὸν ὄχηα,
εἰ μὴ ἄρ' υἱὸν ἐδὺ Σαρπηδόνα μητιέτα Ζεύς
ώρσεν ἐπ' Ἀργείοις, λέονθος ὡς βόυσι ἐλεῖων.
αὐτίκα δὲ ἀσπίδα μὲν πρόσθε σχέτο πάντος ἐτοην
καλὴν χαλκείην ἐξήλατον, ἦν ἄρα χαλκεύς 295
ῆλασεν, ἐντοσθεν δὲ βοείας ράψῃ θαμείας
χρυσεῖης ράβδοισι διηνεκέσιν περὶ κύκλου.
τὴν ἄρ' δὲ γε πρόσθε σχόμενος, δύο δοῦρε τινάσσων,
βῆ ῥέ ίμεν ὡς τε λέων ὄρεστροφος, ὃς τ' ἐπιδευής
δηρὸς ἔη κρειῶν, κέλεται δέ ἐ θυμὸς ἀγήνωρ 300
μηῆλων πειρήσοντα καὶ ἐς πυκινὸν δόμον ἀλθεῖν·
εἰ περ γάρ χ' εὑρησε παραυτόθε βώτορας ἄνδρας
σὺν κυνὶ καὶ δούρεσσι φυλάσσοντας περὶ μῆλα,
οὐ ρά τ' ἀπειρηγτος μέμονε σταθμοῖο δίεσθαι,
ἀλλ' δὲ γάρ ἄρ' ἡ ἥρπαξε μετάλμενος ἦτε καὶ αὐτός 305
ἔβλητ' ἐν πρώτοισι θοῆς ἀπὸ χειρὸς ἄκοντι
ὡς ρά τότε ἀντίθεον Σαρπηδόνα θυμὸς ἀνήκειν
τεῖχος ἀπαίξαι διά τε ρήξασθαι ἐπάλξεις.
αὐτίκα δὲ Γλαῦκον προσέφη, παῖδες Ἰππολόχοιο·

And ever pours apace, till he enshroud
The lofty mountain peaks and jutting bluffs
And clovery meads and fruitful tilth of man,
And of the hoary sea each bay and beach
Is overspread, the lapping wave alone
Checking the snowy fringe, all else in white
Mantled beneath the Father's heavy storm :
So thick and fast the double stone-shower flew :
Stones on the Trojans from Achaian hands,
Stones from the Trojans : frequent rained the blows,
And loud o'er all the rampart rose the din.

But glorious Hector and the sons of Troy
The rampart gates, secured with mighty bar,
Not yet e'en then had broken ; had not Zeus,
Wise counsellor, against the Argives roused
Sarpedon his own son, as lion roused
'Gainst kine of curling horn. His orbèd shield
Forthwith he held before him, fair to view,
Faced by the smith with beaten plates of brass,
With frequent ox-hide folds within knit close,
Fast clamped by golden bands that compassed all
Its ample round. Before him this he held,
And brandishing two lances took his way :
Keen as a lion mountain-bred, whom long
Fasting perforce from flesh his spirit bold
Now bids invade the flock and scale the walls
That close the fold—for though he find therein
Herdsmen with dogs and spears who guard the sheep,
He brooks not without trial from the yard
Back to be driven ; but either leaping in
Bears off a prey, or 'mid their foremost ranks
Is struck by javelia from an active hand—
So then Sarpedon, godlike wight, was stirred
To charge upon the wall, and break amain
The battlements. And straightway thus he spake
To Glaucus, scion of Hippolochus :

“Γλαῦκε, τίνη δὴ νῶι τετιμήμεσθα μάλιστα
ἔδρη τε κρέασίν τε ἵδε πλεοῖς δεπάεσσιν
ἐν Δικίῃ, πάντες δὲ θεοὺς ὡς εἰσορόωσιν,
καὶ τέμενος νεμόμεσθα μέγα Ήάνθοι παρ' ὄχθας
καλὸν φυταλιῆς καὶ ἀρούρης πυροφόροιο;
τῷοῦτον χρὴ Λυκίοισι μέτα πρώτοισιν ἔόντας
ἔστάμεν ἡδὲ μάχης καυστειρῆς ἀντιβολῆσαι,
ὅφρα τις ὡδὸς εἴπη Δυκίων πύκα θωρηκτάων.
οὐ μὴν ἀκληγεῖς Λυκίην κάτα κοιρανέουσιν
ἡμέτεροι βασιλῆες, ἔδουσί τε πίονα μῆλα
οἰνόν τ' ἔξαιτον μελιηδέα· ἀλλ' ἄρα καὶ ίσ
ἔσθλοί, ἐπεὶ Λυκίοισι μέτα πρώτοισι μάχονται.
ὁ πέπον, εἰ μὲν γὰρ πόλεμον περὶ τόνδε φυγόντες
αἰεὶ δὴ μέλλοιμεν ὠγήρω τ' ἀθανάτῳ τε
ἔσσεσθ', οὕτε κεν αὐτὸς ἐνὶ πρώτοισι μαχοίμην
οὕτε κε σὲ στέλλοιμι μάχην ἐς κυδιάνειραν.
νῦν δ' (ἔμπης γὰρ κῆρες ἐφεστᾶσιν θανάτοιο
μυρίαι, ἃς οὐκ ἔστι φυγεῖν βροτὸν οὐδὲ ὑπαλύξαι).
ἴομεν, ηέ τῷ εὐχος ὀρέξομεν ηέ τις ημῖν.”

Ἄς ἔφατ', οὐδὲ Γλαῦκος ἀπετράπετ' οὐδὲ ἀπίθησεν.
τῷ δὲ ιθὺς βῆτην Λυκίων μέγα ἔθνος ἄγοντες.
τοὺς δὲ ἴδων ρύγησ' νίνος Πετεῶ Μενεσθεύς.
τοῦ γὰρ δὴ πρὸς πύργον ἵσαν κακότητα φέροντες.
πάπτηνε δ' ἀνὰ πύργον Ἀχαιῶν εἰ τιν' ἴδοιτο
ἡγεμόνων, δος τις οἱ ἀρήν ἐτάροισιν ἀμύναι.
ἔς δ' ἐνόησ' Αἴαντε δύω, πολέμου ἀκορήτῳ,
ἔσταότας, Τεῦκρόν τε νέον κλισθήσεν ἴώντα.
ἐγγύθεν. ἀλλ' οὐ πώς οἱ ἔην βάσαντες γεγωνεῖν.
τέσσες γὰρ κτύπος ηεν, ἀυτῇ δ' οὐρανὸν ἴκεν,

"O Glaucus, wherefore do we twain receive
Especial honours in the Lycian land—
High seat, large mess, full cups? Wherefore to us
Look all as if to gods? Why own we too
By Xanthus' bank a wide domain and fair
Of planted vineyard and wheat-laden land?
For this 'mid Lycia's foremost now 'tis meet
We stand, nor shun to face the burning fight:
That of the stout-mailed Lycians each may say:
'Not all inglorious rule in Lycia's land
Our kings, who eat the fatlings of our flocks
And drink the choicest of our honeyed wine.
But surely now a goodly strength is theirs:
For see, 'mid Lycia's foremost men they fight.'
Truly, my sweetest friend, if thou and I,
This battle once escaped, could then live on
Eternal, never-dying, ever young,
Neither myself would 'mid the foremost fight,
Nor stir thee to the man-ennobling fray.
But now—for fates of death, whate'er we do,
Stand threatening near—a multitudinous host
That mortal man may not escape or shun—
Go we: to other's glory or our own!"

So spake he: nor did Glaucus turn him back
Or disobey. Straight onward strode the twain
Leading the mighty host of Lycian men.
Whom when Menestheus son of Peteos saw,
He shuddered; for against his tower they came
Bearing disaster. Anxious gaze he cast
Along the Achaian wall, if he might spy
Some chief, to save his comrades from their bane:
And soon he marked where stood the Ajaces twain,
Insatiate they of war, and from his tent
Teucer but now come forth. Not far were they;
Yet could his shout not reach their ear—so loud
The crash and rattle; rose to heaven the noise

βαλλομένων σακέων τε καὶ ἵπποκόμων τρυφαλειῶν
καὶ πυλέων· πᾶσαι γάρ ἐπώχατο, τοὶ δὲ κατ' αὐτάς 340
ἰστάμενοι πειρῶντο βίη ρήξαντες ἐσελθεῖν.
αὗτα δέ ἐπ' Αἴαντα προτὶ κήρυκα Θοώτην·
“ἔρχεο, διε Θοώτα, θέων Αἴαντα καλεσσον,
ἀμφοτέρω μὲν μᾶλλον· ὃ γάρ κ' ὄχ' ἄριστον ἀπάντων
εἴη, ἐπεὶ τάχα τῇδε τετεύξεται αἰπὺς ὅλεθρος· 345
ἄδε γάρ ἔβρισαν Λυκίων ἄγοι, οἱ τὸ πάρος περ
ζαχρηῖς τελέθουσι κατὰ κρατερὰς ὑσμίνας.
εἰ δέ σφι καὶ κεῖθι πόνος καὶ νεῦκος δρωρεν,
ἄλλα περ οἶος ἵτω Τελαμώνιος ἄλκιμος Αἴας,
καὶ οἱ Τεῦκρος ἄμα σπέσθω τόξων εὐ εἰδώς.” 350

Ἄς ἔφατ', οὐδὲ ἄρα οἱ κῆρυκες ἀπίθησεν ἀκούσας,
βῆ δὲ θέσει παρὰ τεῖχος Ἀχαιῶν χαλκοχιτώνων,
στῆ δὲ παρ' Αἰάντεσσι κιών, εἴθαρ δὲ προσηύδα·
“Αἴαντ' Ἀργείων ἥγητορε χαλκοχιτώνων,
ἥμώγεις Πετεῶν διοτρεφέος φίλος υἱός 355
κεῖσ' ἵμεν, δόφρα πόνοιο μίνυνθά περ ἀντιάσητον,
ἀμφοτέρω μὲν μᾶλλον· δέ γάρ κ' ὄχ' ἄριστον ἀπάντων
εἴη, ἐπεὶ τάχα κεῖθι τετεύξεται αἰπὺς ὅλεθρος·
ἄδε γάρ ἔβρισαν Λυκίων ἄγοι, οἱ τὸ πάρος περ
ζαχρηῖς τελέθουσι κατὰ κρατερὰς ὑσμίνας. 360
εἰ δὲ καὶ ἐνθάδε περ πόλεμος καὶ νεῦκος δρωρεν,
ἄλλα περ οἶος ἵτω Τελαμώνιος ἄλκιμος Αἴας,
καὶ οἱ Τεῦκρος ἄμα σπέσθω τόξων εὐ εἰδώς.”

Ἄς ἔφατ', οὐδὲ ἀπίθησε μέγας Τελαμώνιος Αἴας.
αὐτίκ' Ὁιλιάδην ἔπεια πτερόεντα προσηύδα· 365
“Ἄλας, σφῶν μὲν αὐθί, σὺ καὶ κρατερὸς Λυκομήδης,
ἔσταότες Δαναοὺς ὄτρύνετε ίφε μάχεσθαι·

Of blows upon the shields, upon the helms
Horse-plumed, upon the gates, which all were shut,
And foemen at them stood, striving by force
To break and enter in. To Ajax then
A herald sent he forth, Thoëtes named :
“Godlike Thoëtes, hie thee, run and call
Ajax, or rather both who bear the name :
For that were best of all ; since here full soon
There will be wrought on us destruction dire :
So heavy here the Lycian leaders press,
Who alway furious rage in stubborn fight.
But if they too have toil and battle there,
Yet let the valiant Ajax come alone,
The Telamonian, and with him attend
Teucer, that cunning master of the bow.”

He spake : the herald heard the chieftain’s word
Nor disobeyed ; but running passed along
The rampart of Achaia’s mail-clad men,
And by th’ Ajaces stood, and straight address :
“Ye leaders of the mail-clad Argive host,
Ajaces twain, thus bids you the dear son
Of Zeus-born Peteos, that ye thither go
To bear, awhile at least, a share of toil :
Both of ye he would have—far better so—
For there will soon be wrought destruction dire,
So heavy there the Lycian leaders press,
Who alway furious rage in stubborn fight.
But if ye too have strife and battle here,
Yet let the valiant Ajax come alone,
The Telamonian, and with him attend
Teucer, that cunning master of the bow.”

He spake : nor did great Ajax disobey,
The Telamonian ; but Oileus’ son.
Straightway with wingèd words he thus address :
“Ajax, do thou with Diomedes stout
Stand here, and urge ye both the Danaan host

αὐτὸρ ἐγὼ κεῖσ' εἴμι καὶ ἀντιόω πολέμοιο.
αἵγα δὲ ἐλεύσομαι αὐτις, ἐπὴν εὖ τοῖς ἐπαμύνω."

Ἄς ἄρα φωνήσας ἀπέβη Τελαμώνιος Αἴας, 370.
καὶ οἱ Τεῦκρος ἄμ' ὃς καστηνητος καὶ ὅπατρος·
τοῖς δὲ ἄμα Πανδίων Τεύκρου φέρε καμπύλα τόξα.
εὐτε Μενεσθῆος μεγαθύμου πύργου ἵκοντο
τείχεος ἐντὸς ιόντες ἐπειγομένοισι δὲ ἵκοντο,
οἱ δὲ ἐπ' ἐπάλξεις βαῖνον ἀρεμνῆ λαίλαπι ίσοι, 375
ἴφθιμοι Δυκίων τργήτορες ἥδε μέδοντες·
σὺν δὲ ἐβάλοντο μάχεσθαι ἐναντίον, ὥρτο δὲ ἀντή.

Αἴας δὲ πρώτος Τελαμώνιος ἄνδρα κατέκτα,
Σαρπήδοντος ἐταῖρον Ἐπικλῆα μεγάθυμον,
μαρμάρῳ ὀκριόεντι βαλών, δὲ φα τείχεος ἐντός 380
κεῖτο μέγας παρ' ἐπαλξιν ὑπέρτατος· οὐδέ κέ μιν φέα
χείρεσσ' ἀμφοτέρης ἔχοις ἀνήρ, οὐδέ μάλ' ἥβῶν,
οἷς τὸν βροτού εἰσ'. δὲ δρ' ὑψόθεν ἔμβαλ' ἀείρας,
θλάσσε δὲ τετράφαλον κυνέην, ξὺν δὲ ὀστέον ἄραξεν
πάντ' ἄμυδις κεφαλῆς· δὲ δρ' ἀρνευτῆρι ἐουκάς 385
κάππεσσ' ἀφ' ὑψηλοῦ πύργου, λίπε δὲ ὀστέα θυμός.
Τεῦκρος δὲ Γλαύκον κρατερὸν παιδὸν Ἰππολόχοιο
ἴφε ἐπεσσύμενον. βάλε τείχεος ὑψηλοῖο,
γέ τοις ηγυμνωθέντα βραχίονα, παῦσε δὲ χάρμης.
ἀψ δὲ ἀπὸ τείχεος ἀλτο λαθών, ὥνα μή τις Ἀχαιῶν 390
βλέψειν ἀθρήσειε καὶ εὐχετόφωτο ἐπεσσιν.
Σαρπήδοντες δὲ ἄχος γένετο Γλαύκον ἀπιόντος,
αὐτίκ' ἐπεί τ' ἀνόησεν· ὅμως δὲ οὐ λήθετο χάρμης.
· ἀλλ' οὐ γε Θεστορίδην Ἀλκμάονα δουρὶ τυχήσας
τούτον, ἐκ δὲ σπάσεω δύχος· δὲ σπόμενος πέσε δουρὶ 395

To fight amain. But I will yonder go
And of the battle meet my share, and quick
Return when I have borne them saving aid."

So spake great Ajax, son of Telamon,
And went his way: and with him Teucer went,
Brother and father's son; and with the twain
Pandion, bearing Teucer's curvèd bow.
Within the wall they past, and when they reached
High-souled Menestheus' tower—whom with his men
Sore pressed they found, for 'gainst the battlements
The stalwart Lycian kings and captains came
Like a dark-lowering storm-cloud—facing these
They closed in fight, and loud arose the cry.

There first did Ajax son of Telamon
A foeman slay: Sarpedon's comrade true
High-souled Epicles. With a rugged stone
He struck him—with a stone that lay atop
Hard by the battlement, within the wall.
Not lightly, tho' in fullest manhood's prime,
Would any with both hands sustain such stone,
As mortals now are born; but high in air
Ajax upheaved and threw it, and brake in
The four-plumed helm, and of the head within
Crushed all the bones. Like diver down he fell
From the high tower, and life forsook his bones.
Then Teucer smote from off the lofty wall
Glaucus stout scion of Hippolochus
As on he rushed, with arrow, where he spied
The arm left bare, and stayed him from the fray.
He from the wall leapt back unmarked, that none
Of his Achaian foes might spy his wound
And speak proud boast. Sad was Sarpedon then
For Glaucus gone, soon as he marked the loss,
Yet not forgat the fray; but thrust with spear
And pierced Alcmaon Thestor's son, then drew;
And following on the lance prone fell the man,

πρητής, ἀμφὶ δέ οἱ βράχε τεύχεα ποικίλα χαλκῷ.
Σαρπηδὼν δ' ἄρ' ἐπαλξιν ἐλὼν χερσὶ στιβαρῆσιν
ἔλχ'. ή δ' ἐσπετο πᾶσα διαμπερές, αὐτὰρ ὑπερθεν
τεῦχος ἐγυμνώθη, πολέεσσι δὲ θῆκε κέλευθον.

τὸν δ' Αἴας καὶ Τεῦκρος διαρτήσανθ' ὃ μὲν ἵψ
βεβλήκει τελαμῶνα περὶ στήθεσσι φαεινόν
ἀσπίδος ἀμφιβρότης· ἀλλὰ Ζεὺς κῆρας ἄμυνεν
παιδὸς ἔοῦ, μὴ νησὶν ἐπὶ πρυμνῆσι δαμείη.
Αἴας δ' ἀσπίδα νύξεν ἐπάλμενος, οὐδὲ διαπρό
ηλυθεν ἐγχείη, στυφέλιξε δέ μιν μεμαῶτα. 405
χώρησεν δ' ἄρα τυθὸν ἐπάλξιος. οὐδ' ὃ γε πάμπαν
χάζετ', ἐπεὶ οἱ θυμὸς ἐβλπετο κῦδος ἀρέσθαι.
κέκλετο δ' ἀντιθέοισι ἐλιξάμενος Λυκίοισιν.
“ὦ Λύκιοι, τί τ' ἄρ' ὅδε μεθίετε θούριδος ἀλκῆς;
ἀργαλέον δέ μοι ἐστι, καὶ ἵφθιμῳ περ ἐόντι,
μούνῳ ρηξαμένῳ θέσθαι παρὰ νησὶν κέλευθον.
ἀλλ' ἐφομαρτεῖτε πλεόνων τοις ἔργον ἄμεινον.”

ὣς ἔφαθ', οἵ δὲ ἄνακτος ὑποδδείσαντες ὁμοκλήνη
μᾶλλον ἐπέβρισαν βουληφόρον ἀμφὶ ἄνακτα.
Ἄργειοι δ' ἐτέρωθεν ἐκαρτύναντο φάλαγγας 415
τείχεος ἔντοσθεν. μέγα δέ σφισι φαίνετο ἔργον.
οὔτε γὰρ ἵφθιμοι Λύκιοι Δαναῶν ἐδύναντο
τεῦχος ρηξάμενοι θέσθαι παρὰ νησὶν κέλευθον,
οὔτε ποτ' αἰχμηταὶ Δαναοὶ Λυκίους ἐδύναντο
τείχεος ἀψὲ ὕσασθαι, ἐπεὶ τὰ πρῶτα πέλασθεν.
ἀλλ' ὡς τ' ἀμφ' οὔροισι δύ' ἀνέρε δηριάσσθον,
μέτρῳ ἐν χερσὶν ἔχοντες, ἐπιξύνῳ ἐν ἀρούρῃ,
ἢ τ' ὀλίγῳ ἐν χώρῳ ἐρίζητον περὶ ίσης,
ὣς ἄρα τοὺς διέεργον ἐπάλξιες· οἵ δ' ὑπὲρ αὐτέων
δήσουσιν ἀλλήλων ἀμφὶ στήθεσσι βοεῖς,
ἀσπίδας εὐκύκλους λαισήια τε πτερόεντα. 425

Whose rich-wrought brazen arms around him rang.
Then with strong hands laid on the battlement
Sarpedon tugged. Yielding throughout entire
It came away, and left the wall above
All bare, an open path for many a foe.

But on Sarpedon twain at once made charge,
Ajax and Teucer. With an arrow one
Smote on his breast the shining belt that bare
His shield the body's ample guard, but Zeus
From his own son kept off the fates of death,
Nor suffered then by the ships' sterns to fall.
But Ajax leapt upon him with the lance
And dealt a thrust, yet pierced not through his shield,
But staggered him all eager, that he shrank
Back from the battlement a little space ;
But not retired downright : for still his soul
Hoped to achieve him glory. Round he turned,
And to the godlike Lycians shouted loud :
" Lycians, why slack ye thus your furious might ?
Too hard for me the task, how stout soe'er,
Alone beside these ships to breach a way.
Nay, follow on : more hands make better work."

He spake : they at his chiding awed pressed 'round
Their king and counsellor in heavier throng.
And on the other side within the wall
The Argives strengthened well their squares : and great
The work now seen. For neither Lycians stout
Could by the ships breach through the Danaan wall
A way, nor Danaan spearmen from the wall
Drive back the Lycians, when they once drew near.
But as two neighbours for their bounds contend,
With measuring rods in hand, on common ground,
Who in a narrow plot debate their right,
So these, with battlements between ; o'er which
Each on the others' breasts the ox-hide shields
Full-orbed they hacked, and wicker targets light.

πολλοὶ δὲ οὐτάζοντο κατὰ χρόαν ηλέη χαλκῷ,
ἡμέν ὅτεφ στρεφθέντι μετάφρενα γυμνωθείη
μαρναμένων, πολλοὶ δὲ διαμπερὲς ἀσπίδος αὐτῆς.

πάντη δὴ πύργοι καὶ ἐπάλξεις αἷματι φωτῶν
ἔρραδατ' ἀμφοτέρωθεν ἀπὸ Τρώων καὶ Ἀχαιῶν.

ἄλλος οὐδὲ ὡς ἐδύναντο φόβον ποιῆσαι Ἀχαιῶν,
ἄλλος ἔχον, ὃς τε τάλαντα γυνὴ χερνήτις ἀληθής,
ἥ τε σταθμὸν ἔχουσα καὶ εἵριον ἀμφὶς ἀνέλκει
ἰσάζουσ', ἵνα παισὶν ἀεικέα μισθὸν ἀρηται.

ἄς μὲν τῶν ἐπὶ λίστα μάχη τέτατο πτόλεμός τε,
πρῶ γ' ὅτε δὴ Ζεὺς κῦδος ὑπέρτερον "Εκτορε δῶκεν
Πριαμίδη, ὃς πρῶτος ἐσήλατο τεῖχος Ἀχαιῶν.

ἡντεν δὲ διαπρύσιον, Τρώεσσι γεγωνώς
"δρυνυσθ", ἵπποδαμοι Τρώες, βήγμνυσθε δὲ τεῖχος
Ἀργείων, καὶ μηνσὶν ἐνίετε θεοπιδαὲς πῦρ."

ἄς φάτ' ἐποτρύνων, οἵ δὲ οὖσι πάντες ἄκουον,
ἴθυσαν δὲ ἐπὶ τεῖχος ἀολλέες. οἵ μὲν ἐπειτα
κροσσάων ἐπέβαινον ἀκαχμένα δούρατ' ἔχοντες,
"Εκτωρ δέ ἀρπάξας λᾶαν φέρεν, ὃς δὰ πυλάων
ἐστήκει πρόσθεν, πρυμνὸς παχύς, αὐτὰρ ὑπερθεν
όξυς ἔην. τὸν δέ οὐ κε δύ' ἀνέρε δήμου ἀρίστω
ρημίδιος ἐπ' ἄμαξαν ἀπ' οὐδεος ὄχλησειαν,
οἷος τὸν βροτοί εἰσ'. ὃ δέ μιν δέα πάλλε καὶ οἷος.
τὸν οἱ ἐλαφρὸν ἔθηκε Κρόνου πάις ἀγκυλομήτεω.

ἄς δέ ὅτε ποιμὴν δέια φέρει πόκον ἀρσενὸς οἰός
χειρὶ λαβὼν ἐτέρη, οὐλίγον δέ μιν ἄχθος ἐπείγει,
ἄς "Εκτωρ ίθὺς σανίδων φέρε λᾶαν ἀείρας,
οἵ δὰ πῦλας εἵρυντο πύκα στιβαρῶς ἀραρύας,
δικλίδας ὑψηλάς δοιοί δέ ἐντοσθεν ὄχησ

430

435

440

445

450

455

And many bodies by the ruthless blade
Were wounded, if a fighter turned him round
And bared his back, and many through the shield
By downright blow: and everywhere the towers
And battlements with blood of either host,
Of Troy and of Achaia, reeking streamed.
Nor could the stormers turn the Achaian foe:
But steady still they stood, as are the scales
In woman's hand, some honest working dame,
Who holding weight and wool adjusts the twain
To hang in equal poise, that she may earn
A poor scant hire to feed her little ones.
So nicely balanced hung the strife of war:
Till Zeus at last superior glory gave
To Hector Priam's son, who first leapt in
Within the Achaian wall. He now sent forth
A thrilling shout to all the sons of Troy:
"Rouse ye, steed-taming Trojans! breach the wall,
And set the ships ablaze with fire divine."

He spake to spur them on; they all gave ear:
And at the wall in mass they rushed, then climb
The stony courses, bearing pointed spears.
But Hector seized and onward bore a stone
That stood before the gates, broad-based below
But sharp above—which not two men the best
Of all their tribe had without toil upheaved
From off the ground to place upon a wain,
As mortals now are born—yet he alone
Swung it with ease aloft, so light to him
By crooked-counselled Cronos' son 'twas made.
And as a shepherd lifts and bears with ease
A ram's fleece in one hand, and is but pressed
By little burden, so bore Hector then
The lifted stone straight for the panelled wood
That strengthened well the close and firm-framed gates
Double and lofty, by two crossing bars

εἰχον ἐπημοιβοῖ, μία δὲ κληὶς ἐπαρήρει.
 στῇ δὲ μάλ’ ἐγγὺς ἵών, καὶ ἐρεισάμενος βάλε μέσσας,
 εὐ διαβάσ, οὐα μή οἱ ἀφαυρότερον βέλος εἴη,
 ῥῆξε δὲ ἀπ’ ἀμφοτέρους θαιρούς. πέσε δὲ λιθος εἴσω
 βριθοσύνη, μέγα δὲ ἀμφὶ πύλαι μύκον, οὐδὲν δέ τοι δέ
 ἐσχεθέτην, σανίδες δὲ διέτμαγεν ἄλλυδις ἄλλη
 λᾶος ὑπὸ ῥεπῆς. δὲ δέ τοι ἔσθορε φαῖδιμος Ἐκτωρ
 πυκτὶ θοῆ ἀτάλαντος ὑπώπια. λάμπε δὲ χαλκῷ
 σμερδαλέψ, τὸν ἔεστο περὶ χροῖ, δοιὰ δὲ χερσὶν
 δοῦρ’ ἔχεν. οὐ κέν τις μιν ἐρύκακεν ἀντιβολήσας 465
 νόσφι θεῶν, δέ τοι ἔσαλτο πύλας πυρὶ δὲ ὅσσε δεδήει.
 κέκλετο δὲ Τρώεσσι ἐλιξάμενος καθ’ δμιλον
 τεῖχος ὑπέρβαλνεν τοὺς δὲ ὀτρύνοντι πίθοντο.
 αὐτίκα δὲ οἱ μὲν τεῖχος ὑπέρβασαν, οἱ δὲ κατ’ αὐτάς
 ποιητὰς ἔσχυντο πύλας. Δαναοὶ δὲ φόβηθεν 470
 πῆας ἀνὰ γλαφυράς, δμαδος δὲ ἀλαστος ἀτύχθη.

Within secured, in which one bolt was shot.
Right near he went, and stood, then planted firm
At the gates' centre full he hurled, with feet
Set well apart, lest weak might be his throw.
Both hinges he brake off; the stone by weight
Pressed on and fell within; loud groaned the gates
Around, the bars held not, the panels flew
Splintered and scattered wide beneath the blow.
Then in leapt glorious Hector, grim of face
As swift-descending night; terrific blazed
The mail that sheathed his limbs; a spear he held
In either hand. None but a god might meet
And stay his onset as within the gates
He bounded. Fiery flame glowed in his eyes;
And turning to the Trojan throng he cried
To mount the wall: who straight his hest obeyed.
At once some clomb the wall, some by the gates,
A ready way, poured in. Before them fled
Throughout the hollow ships the Danaan host,
And never-ceasing rose the battle-din.

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TRANSLATED, WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES,

BY

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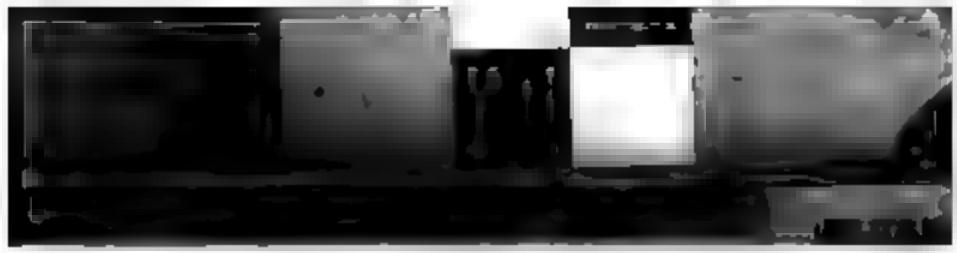
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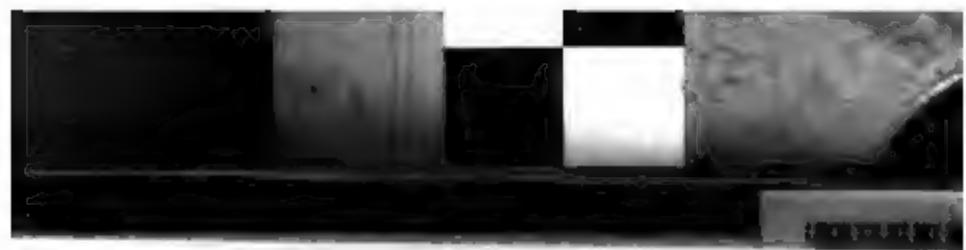
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